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ROMANTIC TALES,

BY

M. G. LEWIS,

AUTHOR OF THE MONK, ADELGITHA, &c.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

—" Ah! happy he, who thus in magic themes
O'er worlds bewitched in early rapture dreams,
Where wild Enchantment waves her potent wand,
And Fancy's beauties fill her fairy land."— CRABBE.

VOLUME THE FIRST,

CONTAINING

MISTRUST; OR, BLANCHE AND OSBRIGHT.
THE ADMIRAL GUARINO.—KING RODRIGO'S FALL.
BERTRAND AND MARY-BELLE.
THE LORD OF FALKENSTEIN.—SIR GUY, THE SEEKER.
THE ANACONDA.—THE DYING BRIDE.
THE FOUR FACARDINS, PART I.

NEW-YORK:

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THESE VOLUMES

ARE INSCRIBED TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

Lady Charlotte Maria Campbell.

While stranger-eyes, whene'er her form is seen,
Own her of captive hearts unrivalled Queen;
While stranger-ears, catching some passive strain,
The music of her voice through life retain;
Admired by all, with truth she still may boast,
The few, who know her best, admire her most.

M. G. LEWIS.

London, June 21, 1808.

PREFACE.

I AM equally unwilling to take any merit to myself, which does not justly belong to me, and to deprive another of that praise, which is his due; but I find it difficult to point out exactly, what portion of the following work is my individual property. Even in those Tales, which are least my own, I have made so many and such important alterations, omissions, and interpolations, that it would have been less trouble to write an entire new work; but I doubt not, any such work composed by my own unassisted abilities, would have been greatly inferior to the present. In this dilemma, I believe, the best and shortest way will be to request my readers, to ascribe whatever pleases them to the authors of the original Tales, and to lay all the faults at *my* door. However, what little information I can give respecting this work, shall be laid before the public, and in as few words as possible.

—" MISTRUST"—" THE ANACONDA"—
—" MY UNCLE'S GARRET WINDOW"—
—" AMORASSAN"—

Are of a German origin. In particular, the idea of " Mistrust" was suggested by a Tragedy, from which I have borrowed a great part of the plot, and one of

the most striking scenes: I have also occasionally inserted in my Narrative such speeches as pleased me.

—"THE ADMIRAL GUARINO"—
—"KING RODRIGO's FALL"—

Are translations (and I believe very faithful ones) of two ancient Spanish Romances.

—"BERTRAND AND MARY-BELLE"—
—"THE LORD OF FALKENSTEIN"—

Are in a great measure taken from some fragments of old German Ballads.

—"SIR GUY THE SEEKER"—

Is founded npon a tradition current in Northumberland.—Indeed, an adventure nearly similar to Sir Guy's, is said to have taken place in various parts of Great Britain, particularly on the Pentland Hills in Scotland, (where the prisoners are supposed to be King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table,) and in Lancashire, where an ale-house near Chorley still exhibits the sign of a Sir John Stanley following an old man with a torch, while his horse starts back in terror at the objects, which are discovered through two immense iron gates—the ale-house is known by the name of the "Iron Gates," which are supposed to protect the entrance of an enchanted cavern in the neighbourhood—the female captive, I believe, is peculiar to Dunstanburgh Castle; and certain shining stones, which are occasionally found in its neighbour-

hood, and which are called "Dunstanburgh Diamonds," are supposed by the peasants to form part of that immense treasure, with which the Lady will reward her Deliverer.—In Wallis's "History of the Antiquities of Northumberland," the castle is described as follows:—"It stands on an eminence of several acres, sloping gently to the sea, and on the north and north-west edged with precipices in the form of a crescent: by the western termination of which are three natural stone pyramids of a considerable height, and by the eastern one an opening in the rocks made by the sea, under a frightful precipice, called Rumble Churn, from the breaking of the waves in tempestuous weather and high seas. Above this is the main entrance, and by it the ruin of the chapel: at the south-west corner is the draw-well, partly filled up. It is built with rag and whinstone."

This Romance was written during my residence in the castle's neighbourhood at Howick, the seat of the present Earl Gray; to whose ancestor, Sir William Grey, Dunstanburgh Castle was granted by James the First. It is now the property of the Earl of Tankerville.

For a further account of Dunstanburgh, v. Grose's Antiquities of England and Wales.

—"THE DYING BRIDE"—

Is partly translated from a Lithuanian Ballad, a German translation of which is to be found in *Herder's Volks-lieder*—the last seven stanzas are entirely new.

—"BILL JONES."—

The wild and singular story, upon which this ballad is founded, was first related to me by my friend, Mr.

Walter Scott, to whom I am also indebted for the following particulars: Every thing, which falls from the pen of the author of "Marmion," and of "the Lay of the Last Minstrel," must, I am certain, be read with interest by the public.

"In Spring 1801, Mr. William C——, Advocate, while travelling to London in the mail coach, had for his companion the person by whom the following story was originally told. He was a sea-faring man and a native of Liverpool, but had been lately settled at Hamburgh, whence he had been driven by the threatened rupture betwixt Britain and the Northern Powers. A magpie having appeared by the side of the road, the seaman made some superstitious observations, exactly to the purpose of the first verses, except that the evil which befel him on the second ill-omen'd conjunction of three of those birds, was, I believe, a fall from a horse. This led to the story here called "Bill Jones." which the seaman (who had been mate aboard the vessel in which it happened) told under the evident feelings of the strongest conviction He mentioned the date of the event, the name of the vessel and its owner, with those of the captain and murdered man, and gave so circumstantial a detail, as to leave no doubt on the mind of the hearers, that the events, so far as natural, were certainly true, and that the marvellous had been supplied by the superstitious imagination of the sailors. The narrative is literally versified, excepting in the following particulars. The captain shot the sailor with a blunderbuss, and had gone indeed down to the cabin to provide himself with that weapon after the quarrel commenced. The man was on the yard arm when he received the mortal wound, and was handed down by his companions. While he lay dying on the deck, the dialogue passed between him and his murderer, precisely as in the following tale.

It may also be mentioned, that the Spectre was only affirmed by the mate to be visible to the crew during the night. He had often seen him, he said, himself, on the yard arm. He had interfered to prevent the murder, or, rather after it was over, for which the captain put him in irons, and he was not released, till he had made a submissive apology. The captain communicated, or rather hinted, his resolution of suicide to the narrator, when they were together in the cabin—he said, he could not stay—that he *must* leave the ship—that the Spectre, whom they saw but occasionally, was constantly before his eyes, and that he could bear it no longer. At this moment, something obliged the mate to go on deck, when he heard a heavy plunge into the sea, and saw the captain floating astern of the vessel—the drowning man gave a wild cry, exclaiming,—"Bill has me now!"—

"The Sailor left the audience to make their own inference; he himself seemed rather to insinuate, that the apparition had some immediate share in the captain's death.

"After this strange story was finished, Mr. C. asked the seaman, whether he did not think the captain mad?—He paused, as if the idea had never occurred to him, and answered after some deliberation, he did not believe he was; for unless in the frantic fits of passion, into which he was thrown by the least opposition, he *conversationed* well enough.

"These circumstances have been very often told me by my friend Mr. C. and the difference here noticed, occurred to us both on reading the poem.

W. SCOTT."

Edinburgh, Jan. 13, 1805.

—"THE FOUR FACARDINS."—

The first part of this tale is translated from the French of Count Antoine Hamilton, author of the celebrated

"Memoires de Grammont;" the second is original.—Count Hamilton wrote during the reign of Louis XIV, when the Arabian Nights' Entertainments were in the highest vogue, in ridicule of which productions "Les Quatre Facardins," was probably composed; it was left imperfect, and indeed, it is most likely, that the Author never intended to finish it, and wrote without any settled plan. Yet I believe, few people have ever read it, without feeling regret at its abrupt termination. This deficiency I have endeavoured to supply—the brilliance of colouring, the playfulness of imagination, those easy graces and that felicity of expression, which give such a charm to the French tale, I well knew to be quite beyond my reach, and I have not even attempted to imitate them. My utmost aim has been to finish those adventures by some means or other, which Count Hamilton had left imperfect; and conscious that to rival the First Part in wit would for me be a hopeless attempt, I have only endeavoured to make the Second surpass it in extravagance.—In the composition of this Second Part, whatever may be its merits or demerits, I am not conscious of having borrowed a single incident; except that of the Queen of Denmark's animated though dismembered limbs, which was suggested by a French tale, called "L'Oreille."

"OBERON's HENCHMAN."

This Romance contains the history of the Indian Boy, for whom Oberon and Titania quarrel in the "Midsummer's Night's Dream;" and as it thus possesses a slight connection with Shakspeare, it will probably be read with a greater share of interest, than it could possibly excite by its own slender merits. It was composed to amuse a person, from whom during many years I have experienced much kindness, and

whose friendship and regard I value very highly: In consequence, many passages relate to accidental occurrences in society (to explain which would be totally uninteresting to the public) and which therefore will not merely lose what little value they might originally possess, but must unavoidably appear as blemishes. The particular view also, with which the Poem was written, confined my scene to the banks of the Clyde; and many of my friends who have perused these verses in manuscript have censured me for removing the Indian Boy to Scotland, when Shakspeare had placed him in the neighbourhood of Athens. I confess, however, that on this head they have not convinced me. As the kingdom of Oberon is bounded by no assigned limits, I see no reason why he should not be supposed to visit occasionally his Scottish dominions, when his favourite Henchman would naturally follow in his train; and if any censure is to be past respecting this point I have Dr. Johnson's authority for suggesting, that the impropriety consists in Shakspeare's having mixed the Fairies with Theseus and Hypolita, when the Grecian Dieties were the supernatural agents most suitable to be introduced. Many other defects have been pointed out to me; but they are too glaring, and the public is too quick-sighted, to make it necessary to specify them here.

M. G. LEWIS.

MISTRUST,

OR

BLANCHE AND OSBRIGHT;

A FEUDAL ROMANCE.

—"Rien n'est plus capable d'oter les bons sentimens que la défiance; il suffit souvent d'être soupçonné comme ennemi, pour le devenir. Au contraire, la confiance engage à bien faire; on est touché de la bonne opinion des autres, et l'on ne se resout pas facilement a la perdre.—*Madame d Sevigné.*

MISTRUST,

OR

BLANCHE AND OSBRIGHT

CHAP. I.

—" The bird is dead,
That we have made so much on! I had rather
Have skipped from sixteen years of age to sixty,
To have turned my leaping time into a crutch,
Than have seen this !" CYMBELINE.

PEACE was concluded, and the waters of the Rhine again flowed through plains unpolluted with blood. the Palatine saw his enemies at his feet; it rested in his own pleasure to trample, or to raise them, and the use which he made of the victory proved how well he merited to be victorious. His valour had subdued his enemies; his clemency converted those enemies into friends. The Duke of Saxony, the hereditary foe of his family, had been made prisoner in the last engagement; he restored him to liberty without ransom or conditions; and he could have framed none so binding as those, which his fearless generosity imposed on the Duke's gratitude. Henry of Saxony became from that moment his firmest ally; and the Palatine found in his powerful friendship more real strength, than if he had surrounded his whole dominions with a triple wall of brass.

The Saxons departed to their own country; the Palatine dismist his feudatory troops; and their chiefs led back their vassals, loaded with the presents of their liege-Lord, and proud of the wounds which they had

flowering shrubs and bushes, and presenting on the fourth the entrance to a grotto, whose mouth was thickly overgrown with ivy, woodbines, and a variety of tangling weeds. Osbright heard the well-known murmur of the waterfall; his heart beat quicker as he listened to the sound, and his eyes sparkled in the moon-beams with tears of melancholy pleasure.

He entered the cavern: as he expected and feared, it was vacant; but the moonshine, penetrating through an opening in the rocky roof, and converting the cataract into a flood of silver light, enabled him to see a wreath of flowers still fresh, which was lying on a stone seat at no great distance from the water. With an exclamation of joy he seized the wreath, and prest it to his lips. The cave then had been visited that very day! Ah! if he had but reached it before sun-set. .... But the sun was not set for ever: to-morrow it would rise again, and he now doubted no longer, that it would rise a sun of joy to him. He kist off the dew-drops, with which the flowers were heavy, and which he could not help flattering himself were tears of sorrow for his absence. He then hung the garland round his neck, and having deposited his well known scarf in place of the flowers, he quitted the cavern with a lightened heart, and with hopes increased by the certainty, that in his absence he had not been forgotten.

And now this first and chief anxiety dispelled, he was at liberty to bestow his thoughts on those friends, who were the next dearest objects of his affection, and on that home, where his unexpected arrival was certain to diffuse such joy. Again he spurred his horse forwards: but the animal needed no inducement to make him exert all his speed, while retracing a road whose goal was so well known to him. He darted forwards with the rapidity of an arrow, and would not have paused till his arrival at the castle of Frankheim, had not Osbright checked him, when within half a mile of his paternal towers. The sound of a bell toll-

ing heavily attracted his attention, and gave his imagination the alarm: from the quarter whence it sounded, he guest, that it must proceed from St. John's chapel, a building raised by the piety of one of his ancestors long deceased, and whose vaults were appropriated to the sole purpose of receiving the reliques of those, who expired within the walls of Frankheim. Vespers must have long been past; it was not yet midnight; nor indeed was it usual to celebrate religious rites within that chapel except on particular festivals, or occasions of extraordinary solemnity. His heart beat high, while he paused to listen. The bell continued to toll, so slow, so solemn, as to permit his doubting no longer, that it was sounding for the departure of some enfranchised spirit.—"Was there a death then in his family? had he to lament the loss of a relation, of a friend, of a parent?"—Anxiety to have this question answered without delay, would not permit him to pursue his destined course. Hastily he turned the bridle of his horse, and darted into the grove of cypress, whose intervening shades hid the chapel from his observation.

It was situated in the bosom of this grove, and a few minutes were sufficient to bring him to the place, whence the sound proceeded. But the bell had already ceased to toll, and in its place, after a momentary silence, a strain of solemn choral music and the full swell of the organ burst upon the ear of Osbright. He knew well those sad melodious sounds: it was the "De Profundis" chanted by the nuns and monks of the two neighbouring monasteries, St. Hildegrade, and St. John. The chapel was brilliantly illuminated; the painted windows poured a flood of light upon the surrounding trees, and stained their leaves with a thousand glowing colours: it was evident, that a burial was performing, and that the deceased must be a person of no mean consideration. Osbright sprang from his horse, and without allowing himself time to secure the animal from escape, he rushed into the

chapel, while anxiety almost deprived him of the powers of respiration.

The chapel was crowded; and as he had lowered the visor of his casque, no one was disposed to make way for him: but within a few paces of the principal entrance there was a low door conducting to a gallery, the access of which was prohibited to all, except the members of the noble family of Frankheim. Too impatient to ask questions, which he dreaded to hear answered, Osbright without a moment's delay hastened towards the private door. It was not without difficulty, that he forced his way to it; but all present were too much engaged by the mournful business, which they had come thither to witness, to permit their attending to his motions, and he reached the gallery unquestioned and unobserved.

Alas! it was empty! with every moment the conviction acquired new force, that the funeral bell had knelled for some one of his family. His whole frame shook with alarm, as he cast his eyes upon the aisle beneath. It was hung with black throughout; but the blaze of innumerable torches dispelled the double gloom of night and of the sable hangings. The sweet sad requiem still rose from the choir, where the nuns of St. Hildegrade were stationed. The avenues to the aisle were thronged with the vassals of Frankheim; but the middle of the aisle was left free, for there stood the chief actors in this mournful ceremony, and the crowd kept a respectful distance. By the side of an open grave, which occupied the centre of the aisle, stood the Abbot of St. John's, the venerable Sylvester. His arms were extended over the grave, as if bestowing on the already consecrated earth an additional benediction. An awe-inspiring air of sanctity pervaded his tall thin figure; his eyes seemed to shine with a mild cœlestial brightness, when he raised them with all the rapture of enthusiasm towards heaven; but their fires were quenched by tears of pity, when he cast a glance of benevolence towards a stately tomb of

white marble, which rose upon his left hand. Against that tomb, (which was raised in honour of Ladislaus the first Count of Frankheim, and which was exactly opposite to Osbright's retreat) reclined the two chief mourners, a warrior and a lady; and the youth's heart felt itself relieved from a weight almost intolerable, when he recognized the beloved authors of his being.

Now then he no longer trembled for the life of one of those parents, whose undeviating affection through the whole course of his existence had made them so justly dear to him.—But for whom then were they mourning? The loss must needs touch Osbright nearly, which could occassion such extreme affliction to his parents: and that their affliction *was* extreme, it was not permitted him to cherish even a doubt. The noble Magdalena stood with her hands clasped, her eyes raised to heaven, while unconscious tears coursed each other down her cheeks; motionless as a statue; pale as the marble tomb, against which she was leaning; the very image of unutterable despair.—

Widely different was the expression produced by anguish upon the noble and strongly-marked features of Count Rudiger. His heart was the seat of agony; a thousand scorpions seemed every moment to pierce it with their poisonous stings: but not one tear forced itself into his blood-shot eye-balls; not the slightest convulsion of his gigantic limbs betrayed the silent tortures of his bosom. A gloom settled and profound reigned upon his dark and high-arched eye-brows. He bent his gaze immutably upon a bier, which stood between himself and Magdalena, and which supported a coffin richly adorned with the escutcheons of the house of Frankheim. He rested one hand on the coffin; his other hand grasped firmly the jewelled handle of his dagger. His glaring eyes were stretched widely, as if their strings were on the point of breaking, and the flames, that blazed in them, were red and lurid. Disdain seemed to curl his lips, and ex-

pand his nostrils; an expression of restrained fury prevaded his whole deportment; and his resolute attitude, and something almost like a sullen smile which marked itself around his mouth, gave the prophetic assurance of revenge dreadfully satisfied. His lon[illegible] sable mantle was wrapped round his right arm; it had fallen from his left shoulder, and hung round him in loose drapery; while its folds rustled wildly in the night-wind, in whose blast the tapers were flaring, and whose murmurs seemed to sigh for the deceased, when the nuns pausing in their mournful melody, permitted its hollow voice to be heard. With every fresh gust the white plumes, which decorated the four corners of the beir, waved themselves backwards and forwards with a melancholy motion; and then did the tears stream faster from Magdalena's eyes to think, that now nothing of motion remained to the being she had ever loved so fondly, except the waving plumes with which his hearse was decorated.

And now the moment was come for depositing the coffin in the earth. The music ceased; a profound and awful silence reigned in the chapel, only interrupted by the loud sobbing of a young page, who had thrown himself on his knees, and who by enveloping his head in his cloak, had endeavoured without success to prevent his grief from becoming audible. Though his face was thus concealed, his light and graceful form, the long tresses of his dark golden hair which streamed in the night-wind, and still more the enthusiastic extravagance of his sorrow, left Osbright no doubt, who was the mourner. It was the young Eugene, Count Rudiger's beloved but unacknowledged offspring.

Four of the friars had now approached the beir; they raised the coffin in silence, and bore it towards the open grave. The heavy sound of their departing footsteps roused Magdalena; she extended her arms towards the coffin, and started forwards a few paces, as if she wished to detain the bearers. But a moment's

recollection was sufficient to make her feel the inutility of delay; and folding her arms across upon her bosom, she bowed her head in humble resignation. Her lord still remained without motion.

The coffin was lowered gently into the grave: it disappeared, and the attendants were on the point of covering it with the appointed marble, when Eugene uttered a loud shriek.

—"Oh! not yet! not yet!" he cried, while he started from the ground, and rushing forward arrested the arm of one of the friars, who held the monumental stone. His eyes were swollen with weeping, his gestures were wild as a maniac's, and his voice was the very accent of dispair.—"Oh! not yet!" he exclaimed; "he was the only being in the world that really loved me! the slightest drop of blood in his veins was dearer to me, than those which warm my own heart! I cannot endure to part with him for ever! Oh! not yet, father! good father, not yet!"—

The youth was now kneeling on the verge of the grave, and he bent down his head, and bathed the friar's feet with his tears in all the humility of supplication. As yet Magdalena had borne her sorrow like a heroine; but the unexpected shriek of Eugene, the heart-piercing hopeless tone in which he pronounced the words of "for ever!" was more than her fortitude could bear. She uttered a deep sigh, and sank insensible into the arms of her attendants: while Rudiger (whom the page's cry of agony had also roused from his gloomy meditations) sprang forward with a furious look, and plunged into the grave.

With involuntary horror the friars started back, and then, as if changed to stone by a gorgon's head, they remained gazing upon the dreadful countenance, which presented itself before them. Count Rudiger's stature was colossal; the grave in which he stood, scarcely rose above his knees. His eyes blazed; his mouth foamed; his coal-black hair stood erect, in which he twisted his hands, and tearing out whole

handfuls by the roots, he strewed them on the coffin, which stood beside his feet.

—"Right! right!" he cried, while his thundering voice shook the vaults above him, and while he stamped upon the hallowed earth with impotent fury. "Right, Eugene! not yet shall the earth cover the innocent victim of avarice! not yet shall the lips of holiness pronounce the last long farewell! not till I have sworn upon his coffin never to know rest, till his death is avenged most amply; not till I have devoted to the dæmons of darkness the murderer and his accursed offspring! yes, yes! not he alone, but his whole serpent blood shall pay the penalty of his crime, his wife, his children, his servants, all! his vassals shall be hunted through his woods like wolves, slaughtered where-ever found; his towers shall be wrapt by my hand in flames, and its shrieking inmates hurled back into the burning ruins! you hear me, friends! you see the agony, which tortures my heart, and yet do I curse alone? and yet does no voice join mine in the vow of revenge?—Nay then, look here!—Observe this pallid face! observe this mangled bosom! look on these, look on these, and join with me in one dreadful irrevocable curse.—"Vengeance! everlasting vengeance on the bloody house of Orrenberg."

As he said this, he violently forced open the coffin, tore from the shrowd a lifeless body, and held it up to the gaze of the shuddering multitude around him. It was the corpse of a child apparently not more than nine years old; a large wound disfigured the ivory bosom; yet even in death the countenance was that of a sleeping angel. His eyes were closed; as Rudiger held it forth at his arm's length, the profusion of its light flaxen hair fell over the pale lovely features of the child; but Osbright had already seen enough to confirm his worst suspicions. His brain whirled round, his sight grew dim, and he sank lifeless upon a bench which stood behind him. Yet as his eyes closed, and before his senses quite forsook him, he could

hear the exasperated multitude answer his father's demand by a general shout of—"Vengeance! everlasting vengeance on the bloody house of Orrenburg."

CHAP. II.

—"Suspicion's lurking frown and prying eye."—
R. P. KNIGHT's, "Landscape."

THE vizor of Osbright's helmet was closed, and the exclusion of air necessarily prolonged his insensibility. When he recovered himself, the chapel was vacant, and the lamps and torches all extinguished. The total darkness, which surrounded him, added to the confusion of his ideas; and a considerable time elapsed, before he could recollect himself sufficiently to arrange in their proper order the dreadful circumstances, which had just occurred. The image of his murdered brother haunted his imagination, and resisted all his efforts to chase it away. Though his own education had been received principally at the court of the Bishop of Bamberg, and therefore he had seen but little of the young Joscelyn, that little was sufficient to make him feel an affection most truly fraternal for the amiable child. Deeply therefore did he regret his loss; but yet he regretted the circumstances, which attended it, even more than the loss itself. His father's horrible curse still rang in his ears; the sentence of death pronounced upon himself would have

sounded to him less dreadful, than the general shout of the incensed vassals—"Vengeance on the house of Orrenberg!"—

Bewildered, irresolute, daring scarcely to admit the possibility of his father's solemn assertion being unfounded, and heaving many a sigh of anguish over the probable ruin of all his schemes of happiness, did Osbright quit the gallery, and pursue his way to the great entrance of the chapel. The darkness was profound, and he reached the gates with some difficulty: but here he found his intention of departure completely frustrated. During his swoon the doors had been carefully locked and barred, and though his strength was great, it was still insufficient to enable him to force them open.

Exhausted with his fruitless efforts, he abandoned the attempt, and had made up his mind to return to the matted gallery, and remain there quietly, till morning should enable him to regain his liberty; when he recollected, that at the further extremity of the aisle there existed a cell, which generally was tenanted by one of the brethren of St. John, whose office it was to keep the chapel in order, and by whose care in all probability the doors had been so carefully secured. Thither he bent his way, hoping to obtain his freedom by the friar's assistance, and at least certain of finding a less damp and unwholesome shelter for the night.

Feeling his way from pillar to pillar he proceeded slowly and cautiously. It was not long, before a ray of light at some distance guided his steps, and a low murmuring voice assured him, that the cell was inhabited. He pushed the door gently open. A lamp, which was placed in the nook of a narrow gothic window, threw its light full upon the pale face and grey locks of the friar, who was kneeling before a crucifix, with an immense rosary in his hand, and his eyes fixed devoutly upon the Redeemer's countenance. Osbright was both too unwell and too impatient to wait

for the conclusion of his prayer; he stepped into the cell, and the sound of his heavy spurs, which clattered as he trod, roused the Monk from his devotions. He started up, and looked round, amazed at so unusual an intrusion: But no sooner did he cast his eyes upon his visitor, than he fell prostrate upon the earth before him, loaded him with benedictions, and poured forth a profusion of thanks to Heaven, which had thought the meanest of its servants worthy of so unusual and distinguished an honour. Osbright had raised his visor for the benefit of air; and the singular beauty of his features, the noble expression of his countenance, the symmetry of his form, and the dazzling brilliance of his armour, made the pious brother conclude, that he was honoured by a cœlestial vision, and that the form, who stood before him, was no other than the arch-angel Michael. He was so convinced of this, that he was on the very point of asking news of the Dragon, when the knight hastened to dissipate his illusion.

—"Rise, good father!" said he; "I am a mortal like yourself, and what is more, am a mortal, who greatly need your assistance. During the late mournful ceremony, a sudden illness overpowered me: I became insensible; no one observed me, and I found myself on my recovery alone, in darkness, and enclosed within the chapel. Doubtless, you possess the means of opening the gate, and can restore me to liberty."—

—"Truly can I, my son," answered the monk; "and it is but just that I should be the person to let you out, as I was the person, who locked you in so carefully. Mercy on me, poor old man! I little thought, that I was locking in any thing better than the dead, and myself, and my old raven Jojo. But oh! all ye blessed spirits! you must have been ill indeed, Sir Knight; for the poor child, that Count Rudiger tore out of its shroud, did not look paler, than *you* do at this moment. Nay, in truth, it was your

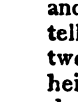
paleness, which made me be so sure of your being a spirit, when I first looked on you; for I thought, that no living thing could have had a countenance so bloodless. But how I stand here talking, when I ought to be doing somewhat to assist you!—Here, Sir Knight!" he continued, at the same time hastening to a small walnut-tree cupboard, and spreading his whole store of provisions before the stranger, "here is some refreshment—here is bread—and fruit—and hard eggs—and here is even some venison for you; for alas, the day! I am old and weak, and our Abbot has forbidden my fasting and keeping the spare holy diet, which I used, and which I *ought* to keep. Ah! I shall never have the good fortune to be a Saint, nor even a Martyr, heaven help me! but I will not murmur at Providence, sinner that I am for saying so! Now, good Sir Knight, eat, and refresh yourself, for it makes my heart bleed to see you look so pale.—And see! I protest, I had like to have forgotten the best of all! here is a small bottle of a most rare cordial: it was given me by sister Radigonda, the fat portress of St. Hildegrade's, and she assured me, that its virtue was sovereign. Now taste it, good son, I beseech you! I am sure it will do you service: not that I ever tried its good qualities myself; but sister Radigonda has, and she's a devout person, who (I warrant you) knows what's good. Now taste it, dear Sir Knight! in the name of St. Ursula and the eleven thousand vergins (rest their souls, though nobody was ever lucky enough to find their blessed bodies!) I beseech you, now, taste it!"

The benevolent manner of the old man was irresistible. Osbright partook of the cordial, and the warmth which immediately diffused itself through his chilled veins, and the glow which it produced upon his cheeks, sufficiently testified, that sister Radigonda had not said too much in favour of her present.—Brother Peter now prest the youth to partake of the viands placed before him; and Osbright, finding that

his person was totally unknown to the Monk, thought, that by engaging him in conversation he might most easily and expeditiously learn the meaning of the melancholy transactions, which he had just witnessed in the chapel. Accordingly, he took some of the refreshments, which his host presented to him, and found no difficulty in leading the conversation to the funeral and its cause; while on the other hand Father Peter, believing his discourse to be directed to a stranger, whom curiosity alone had led to the chapel, and who had no personal interest in the transaction, felt no hesitation in answering the questions put to him without disguise and in their fullest extent.

—"You shall hear all that I know, Sir Knight" said the old man; "and I believe, I know more of the matter than most people. Indeed, you'll marvel perhaps, how I came to know so much; but did you remark a young Page at the funeral, who sobbed so piteously, that one heard him in spite of the organ? his name is Eugene; he is the Countess's Page, and (between ourselves) they do say, that he is more nearly related to the Count, than law and religion allow of: but the Count wishes this to be kept a secret, and so I shall not say a syllable upon the subject. Well! this Eugene is an excellent pious youth, and often comes to the chapel, and prays upon his knees for whole hours together before the Virgin's image, and employs all the money he can procure in purchasing masses in hopes of removing the soul of his poor sinful mother out of purgatory—and so he used often to bring the poor little murdered Joscelyn to visit me in my cell, and he told me the whole matter exactly, as I now tell it you. You must know, Sir Knight, that some twenty years ago, there was an old Count of Frankheim, by name Jeronymus, who bequeathed his large domains....."

—"Nay, pry'thee, my good father," interrupted Osbright impatiently; "proceed to the murder at once, and leave out the bequest of Count Jeronymus!"—



—" Leave out the bequest?" cried Brother Peter; " Heaven help us! you might as well bid me tell you the story of the Fall of Man, and leave out the Apple! why, that bequest has made the whole mischief; and into the bargain, Sir Knight, I must tell my story my own way, or I shall never be able to tell it at all. —Well! as I was saying, this Count Jeronymus had but one child, a daughter; and as his ruling passion was family pride (of which, however the present Count has a hogshead, where the old one had but a drop), he resolved to bestow her hand and his large domains upon the next heir. Unluckily, before his intentions were made known to him, the next heir was already affianced to another.—Rudiger of West Frankheim and his cousin Gustavus of Orrenberg, equally needy and equally related to Jeronymus, (only Rudiger was the eldest branch), were both suitors to Magdalena, the rich heiress of Helmstadt, who at this very moment chose to make her election in favour of the former. Now who was puzzled but the old Count? what should he do? family pride forbad his alienating the patrimony of Frankheim from the man who at his death would be the reigning Count; and yet paternal affection would not suffer him to leave his unoffending daughter quite destitute.—To reconcile these two jarring passions, he bequeathed the whole hereditary estates to Count Rudiger, and gave his daughter the Lady Ulria his whole personal property, besides several purchased estates of considerable value, together with permission to bestow them and her hand according to her own free choice. That choice fell on Gustavus of Orrenberg, who was too greedy of wealth to refuse so advantageous a match; though he never forgave the Lady Magdalena's rejection of him, but cherished a secret spite in his heart against her and his successful rival."—

—" Indeed? is that quite certain?"—

—" Oh! quite, quite! why, Count Rudiger always said so himself! though to be sure Gustavus carried

himself artfully enough towards him, and would fain have been on friendly terms at Frankheim. But Rudiger was too prudent to be deceived, and guest, that all these fair speeches and mild looks were intended to lull him into a dangerous security, till an opportunity should offer of doing him an injury with impunity."—

"And did Gustavus ever betray any such intention by his actions?"—

—"Oh! blessed Virgin! No, to be sure not! my lord was too much on his guard to give him an opportunity! it's true, the familes still kept up an appearance of being on decent terms, and even visited: but my lord never went to the Castle of Orrenberg but well armed and attended, and kept an eye of suspicion on every thing that was passing around him: and when Gustavus returned the visit, he must easily have seen by my lord's looks and manner, that he was aware of his being come for no good; and so he never ventured to put his evil designs in execution.—But how my old head rambles! I forgot to tell you, that there was a worse cause of enmity than their joint-suit to Magdalena! you must know, that when Count Jeronymus found his daughter's choice to have fallen upon Gustavus (who, after Rudiger, would inherit the titles of Frankheim), he bethought himself of a way to render the union of that beloved name and his large possessions more durable than ever. Accordingly in a clause to his will he enacted, that in case either Gustavus or Rudiger should die without heirs, the property which he had bequeathed to the one, should descend to the other undiminished. Neither of them had children at the time of the old Count's decease; but within a twelvemonth after it, Rudiger fell dangerously ill.—He lay for two days insensible; the physicians believed him to be dead: the report spread over the whole country; and oh! in what haste was Gustavus, to take possession of the castle and its domains! he came galloping over in all joy, when lo

and behold! he found our good lord still in the land of the living, and was obliged to return home quite chap-fallen! If the plague had broken out among them, it could not have produced more sorrow in the Castle of Orrenberg than the tidings of this recovery!"—

—"Indeed! who told you that, father?"

—"Oh! I remember, that it was the common report throughout Frankheim: I never heard any one say otherwise. Well! Sir Knight, Gustavus had scarcely got the better of this disappointment when he met with another. The Lady Magdalena proved with child, and was safely delivered of a fine boy, who was christened Osbright. When Gustavus heard this, he turned as white as a corpse!"—

—"How know you that? did you see him?"

—"I! St. Chrysostom forbid! I never saw the hypocritical assassin (heaven pardon me for calling him so, who am myself so hardened a sinner!) I say, I never saw him in my whole life, not I! I would as soon look on Beelzebub in person! No, no! I might indeed have seen him once; but I cast down my eyes, crossed myself, and passed on. Well! the house of Orrenberg comforted itself with thinking, that Rudiger had but *one* son, while the lady Ulrica had borne four, besides a daughter. It's true, Count Rudiger's prudence had made him send the young Osbright out of the reach of their enmity; but still he might be taken off by a thousand natural accidents. This hope also received its death-blow about nine years ago by the birth of a second son to Rudiger, this very little luckless Joscelyn. The two boys increased in bloom and strength, as they increased in years; while the Orrenberg children were all weak sickly creatures. One after another, the three eldest sank into the grave: but when about six months ago the fourth boy expired, and left them with only a daughter and without hopes of further progeny, Gustavus's spite and avarice could no longer contain itself within

bounds. He resolved to remove the objects of his aversion, cost what it might; and you saw in the mangled body of Joscelyn the effects of this diabolical resolution! Heaven pardon him and me, and all sinners, Amen!"—

—"Aye, that murder, father! that murder.... that is what I would fain hear! oh! proceed, proceed, for pity's sake! let me know every cruel circumstance ..... even though to hear it should break my heart!"

—"Ah! and that would be a thousand pities, for it needs must be a kind heart, to take on so greviously at hearing a story, in which you have no concern.—Well then! you must know, that one morning the Count set forth to hunt the hart, and his young son pleaded so earnestly to accompany him, that the father could not resist his entreaties. The sport was excellent; and in the eagerness of pursuit, every one forgot to look after Joscelyn. At length the animal was taken; the hunters found themselves at a considerable distance from home; by degrees they all assembled, all except Joscelyn. Now then a hue and cry commenced; the Count was half frantic with apprehensions, and his alarm was increased ten fold, when he discovered that the chase had beguiled them into the woods of Orrenberg. Away rode the hunters, some one way, some another: four of the most trusty followed Rudiger, and while he made the forests ring again with the name of Joscelyn, the hand of Providence, in order that the murderer might be punished, guided him to the place, where the poor child had already breathed his last; it was near a small river; the ground was stained with blood, and a huge wound stood gaping upon his ivory bosom. Search was made for the assassin, who (it was evident) could not have gone far, for the body was not yet cold! and a man, whose garments were still crimsoned with blood, and whose countenance pronounced him capable of committing any mischief, was found concealed in a thicket at no great distance."—

—"And what reason had he for...."—

—"Oh! Sir Knight, every one guest at the reason, as soon as Martin (the Count's Squire) exclaimed, that he knew the assassin, and that he was one of the Count of Orrenberg's domestics. The villain too knew in whose presence he was, and addressing Count Rudiger by his name, he fell on his knees, and entreated him not to hurt him; a sure proof of his being conscious of some crime, else why should he have been apprehensive of receiving hurt, Sir Knight? Well! he could not deny his belonging to Gustavus, but for a long time he persisted in swearing, that he found the child already insensible in the wood, and that the blood had stained his clothes, while conveying him to the rivulet, in hopes that by bathing his face with water he might restore him to his senses. Truly the fellow was artful enough, and made out a good plausible story; but Rudiger was not easily to be deceived. He had the villain conveyed to the Castle of Frankheim, and there proper means were taken for extorting from him a confession of the truth."—

—"And what was that confession?"—

—"Exactly what every one expected; that he had been commanded to murder the child by his master, Gustavus of Orrenberg."—

—"He confest it?"—Almighty powers!—Are you *sure*, that he confest it?"—

—"Sure of it! why, alas-the-day! I heard him say it with my own ears. He was asked by the Count,—"who set him on to commit murder"—and I heard him answer as plain as I now hear you—"Gustavus of Orrenberg."—

—"Is it possible!" exclaimed Osbright in agony. His last lingering hope was now destroyed, and with all his anxiety to believe Gustavus innocent, he found himself unable to exclude the irresistible conviction of his guilt.

—"Ah! it is but too certain!" resumed the Friar with a deep sigh; "one would willingly disbelieve

the existence of such villany, but I heard the assassin own it myself; and a hardened sinner he was! in spite of all my pious exhortations to repentance, not a word would he confess, though I begged him with tears in my eyes; for wicked as he was, it almost broke my heart to see the tortures which he endured, and all out of his own obstinacy! Since the very moment that he made the desired confession, my lord ordered him to be taken from the rack, though it was then but to little purpose."—

—"The rack!" exclaimed Osbright, seizing the old man's hand with a convulsive grasp; "was it then only on the rack, that he made this confession?"—

—"No truly; till Count Rudiger had recourse to torture, not a syllable would he utter, but assertions of his own and his master's innocence. Nay, even when he was actually on the rack, he persisted in his obstinate falsehood. He had already remained there so long, that he was scarcely unbound, before he breathed his last, poor sinful wretch! Heaven pardon him and take him to its mercy!"

Now then the heart of Osbright again beat freely. It is true, the death of his brother made that heart the abode of deep sorrow; but to banish from it the belief that Gustavus was the boy's assassin, was to relieve it from a burden of insupportable agony. That belief grew weaker with every question, which he put to brother Peter; he found, that while in possession of his strength and faculties the supposed culprit had most strenuously denied all knowledge of the crime; that the excess of torture alone had forced from him the declaration, that Gustavus of Orrenberg had any concern in it; that the name of Gustavus had been suggested by the prejudices of the suspicious and already exasperated father; and that the whole confession was comprised in the mere pronouncing that name, when the speaker was seduced into uttering it by the certainty of immediate release from tortures the most excruciating. Osbright had been educated

CHAP. III.

"Alas! the spring-time's pleasant hours returning
Serve but to waken me to sharper pain,
Recalling scenes of agony and mourning,
Of baffled hopes, and prayers preferred in vain!

Thus was the sun his vernal beams displaying,
Thus did the woods in early foliage wave,
While dire disease on all I loved was preying,
And flowers seemed rising, but to strew his grave."

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

WHILE the Castle of Frankheim resounded with cries of agony and threats of vengeance, the spirit of tranquil sorrow reigned on every brow and in every heart throughout the domains of Orrenberg. Seven months had elapsed since the death of the heir of those domains, the young and amiable Philip; the wound was skinned over, but the pain was still felt; tears had ceased to trickle, but the heart had not yet ceased to bleed.

Gustavus stood at an oriel-window, and contemplated the fertile fields, which he hoped on his death-bed to have bequeathed to his darling. The lady Ulrica was employed at her tapestry-frame; but her work was often suspended, while she cast a look of anxious tenderness on the lovely Blanche, (who was at work beside her,) and while she breathed a mental prayer, that Heaven in mercy to an almost broken heart would preserve to her this, her loveliest, her dearest, her only remaining child.

The silence was interrupted by the entrance of an old female domestic, who informed Blanche, that she

had at length found the canvass bag which had been so long missing, and which she now presented to her. Blanche hastily quitted the tapestry-frame, while her cheek alternately coloured with anger, and grew pale with apprehension.

—"Oh! Rachel!" she exclaimed in a tone of reproach, "how thoughtless to bring it hither! ah! and see! my dear mother has recognized it but too surely, for her eyes are already filled with tears!"—and she threw her arms effectionately round the waist of Ulrica, and entreated her pardon for being the occasion of suggesting such painful recollections.

—"What is the matter?" demanded her father, advancing from the window;—"what distresses you, Ulrica?"—then glancing his eye on the canvass bag, which Blanche had suffered to fall upon the ground, —"Ah!" he continued, "I need no answer! those are the play-things of my poor dead boy!—What would you do with them, Blanche?"

—"I meant, to give them to the gardener's children; they were Philip's play-fellows and friends, and they have not forgotten yet how dearly he loved them. It was only yesterday that as I past towards St. Hildegarde's grotto, I met the poor children going to adorn Philip's grave with their choicest flowers; and their father tells me, that they mention him every night in their prayers, and never pass a day without visiting his monument—and so I fancied, that by giving these play-things .... But I wish, that I had never thought at all about them, since the sight of them has distressed you so much, dear mother!—Nay now, pry'thee, weep no more! you know, my father says, that 'tis sinful to murmur at the dispensations of Providence, and that it gives him pain, whenever he sees our tears!"—

—"And should not that reflection check your own, my Blanche?" inquired Gustavus; "why are your cheeks so wet? Fie! fie, my child!"—

—"Ah! dear father, I cannot prevent their flowing, do all that I can! When any one seems happy, I cannot help smiling; and when any one dies, surely I needs must weep. But at least I obey you better than my mother: indeed neither of us *talk* of Philip, but then she always *thinks* of him, and is always melancholy. Now I am always gay, and endeavour *not* to think of him; except when something brings him suddenly before me, and then I cannot choose but weep, or else my heart would break in two:—for instance, when I look at these playthings, it seems to me, as if Philip were present; I think, I see him arranging his troops so busily on the ground; I think, I hear him entreating me to leave my tiresome tapestry, and observe, how bravely he will fight the battle. "The blue," he used to say, "are the vassals of Orrenberg, and the red are the vassals of Frankheim; and now....."

—"Of Frankheim, Blanche?" interrupted Gustavus; "no, no; that was not what Philip called them; "the red," he used to say, "are our enemies."—

—"Yes, yes; our enemies, the vassals of Frankheim."—

—"You misunderstood him, Blanche; why should Philip call the vassals of Frankheim our enemies?"—

—"Nay, dear father, are they *not* so? every one in the castle thinks, and says it."—

—"They, who say so, had better not say it in my hearing. The count of Frankheim is my nearest relation, a man of singular military prowess, and distinguished by many noble qualities. It is true, the dissimilarity of our manners and habits, together with various other impediments, has prevented so cordial an intimacy between the families, as should exist between such near connections; but still I entertain a high respect for the character of the owners of Frankheim, and shall not hear without displeasure those persons called my enemies, whom I would willingly boast of as my friends."—

—" Your friends? oh! father! would you call those your friends, who have poisoned your only remaining son, who have deprived me of an only remaining brother? Ah! should I not call these cruel people our enemies, our worst of enemies?"—

—" Poisoned my son? poisoned Philip?"—

—" Nay, it is the common talk of the whole castle! every child on the domains knows it, as well as I do, and trembles at the name of Rudiger, the ruthless child-murderer! nay; has not my mother openly acknowledged that....."—

—" Blanche!" interrupted Ulrico hastily; " you go too far; you misrepresent the fact. What have I ever openly acknowledged? I merely, in confidential conversation, let fall a hint, a sort of suspicion .... that it was just possible .... that to judge from appearances.... that I was almost tempted to imagine."

—" Aye, Ulrica," replied her husband; " I feared from the very first that *you* were the original cause of this ill-founded report. Is there no hope then, that my entreaties and advice will ever eradicate from your mind the only dark speck, which deforms it? Of all the defects of the human heart, there is none more encroaching, more insidious, more dangerous than mistrust: viewed through her distorted optics, there is no action so innocent, no every-day occurrence so insignificant, that does not assume the appearance of offence. Words are misconstrued; looks are interpreted! thoughts are guest at and acted upon, as if thoughts were facts; the supposed fault is retaliated by a real one; that one gives birth to more; injury succeeds injury, and crime treads upon the heels of crime, till the web of mischief and misery is complete; and the suspector starts in surprise and horror to find both himself and his adversary equally involved in that guilt, which but for his suspicions would probably have been the lot of neither."—

—" Nay, Gustavus, why thus severe? what have I done? I assert nothing; I accuse no one: I mere-

ly have hinted at the possibility.....and *that*, while I have life and consciousness, I *must* maintain—to die so suddenly! to-day in all the bloom of health, and to-morow in his coffin!—Oh! that fatal inheritance! to that shall I ever ascribe the loss of my child!—And then the livid spots, which broke out upon my poor boy's corse.....and the agonies which he suffered.....the burning heat, and the insatiable thirst which tormented him ...and above all the rapid putrefaction...Yes! yes! the moment that I beheld that, I exclaimed—"such a death cannot be natural" a dreadful light broke in upon me, and...."

"—And at that light you have kindled a torch, capable of burning to the very ground the house of your unsuspecting neighbour, of your nearest relation! you have inflamed the imaginations of the giddy unthinking multitude, whose rage if once let loose, and countenanced by their superiors...."

—"*I* inflamed them! oh! you injure me my husband! it is true, their rage, their hatred against the Count Frankheim is at this moment extreme; but I have done my utmost to prevent their breaking out into violence. I dread Count Rudiger; but I hate him not, for I will not hate any one; and though your former love for Magdalena once made me fear her influence over your heart, your uniform kindness during many long years has totally erased all such apprehensions from my bosom. Do not then suspect me of stirring up our people to vengeance upon the Frankheimers. Alas! it needed no instigation of mine to make them understand a tale so clear, a fact so evident, that the murder circulated from lip to lip, ere I had time to impose silence on the death-bed attendants; and every man's own consciousness suggested to him the murderer's name."—

—"A tale so clear, Ulrica! Before your father's fatal bequest had raised suspicions of each other between the familes, you attended Magdalena's lying-in—the child lived but a few hours and expired in

your arms. Had Magdalena been as mistrustful as yourself, how well would the tale have been told, that jealous of my former attachment to the mother, you had privately, while pretending to kiss it, confined the windpipe of the child, or prest its skull together, or else...."—

—"Oh! spare me, my husband! yes, such a tale might have been told.... Oh! horror! might perhaps have been believed. I will say nothing more; I will accuse no one in future; I will bury all my suspicions in oblivion; I will forgive all.... if they will but leave me this one blessing, this one darling, this my last, my only existing child!"—

As she said this, Ulrica threw her arms round her kneeling daughter; and she was still weeping upon her neck, when a domestic entered, and announced a herald from the Castle of Frankheim. As all intimacy between the families had ceased, and they now only met on great festivals, or at tournaments, or on some solemn occasion, it was concluded, that the herald's business related to some public occurrence, some imperial edict, or some regulations for the welfare of the Palatinate—the women, therefore, thought proper to withdraw: Ulrica, greatly agitated by the conversation which had just taken place, retired to indulge the agony of maternal regret in her own solitary apartment; and Blanche....?—

The war was concluded; the troops were dismissed; the knights were returning home.

—"*Perhaps!*" said Blanche, and with a light step and heart full of hope, she fled through the secret passage towards the cave among the rocks.

CHAP. IV.

—"Oh! my soul come not thou into their counsels; unto their assembly, mine honour, be not thou united; for in their anger they slew a man, and in their self-will they digged a wall. Cursed be their anger, for it was fierce, and their wrath, for it was cruel."— GENESIS.

AND the hopes of Blanche were not quite disappointed. It is true, the cave was vacant: but he had been there; but he had left a token, that she was not forgotten by him. To-morrow, according to their mutual agreement, she might depend upon seeing once more the youth, whose image gratitude had engraved upon her heart in characters never to be effaced; and then might she claim his promise of revealing to her his real name, and clearing up the mystery, in which he had hitherto enveloped all that related to him, except his adoration of herself. Satisfied of that most material point, she had hitherto been content to leave every other in obscurity; but now she should know every thing; now her lover would disclose himself, and authorize her disclosing their attachment to her parents; and precious as they held her, she still feared not their opposing her union with a man whom she loved so tenderly, and by whom she was so tenderly beloved. Besides, her father was sinking into the vale of years; the family required some younger and more active champion to defend them against the nefarious designs of their mortal foe, the cruel and insidious Count of Frankheim; and where could they find a fitter protector than this unknown knight, who had already proved the strength of his arm and valour of his heart so successfully, when

he rescued her from the banditti? Oh! when once his bride, she should no longer tremble at the dreadful name of Rudiger! all then would be peace, security, and happiness! and while she made these reflections, she prest the well-known scarf to her lips a thousand and a thousand times.

The sun was setting, and it was time for her to return home. She threw herself on her knees before the crucifix, which she had herself placed on the rough-hewn altar; she poured forth a prayer of fervent gratitude to St. Hildegarde, traced a cross upon her forehead and bosom with the same holy water, which had formerly quenched the thirst of that virgin martyr, and then bidding a tender adieu to the cavern in which she had passed so many happy moments, she sped back towards the Castle, the scarf fluttering in the evening-breeze as she retraced the secret passages.

She was proceeding towards her own apartment, when in crossing a gallery which was connected with the great hall, she was alarmed at seeing several of the domestics hurrying backwards and forwards in confusion; she stopped, and listened; she heard her father's name frequently repeated, and at length caught some words, as if some accident had happened to him. Now then every thing else was forgotten in the apprehension of his being in danger. She flew towards his apartment, which was on the other side of the castle; but in crossing the great hall, she was detained by the young Baron of Hartfeld.

—"Heaven be thanked, that I have found you, Lady!"—said he, taking her hand affectionately—"the Countess charged me to seek you, and prevent your being suddenly alarmed. Nay, look not so terrified! on my knightly word there is no danger, and a few hours will restore your father to that fortitude, of which the too great sensibility of his nature has at present deprived him."—

—"Oh! what has happened? what has overcome

his fortitude? something dreadful, surely! is he ill, Sir Ottokar? oh! assure me at least, that he is not ill!"

—"His illness is merely temporary; by this time no doubt it is quite past.—It is true, his senses forsook him for a time; he fainted, and....."—

—"He fainted? oh heavens! let me hasten to him this moment,....."—

—"You must not, till you are more calm. Your present agitation would affect him, and probably occasion a relapse. Suffer me to lead you into a less public apartment; there you shall hear all that has happened, and when your spirits are composed, you shall then carry peace and consolation to the wounded feelings of your father."—

But the emotions of Blanche could admit of no delay; she still hurried onwards; and as in fact Sir Ottokar had only wished to detain her, in order that he might enjoy her society for a few minutes without restraint, all that he had to communicate was told, before they reached the Count's chamber-door.

Interlarding his discourse with many compliments to his auditress, and insinuations of the tender interest which he felt for her, the Baron now related,—"that the business of the Count of Frankheim's herald was to accuse Gustavus of the assassination of the Count's youngest son, and to proclaim open and inveterate feuds between the families of Frankheim and Orrenburg. This the herald had not only announced to Gustavus in the most disrespectful manner, but had thought proper to repeat the purport of his mission publicly in the court yard; at the same time accompanying his speech with such insulting remarks upon their master and his whole family, that the indignation of the vassals became outrageous, and threatened the insolent herald with consequences the most dangerous. The Count of Orrenberg was alarmed at the tumult, and hastened to the court-yard to appease his incensed people, whose affection for them was unbounded.

Gustavus was but lately recovered from a perilous malady, occasioned by grief for the loss of his last male-heir: he was still in a state of lamentable weakness, and the shock of being so unexpectedly accused of assassination had greatly increased the irritability of his nerves, which naturally was excessive; yet still he exerted himself most strenuously in endeavouring to quell the confusion. But in vain did he command his vassals to be silent and temperate; in vain did he conjure the herald to be gone, if he valued his own safety. The insolent emissary persisted in heaping taunt upon taunt, and slander upon slander. The people grew more incensed with every word, that he uttered; and at length overcome with agitation, heat, fatigue, and weakness, Gustavus sank into the arms of his attendants, and was conveyed to his apartment in a state of insensibility. However, he was already nearly recovered, when Ulrica requested Sir Ottokar to seek her daughter, and relate what had happened, lest she should be unnecessarily alarmed."—

But Blanche loved her father too dearly to believe, that he was quite out of danger, till her own eyes had convinced her of his health and safety. She found him very pale and feeble, and his recollection was yet scarcely clear enough to permit his perfectly understanding the events, which had taken place. Blanche sank on her knees by the couch, on which he was reposing, and threw her white arms round his neck affectionately.

—"You have heard it all, my child?" said Gustavus; "you know, of how dreadful a crime your father is accused? but surely you will not believe me capable of . . . ."—

—"Nor she, nor any one can believe it," interrupted Ulrica, "except those, who are interested in working the destruction of you and all your house. Nay more; every one, except yourself, knew well, that sooner or later the rancour and avarice of Count Rudiger must end in open war; but I little thought, that

he would have advanced so gross a falsehood, as an excuse for commencing hostilities! they to accuse you of murdering a child! they, who themselves but seven months ago deprived us....."—

—"Peace! peace! Ulrica; no more of that!—But tell me.... my ideas are still so wandering.... Is it then true, that Rudiger's son is murdered?"

—"It is but too certain. He was found dead in one of our forests, and what makes the fact more distressing is, that one of our domestics was the assassin. He confest his crime on the rack, and died in a few minutes afterwards: died (horrible to tell!) with a lie still warm upon his lips. For oh! my husband, in his last moments he declared, that he had been bribed by you to assassinate the poor child!"—

—"By me!" exclaimed Gustavus, and started from his couch; "confest it? no; this is not to be endured! under such an imputation their is no living. Bring my armour; saddle my steed! I will hasten this moment to Frankheim; I will assert my innocence with all the irresistible energy of truth; I will demand to be tried by every ordeal, by fire, by water.... Nay, nay, detain me not, I must to Rudiger this instant, and either convince him that I am guiltless, or perish by his hand."—

He was rushing towards the door, but all present hastened to impede his passage.

—"Count, this is insanity!" exclaimed Sir Ottokar; "you are rushing on inevitable destruction! Rudiger is not to be convinced. He has vowed your destruction with the most solemn and terrible adjurations: nor your destruction only; his vengeance includes all, who are related to you, all who love you! your wife, your daughter, your very domestics....

—"My daughter?" repeated Gustavus, clasping his hands in an agony of horror; "my innocent Bianche?"—

—"All! all are involved in Count Rudiger's plan of vengeance! he has sworn to give your castle a prey

to the flames, and to feed them with its wretched inmates. No man, no woman, no child, no, not the very dog that now licks your hand, shall be suffered to escape! this did I myself hear the Count of Frankheim swear last night at the burial of his murdered child; and his friends, his servants, his vassals, all made St. John's vaults echo, while with one voice they repeated the bloody, the diabolical oath. My friendship for you, my Lord, and my alarm for the safety of the Lady Blanche, made me hasten homewards to summon the assistance of my followers; they are mounted to the number of forty, well-armed and accoutred, and I have conducted them hither prepared to spill the last drop of their blood in vindication of your innocence, and in defence of the Countess and your lovely daughter,"—

—"I thank you, Sir Ottokar, and should there be no means of avoiding this unnatural war, I shall profit with gratitude by your kind and ready friendship. But still I indulge the hopes of peace; I have no real fault towards Rudiger; and could I but contrive a personal interview with him.... could I but explain the injustice of his suspicions.... at least I will make the attempt; and perhaps.... Ha! well remembered! Kurt," he continued addressing himself to a grey-headed domestic, who was standing near the door, "is the herald yet gone?"—

—"Gone?" repeated the old man, shaking his head with a smile of satisfaction; "No, truly, nor likely to go, the villain!"—

—"Then call him hither instantly.—He shall bear my request for an interview with Rudiger, and..... How is this, Kurt? why, do you still linger here? I would have the herald come to me; bring him this moment!"—

—"Bring him? why, aye, to be sure I could easily do that; but as to his *coming*, he'd find that a difficult matter.... unless he can walk without his head. —Nay, my Lord, it is even so, and now all's out—

the people's rage was not to be bridled; when they saw you fall, they thought that the herald had stabbed you; they fell upon him, men, women and children, like so many mad-people, and before one could say—"Ave"—his head was off his shoulders, and nailed over the gateway between the two great kites."—

—"Ulrica!—Ottokar!" stammered the Count, and seemed, as if he had been struck by a thunder-bolt; "is this true? has my castle indeed been polluted by so horrible on outrage?—Almighty powers! the murder of an herald.... a character, ever held sacred even among the most barbarous nations.... murdered in my own castle.... almost in my own sight.... Now then indeed the mischief is irremediable. From the imputation of this guilt never shall I be able to clear myself in Rudiger's eyes!"—

—"Nay, my dear Lord," replied Sir Ottokar; "let not this misfortune affect you so deeply. The insolent menial merited such a fate; a fate which (I can witness, as I arrived in the heart of the tumult) you did your utmost to avert. But to save him was not within the power of a mortal. His calumnies.... his threats against your whole family.... Your people's hatred of Rudiger.... their consciousness, that he had deprived you of your son Philip by poison..."

—"Aye, aye!" exclaimed Gustavus; "hear you that, Ulrica? now then you see the fatal effects of your mistrust! now then you enjoy the bloody fruits of those ungrounded suspicions, which you so lightly infused unto the minds of the rash and wanton multitude! Oh! my wife, I fear greatly, that at the day of judgment when this murder is cited, your hands will not appear quite bloodless! God forgive you!"—

The Countess shuddered, but only answered by a flood of tears.

—"Spare your Lady, my noble friend," said Ottokar, taking the Count's hand; "even if your reproaches are deserved, they come too late, and the present difficulties demand our attention too much to admit

of reflections on the past. The Frankheimers are powerful and inveterate: Rudiger has sworn the extirpation of your whole family; Osbright has returned from the wars to assist his father's plans of vengeance: these human wolves thirst for your blood, and.... Earth and heavens! can it be possible? it is .... it *must* be the same!—Pardon me, Lady Blanche; by what strange accident do I see that scarf in your possession?"—

—"This scarf?—you know it, Sir Knight?—I came by it.... That is.... I found it.... as I was passing through the secret passages that lead...."—

—"The secret passages? Osbright of Frankheim lurking in the secret passages of Orrenberg Castle?"—

—"Osbright?" exclaimed Ulrica in the greatest alarm—"and you traversed those passages alone?—Oh! my child, from what a danger have you escaped! No doubt, his purpose there...."—

—"Must needs have been hostile to the inmates of this Castle!" interrupted Ottokar eagerly; "perhaps .... perhaps, he was aware, that the lovely Blanche frequented those secret passages, and hoped, that his dagger might unobserved revenge...."—

—"Oh! no, Sir Knight," exclaimed the affrighted Blanche, "you misunderstood me! no one was lurking in the secret paths! it was not there I found the scarf; it was in the cavern of St. Hildegrade.... and perhaps you mistake about the scarf too! perhaps, it is not Osbright's! oh! no, no, no! heavenly mercy forbid that it should be!"—

—"Indeed!" said Ottokar, while jealousy whispered a thousand suspicions to his mind; "nay of that there is no doubt: it is the work of the Lady Magdalena, and too remarkable to be mistaken. Besides, in saving the Palatine's life in battle, Osbright's bosom was slightly wounded; his scarf was stained with blood, and I heard him swear, that the blood shed in his sovereign's defence was the noblest ornament of his

scarf, and should never be effaced—look, lady, look! Osbright has kept his oath."—

Blanche looked on the bloody marks; the scarf fell from her hands, and she clasped them in an agony of despair. With every moment did Sir Ottokar's jealous fears grow more strong, and his desire to impress Blanche with an idea of Osbright's animosity more keen and anxious.

—"But one thing more!" said Blanche with difficulty, while she almost gasped for breath—"that horrible curse, which you spoke of.... which Rudiger... which his vassals pronounced.... was it pronounced by Osbright? was Osbright in the chapel, when it was pronounced?"—

—"He was, lady! he was!" replied Ottakar, eagerly and peremptorily; "I was near the chapel-door, and saw him rush into the chapel with a maniac's look, his eyes burning with vengeance, his lips pale with passion, his whole frame trembling with eagerness, and with fear lest he should be too late to join in the horrible execration.—I heard Count Rudiger devote to destruction your father, your mother, your innocent self! I saw Osbright rush furiously forward to join his father; and instantly every voice except my own re-echoed the dreadful words—"vengeance! everlasting vengence on the bloody house of Orrenberg!"—

—"And did not *one* kind voice," said Blanche faintly, "did no suggestion of pity.... ah! did no one utter one word to plead for the poor Blanche?"—

—"No one, lady! no one, as I have a soul to save!"—

—"Oh! I am very faint, my mother!" murmured Blanche, and bursting into tears she sank upon the bosom of Ulrica.

Her pale looks and trembling frame greatly alarmed her parents; but believing her agitation to be solely produced by apprehension and by horror at the dreadful threats pronounced against her life by the

Frankheimers, they advised her to retire to rest and compose herself. Blanche willingly accepted the permission of departing, and hastened to meditate in the solitude of her chamber on the fatal discovery, which accident had just made.

CHAP. V.

"Let no one say, that there is need
Of time for love to grow:
Oh! no; the love, which kills indeed,
Dispatches at a blow.

"Love all at once should from the earth
Start up full-grown and tall:
If not an Adam at his birth,
He is no love at all."

LORD HOLLAND, from *Lope de Vega.*

WHILE these transactions were passing at Orrenberg, Osbright was anxiously employed in finding means to remove all existing prejudices, and establish a close and lasting amity between the rival kinsmen. He found Sir Lennard of Kleeborn willing to assist his design, and scrupled not to lay before him the dearest secret of his bosom.

So great had been his father's apprehensions of treachery on the part of Orrenberg, that Osbright was seldom suffered to visit his paternal mansion. Year after year, however, having past away without any fatal effects arising from the supposed avaricious views of Gustavus, and the youth being now of an age to take his own part, Count Rudiger about nine months before had gratified himself and his fondly anxious Consort by the recall of his first-born son.

The breaking out of hostilities compelled Osbright to leave the Castle of Frankheim a second time; but previous to his departure it had been his fortune to rescue the lovely Blanche from the hands of ruffians, and at the same moment to receive and impart a passion the most ardent and irradicable.

Blanche declared her name to her deliverer, and earnestly entreated him to accompany her to the Castle of Orrenberg, where her parents would receive their child's deliverer with all the warmth of heartfelt gratitude: but Osbright's prudence forbade his taking so dangerous a step, especially when the discourse of his mistress convinced him, how deeply engraved, and how odious in their nature, were the prejudices attached to the name of Frankheim in the minds of the inmates of Orrenberg. Educated himself at the court of Bamberg, his heart was untainted by the gloomy mistrust, which (with the solitary exception of Magdalena) he found prevailing throughout his father's domains; and the knowledge of Blanche's family name instantly suggested to his fancy the pleasing hope, that their union might be the means of extinguishing the animosity, which prevailed between two families so nearly related; but he found that the mind of Blanche was very differently modelled. The Lady Ulrica was naturally of a temper timid and suspicious. Jealousy of her lord's early attachment to Magdalena had originally disposed her to consider the actions of the Frankheimers in no favourable point of view; her father's unfortunate bequest made her regard them as persons, whose interest must necessarily lead them to wish for the extinction of her family; a variety of trifling circumstances, which her jaundiced imagination made her see in false colours, strengthened her in this persuasion; and the successive deaths of four sons thoroughly persuaded her, that she had not evil wishes alone to fear on the part of those, who would benefit so greatly by depriving her of her children. All these

ideas had been imbibed by her only remaining offspring. Blanche from her infancy had been accustomed to pray, that the virgin would preserve her from Satan and the Frankheimers; at the mention of Rudiger's name she never failed to cross herself; and while she was thanking Osbright for her rescue from the ruffians, he could scarcely help smiling at the positiveness, with which she assured him of their having been emissaries either of his wicked father or of his blood-thirsty self!

Till these prejudices so deeply rooted could be effaced, Osbright thought it absolutely necessary to conceal his name, and to refuse Blanche's invitation to visit the Castle of Orrenberg. At the drawbridge he respectfully took his leave, and in return for his service, he only requested her word of honour, that she would not mention her adventure to any human being. Though surprised at the entreaty, Blanche could not refuse to give this promise; not to mention, that she was herself apprehensive, that if the danger which she had ran should be made public, her mother's anxious care would never again suffer her to pass the walls of Orrenberg. This promise therefore she gave readily; but she hesitated a little, when the unknown youth exprest an ardent hope, that he should in future be permitted to thank the Lady Blanche for her compliance. To permit such interviews unknown to her parents, and when even herself was ignorant of his name and quality, she felt, would be highly imprudent: but he implored so earnestly, yet with such diffidence; he had treated her with such respectful delicacy, while she was in his power unprotected; his manners were so noble; her obligations to him were so recent; and above all, her own inclination to see him again was so strong, that before she was herself aware of her intention, she hinted, that she generally visited the Grotto of St. Hildegarde about two hours before sun-set. The youth prest her hand to his lips with respectful gratitude, breath-

ed a fervent prayer for her welfare, and she then hastened into the castle, her cheeks glowing with blushes, and her heart beating high with hope.

To one interview another still succeeded, and still did the unknown Knight acquire a greater influence over the heart of the innocent Blanche. That influence he chiefly exerted in efforts to eradicate her antipathy to every thing belonging to Frankheim; but he found it a less easy task to destroy her ill opinion of his relations, than to inspire her with a favourable one of himself. However, his own interest in her heart appeared to be so firmly established, that he no longer dreaded, lest the knowledge of his connections should make him the object of Blanche's aversion: and when the Palatine's summons compelled him to lead his retainers to Heidelberg, he gave his mistress at parting a solemn promise, that when next they met, he would disclose to her his real name and situation; a secret, which she was most anxious to know, and to arrive at which, she had exhausted all the little arts of which she was mistress, though all were exhausted in vain. However, he had assured her of his rank being equal to her own; and the splendour of his dress, at once simple and magnificent, and (still more) the variety of his accomplishments and dignified frankness of his manners, convinced her, that the sphere, in which he moved, must needs be elevated.

Such was the present situation of the lovers, which Osbright now laid before the good Sir Lennard. His host heard him with evident satisfaction; and his excellent heart exulted in the prospect of a reconciliation between two families, the chiefs of which had both been his earliest friends, and with whom (in despite of their disunion) he was still upon the most amicable terms. He therefore said every thing in his power to confirm Osbright in his attachment. He exclaimed loudly against the injustice of supposing Gustavus to be concerned in the death of Joscelyn: he described him as the most humane of mortals, a

man, whose fault was rather to push compassion and benevolence beyond the limits of reason and prudence, than to be seduced into the commission of a crime so atrocious as the murder of an unoffending child; and as to the temptation which was supposed to have influenced Gustavus in this transaction, he quoted a thousand acts of disinterestedness and generosity, each strong enough to convince even the most prejudiced, that the man who performed them, must possess a mind totally free from the pollution of avarice. In conclusion Sir Lænnard promised the youth his best offices; and as he judged it most adviseable to make the whole business known to Gustavus as soon as possible he engaged to visit the Castle of Orrenberg the next day, where he was certain, that Osbright's proposals would be received with eagerness. The great point, however, was to remove from Rudiger's mind the persuasion, that Gustavus had caused his younger son to be assassinated, and he advised Osbright to spare no pains to discover the real murderers: that mystery once cleared up, all other difficulties he looked upon as trifles. Osbright received Sir Lennard's advice with gratitude, promised to obey it implicitly, and having past the night at his friend's castle, he returned with renovated hopes to the Chapel of St. John.

Father Peter gave him the most cordial welcome, though still ignorant, that his humble cell was honoured by affording a refuge to the heir of Frankheim. Osbright made him repeat the story of the murder circumstantially, and among other things the old man mentioned, that the little finger of Joscelyn's left hand was missing, when his corse was found, and that it had been repeatedly sought on the fatal spot, but without success. This circumstance struck Osbright as very singular, and he thought it not impossible, but that it might furnish a clue to unravel the whole mystery. But with much more sanguine expectations did he learn from Father Peter, that the assassin had

left a wife, for whom (even while enduring the agony of the rack) he exprest the most ardent affection. Was it not probable then, that this beloved wife was in her husband's confidence, and could explain the motive, which tempted him to commit the crime? Osbright resolved to examine her himself; but he found, that she had gone to visit a relation at some distance, where she was said to be inconsolable for the loss of her ill-fated husband. To depart without seeing Blanche was too much to be expected; he therefore determined to pass the day in Father Peter's cell, to visit St. Hildegarde's Grotto in the evening, and after assuring himself that the heart of Blanche was still his own, to set forward on his expedition without suffering a moment's longer delay.

Evening approached; and Osbright was crossing the aisle, which led towards the principal gate of the chapel, when his attention was arrested by the murmuring of a voice, proceeding from a small oratory dedicated to the Virgin. The door was open, and he cast a glance within. A youth was kneeling at the shrine in fervent prayer, and a second glance assured Osbright, that the youth was the page, Eugene.

Enthusiasm seemed to have marked Eugene for her own, even from his earliest infancy; and succeeding events had given to that enthusiasm an universal cast of tender melancholy. Rudiger esteemed and admited the lady Magdalena; but a visit to the Convent of St. Hildegarde several years after his marriage convinced him, that he had never loved till then. He there saw a sister of the order, who made upon his heart the most forcible impression; and though Rudiger possest many noble qualities, the mastery of his passions was not numbered among them. The personal attractions, which had gained for him the heart of Magdalena, were equally triumphant over the principles of the sister Agatha; she eloped with him from the convent, and became the mother of Eugene.

But all the blandishments of her seducer, whose love survived the gratification of his desires, could not

stifle in her bosom the cries of remorse. She saw herself the disgrace of her noble family, and the violater of the sacred marriage-bed; the dread of discovery constantly tormented her; her perjury to heaven made her look upon herself as a mark for divine vengeance; she trembled every moment with apprehension of punishment in *this* world, and she despaired of obtaining pardon in the next. At length her mental sufferings became too exquisite for endurance; she resolved to break the disgraceful chains, which united her to Rudiger, and endeavour to atone for her past errors by the penitence of her future life. She made by letter a full confession to the lady Magdalena; entreated pardon for herself, and protection for her helpless infant; and then hastened to conceal her ignominy in a retreat, to discover which baffled all the inquiries of her forsaken seducer.

Magdalena forgave her husband's faults, pitied his sufferings, and became the benevolent protectress of his child. It was thought highly advisable for the sake of his own respectability, that Rudiger should be supposed to have no concern in this business, and that the disgraceful circumstances attending the child's birth should be suppress, as much as possible. Accordingly, Eugene was educated as a foundling, whose helpless situation had attracted Magdalena's notice and compassion; but this fortunate delusion was not suffered to last. The wretched mother felt that her end was approaching, and could not resist her desire to see and bless her child, though she prudently resolved to keep her relation to him still unknown.

Remorse, and self-enforced penance the most cruel, had worn her to the very bone. Oppress with long travel, her feet bleeding, fainting, dying, she arrived at the castle of Frankheim. She sought out her boy; she saw him; and in an agony of tenderness and grief the mother's heart betrayed her secret. The boy's character had ever appeared singular. He entered into no childish sports; he would listen for

hours to stories of murders, or robbers, but above all he delighted in the narrative of religious miracles and the sufferings of martyrs. His favourite walk was in the church-yard, where he past whole evenings, learning by heart the rhymes engraved upon the tomb-stones. He was seldom moved to laughter; even in his smile there was something melancholy; nor had he any way of expressing joy or gratitude, except by tears. Every word, look, and gesture already betrayed the enthusiast; and from his fondness for all church ceremonies, and his continually chanting religious hymns, he had obtained among the domestics of Frankheim the name of the Little Abbot.

Such was the boy, who at ten years old saw himself unexpectedly clasped in the arms of an expiring mother, whom he had long numbered among the dead. The sudden recognition; her wild and emaciated appearance; her tattered garments, her bleeding feet; the passion of her kisses, the agony of her tears; the description of her faults, of her remorse, of her terrors of the future, of her dreadful and unexampled penance; all these united were too much for Eugene's sensibility to endure! when in spite of all Magdalena's efforts to prolong her existence, the wretched mother breathed her last, the son was forcibly torn from the corse delirious.

No sooner had the report reached the Countess, that a dying beggar had declared herself to be Eugene's mother, than she hastened to assist the sufferer, and rescue the feeling child from a scene so terrible. But she arrived too late; a few moments terminated the Nun's existence, and Eugene had already received a shock, which during a twelvemonth set the physician's skill at defiance.

His senses at length returned; but his heart never seemed to recover from the wound, which had agonised it so exquisitely. Pale, drooping, absorbed in thought, nothing seemed capable of affording him pleasure. He declined all amusements; he neglect-

ed all attainments, both literary and warlike: and when chid by the chaplain for inattention to his lessons, and when mocked by the military vassals for effeminacy, he listened to their reproofs and taunts with indifference, and answered both with silence. His time was past in listless indolence; he would stand hour after hour dropping pebbles in the river, and gazing upon the circles as they formed themselves and then vanished into nothing. Vain were the exertions of Magdalena and her husband to awaken him from this torpor of the mind: though compelled to endure their kindness, he evidently felt it a burthen, and sedulously avoided it. Agatha's sad story occupied his whole soul: he could not but consider Magdalena as filling the place, which his mother should have occupied; he could not but consider Rudiger, as the author of his mother's sufferings; and though the Count almost doated upon the boy with a truly paternal tenderness, the most that he could obtain from him was implicit submission and cold respect.

Eugene only saw in himself a forlorn being, whose odious birth had branded his mother with infamy, and whose existence was given under circumstances too disgraceful to permit his being avowed by his surviving parent. Magdalena's kindness was the offspring of mere compassion; the memory of his mother's wrongs was inseparably connected with the sight of his father: he felt, that he had no claim to the love of any one, nor did he see any one, towards whom his heart felt love, till accident made him the preserver of the little Joscelyn. The child had strayed from its careless nurse, and fell into the river. No one but Eugene saw its danger, who having obstinately refused to practise all manly exercises, was totally ignorant of the art of swimming. The river was deep, the stream was strong; to attempt to save Joscelyn was to expose himself to equal danger: yet without a moment's hesitation did the effeminate Eugene

plunge into the river, grasp the child's garments with one hand and the bough of a neigbouring willow with the other; and thus did he sustain his already insensible burthen, till his frantic cries attracted the notice of the domestics. They hastened to the place, and arrived at the very moment, when the bough giving way, menaced the child and his preserver with inevitable destruction.

From that moment Joscelyn became the object of Eugene's whole solicitude and affection. He was his *brother*, was a being who had no faults in his eyes, and was one, who but for him would have been numbered with the dead. Attachment to Joscelyn now divided his heart with grief for the earthly sufferings of his mother, and with religious terrors for her eternal salvation. However, as he increased in years, it was suspected in the castle, that other passions would ere long possess no inconsiderable influence over his bosom. Though he still shunned society, it was remarked, that he only shunned that of men: in the company of women, his habitual gloom seemed to melt into a voluptuous languor. The Countess's damsels perceived, that when they addrest him in the language of kindness, his large eyes swam in tears and sparkled with fire, and the rush of blood spread a hectic crimson over his pale fair cheeks. Moreover it was observed, that though his devotions were performed with unabated ardour, after he reached the age of fifteen Eugene prayed to no saint but female ones.

Even now it was to the Virgin that he was kneeling, when Osbright discovered him in the Oratory. During his short visits at Frankheim, the Knight's attention had been engaged by the singularity of the Page's demeanour; and though respect for his own character had induced Rudiger to conceal the relationship between himself and Eugene from his son's knowledge, still Osbright, prompted by his own feelings, had neglected no means of showing the boy, that he bore him much good-will. But his advances were all

rejected with the most obstinate coldness: Eugene only looked upon him as the possessor of that place, which, if his own mother had filled Magdalena's, he should himself have occupied: he could not help envying Count Rudiger's fortunate heir and avowed offspring: and when he reflected, that but for this odious elder brother, his darling Joscelyn would one day be lord of the extensive domains of Frankheim, a sentiment mingled itself with his envy and repugnance, which nothing but his religious principles prevented from becoming hatred. As a Christian, he would not hate any one; but as a human being, he felt, that it was impossible for him to love Count Rudiger's eldest son and Joscelyn's elder brother.

Finding his attentions so ill repaid, Osbright bestowed no further thought on the wayward lad; and the interest, with which he at this moment surveyed him, arose from the recollection of Eugene's ardent attachment to the murdered child. He listened in mournful silence, while the Page poured forth his lamentations in a strain of devotion the most ardent; with a thousand touching expressions, with enthusiasm almost delirious, he described his favourite's perfections, and bewailed his own irreparable loss; but what was the Knight's astonishment to hear the Page conclude his orisons by imploring the blessed spirit of Joscelyn to protect from every danger, and watch with cœlestial care the precious life of Blanche of Orrenberg!

An exclamation of surprise burst from Osbright's lips, and warned Eugene of his being over heard. The Page started from the ground, and in his confusion a rosary formed of ebony and coral escaped from his hands. Osbright sprang forwards, and seized it, for he knew that rosary well; and had he doubted its identity, the name of Blanche engraved upon the golden crucifix would have removed all hesitation upon the subject: in an instant a thousand jealous fears rushed before his fancy. The lad was singularly

beautiful: his figure, light and exquisitely formed, might have served the Statuary as a model for a Zephyr; confusion had spread over his cheeks an unusual glow, and his bright and flowing hair glittered in the sun-beams like dark gold. Osbright eyed him with displeasure, and asked him haughtily, how that rosary came into his hands.

—"Noble sir," replied Eugene, trembling and embarrassed; "I .... I found it:—I found it near the cave of St. Hildegarde."—

—"And of course you know not its owner, or I should not find it still in your possession?"—(Eugene was silent.)

—"Well! the workmanship pleases me; there is a diamond of price; take it, Eugene, and let the rosary be mine."—

He drew a ring from his finger, and presented it to the page; but it was not accepted.

—"Oh! Sir Osbright," exclaimed Eugene, and sank upon his knee; "take my life from me; it is at your disposal; but while I live do not deprive me of that rosary.—It is my only remembrance of an event so dear to me .... Of the day, in which I first found existence valuable!—Three months are past, since while following my Lord, your father, to the chase, my horse became ungovernable, and bore me to the brink of a precipice. My efforts to restrain him were vain: I at length sprang from his back, but too late to save myself. I rolled down the declivity, and was dashed to the bottom of the precipice. I lost my senses, but projecting shrubs doubtless broke my descent, and preserved me from destruction. On opening my eyes, I believed, that my fall had killed me, and that I was in Heaven already: for near me knelt a form so angelic, with looks so benevolent, with eyes so expressive of compassion! and she questioned me about my safety in so sweet a voice! and she related with an air of such interest, how in returning from St. Hildegarde's Grotto she had ob-

served my fall; how she had trembled for my life, and had brought water from the cave to wash off the blood, and had torn her veil to bind up my wounded head! and then she bade me so tenderly be of good cheer, for that the danger was past, and that she hoped, I should soon be quite well! Oh! how valuable did my life then become in my own eyes, when I found, that it had some worth in hers!"—

—"And you knew not her name?"

—"Oh! no, my Lord, not then: but alas! her terror too soon made me guess it: for no sooner did I mention the Castle of Frankheim as my abode, than she uttered a loud shriek, started from the ground with every mark of horror and alarm, and fled from me with the rapidity of an arrow. Then did my foreboding heart tell me too truly, that she, in whom the bare mention of Frankheim could excite such aversion, must needs belong to the hostile family of Orrenberg. That suspicion was confirmed, when I observed lying near me this rosary, which she had forgotten in her haste, and whose crucifix bears the dear, dear name of Blanche! a name, which from that moment I blest in every prayer! a name, which has ever since been held in my fancy sacred as that of my Patron-Saint!"—

—"And you saw her no more? and you spoke to her no more?—Nay, answer me with frankness, boy, or I swear...."—

—Oh! be patient, good my Lord; I mean not to deceive you. Yes; once more, only once I addrest her; I would have restored her rosary; I wished to thank her for her timely succour: but the moment that she beheld me, her former terrors returned. She shrieked out —'a Frankheimer!'—and hastened away, as if flying from an assassin. Thenceforward I accosted her no more: I found that the sight of me alarmed her, and I forebore to intrude upon her, whom my whole soul adores, a presence so hateful! you now know all; noble Knight, restore my rosary."

The frankness of this narration dissipated entirely Osbright's jealous terrors. The impassioned yet respectful manner, in which Blanche was mentioned, and the height of admiration which the sight of her had inspired, both pleased and softened him; and he could not help feeling himself strongly influenced in favour of the young enthusiast, whose heart beat so perfectly in unison with his own. Yet he judged it prudent to conceal that favourable impression, and accompany the surrender of the rosary with a lecture on the folly of his nourishing so hopeless a passion.

—"There is your rosary," said he, assuming a severity of tone and manner very foreign to his feelings; "though I know not, whether in restoring it I do you any kindness. Imprudent youth, for whom do you feel this excess of adoration? for the daughter of your patron's most inveterate enemy; of a man, accused of the murder of your dearest friend; of one, against whom scarce forty hours ago you vow-in this very chapel...."—

"Oh! no, no, no!" exclaimed the Page with a look of horror; "I vowed nothing; I took no oath; I heard, but joined not in the blasphemy; and when all around me cursed the devoted family of Orrenberg, I prayed for the angel Blanche!"—

—"For the daughter of Joscelyn's supposed assassin? Joscelyn, whom you profest to love so truly, that your life...."—

"Oh! and I did love Joscelyn, truly, dearly! but I feel, that I love Blanche even better than Joscelyn, a thousand, oh! and a thousand times!"—

"Love her indeed? alas, poor youth! love whom? the only child of the rich and noble Count of Orrenberg; after me, the heiress of all those domains, on which you have been educated through my father's charity. Blanche, Countess of Orrenberg, and the orphan Page, Eugene, a foundling, without family, without friends; how ill do these names sound together! my good lad, I mean not to wound your feel-

ings, but observe, how hopeless is your present pursuit; rouse yourself from your romantic dream, and erase from your heart this frantic passion!"

During this speech, the glow faded from the cheeks of Eugene; the fire of enthusiasm no longer blazed in his eyes; the deepest gloom of melancholy overspread his countenance His head sank upon his bosom, and his eyes were filled with tears.

—"True! true! Sir Knight," said he after a short pause; "I know it well! I *am* an orphan-boy, without family, without friends! God help me!"—

He prest the crucifix to his trembling lips, bowed his head to Osbright with humility, and turned to leave the chapel.

Osbright was deeply affected, and he suffered him to pass him in silence: but soon recollecting himself—"stay, Eugene," said he, calling after him, and the Page stopped; "I would not have my parents know, that I am in their neighbourhood; should you reveal, that I am here, my displeasure....—"

—"I reveal?" interrupted Eugene proudly; "I am no tale-bearer, Sir Knight!"—and he quitted the chapel, his passion for Blanche inflamed by the opposition made to it, and his antipathy to Osbright strengthened by resentment at his being the person who opposed it.

CHAP. VI.

—"My life! my soul! my all that Heaven can give!
Death's life with thee, without thee death to live!"—
DRYDEN.

WHILE Osbright was employed in smoothing the real obstacles to their union, his mistress was the victim of imaginary terror.—She had discovered in her unknown lover the son of her father's most inveterate enemy; a man too, whom from her cradle she had been taught to consider with horror, and who (according to Sir Ottokar's account) had taken a most solemn and irrevocable oath to exterminate herself and her whole family. She now believed, that Osbright's protestations were all false, and only calculated to beguile her to destruction; or else that he was ignorant of her origin, when he pretended affection; or that, even if in spite of her bearing the detested name of Orrenberg, he had still formerly felt a real love for her, she doubted not, that grief for his brother's murder and thirst of vengeance had converted that love into hatred, and that he would seize the first opportunity of fulfilling his horrible vow of plunging his dagger in her bosom.

But she prudently resolved to afford him no such opportunity. The image of her loved preserver no longer beckoned her to the Grotto; she only saw there him, whom her prejudiced fancy had delighted to load with every vice, and who thirsted to sign in her blood his claim to the rich inheritance of her parents. No! to St. Hildegarde's Grotto she would venture no more:

that was a point determined!—And it remained determined for a whole long day and night: but when the second morning arrived, her resolution faltered; and when the evening was at hand, her prudence totally failed. Yet another hour, and the Knight would be waiting for her in the cave; and for what purpose he waited, now appeared to her but of little consequence. He might murder her, it is true; but to see him no more she felt, was but to perish by a more painful though more lingering death, and she determined to ascertain the worst immediately. Her mother was occupied by household arrangements. Gustavus was in close conference with Sir Lennard of Kleeborn, who had just arrived: no one observed her movements, and she employed her liberty in hastening to the Grotto of St. Hildegarde.

No one was there; and now a new terror seized her, lest Osbright should not mean to come. She seated herself on a broken stone which had rolled from the rock above, and was lost in melancholy reflections, when some one took her hand gently She looked up; Osbright stood before her; but in the moment of surprise she only saw in him the dreaded assassin, and uttering a cry of terror, her first movement was to fly from the place. The Knight started back in astonishment. But she soon recollected herself, and returned.

—"Is it you then?" she said, endeavouring to assume a tranquil look, and extending her hand with a smile, equally expressive of tenderness and melancholy; "I feared.... I thought....."—

—"What did you think? what could your innocence have to fear?"—and he gently drew her back to the seat, which she had quitted, and took his place by her side.

—"I feared.... that some enemy.... that some assassin..... that some emissary of the Count of Frankheim...."—

—"Ah! Blanche! still this aversion? to belong to Frankheim is sufficient to become the object of your hate."—

—" All, who belong to Frankheim, hate *me*."—

—" Not *all*, Blanche, certainly."—

—" The Count at least."—

—" Dearest Blanche! did you but know the pain, which I feel, when you calumniate the Count. . . . ! he is stern and passionate I confess, but he has ever been an honourable man.—Shall I own to you the truth, my Blanche? the Count is my friend, is my *best* friend! his affection is my proudest boast; his commands I have never disobeyed. . . . "—

—" Indeed?—and never will?"—

—" Never; at least, I hope not! his commands from my earliest infancy have ever been to me as a law, and. . . . my love! why thus pale? what alarms you? what distresses you?"

—" 'Tis nothing! it will soon be past! I am not quite well, and. . . . "—

—" You speak still more faintly!—stay one moment! I will bring water for you from the grotto."—

—" Oh! no, no, no!" she exclaimed, and detaining him by his arm. He stopped, surprised at the eagerness with which she spoke.—" Yet 'tis no matter!" she continued; " bring it, if you will; I will drink it."—

—" I will return instantly!" said he; and hastened to the water-fall. Blanche started wildly from her seat; she sank upon her knees, covered her face with her hands, and prayed for a few moments fervently and silently.

—" Now then," she said in a firm voice, while she rose from the ground, " now then I am prepared for every thing. Let him bring me what he will, be it water, or be it poison, from his hands will I receive it without hesitation, and die, if he will have it so, without a murmur."

A consecrated goblet ever stood upon the rustic altar of St. Hildegarde; it was supposed to be that which had once pressed the blessed lips of the Saint, and even the starving robber respected its sanctity.

Osbright hastily filled it, and returning to his mistress, urged her to taste the water which it contained.

Blanche received the cup with a trembling hand, and fixing her eyes upon his countenance—"will it not *chill* me too suddenly?" she asked.

—"You need not drink much of it; a few drops will be sufficient to produce the effect desired."

"Indeed! is it so powerful then? nay, it is all the better. See, Sir Knight, you are obeyed; from your hands even this is welcome!"—and she placed the goblet to her lips, nor doubted that she drank a farewell to the world.—"Look!" she resumed, restoring the cup; "have I swallowed enough? are you satisfied?"

—"Blanche!" exclaimed the youth, his surprise at her demeanor increasing with every moment; "what is the matter? what means this mysterious conduct? you seem to me so much altered...."—

—"Already? does it then work so speedily? nay, then I must be sudden, and here all disguise shall end. You promised, when I saw you last, that at our next meeting you would disclose your name: I know it already, Osbright of Frankheim; know the hatred, which you bear to me and mine; know the dreadful oath, which was taken last night in the chapel of St. John, and know also that you have taken one step towards fulfilling it. Osbright, when I raised yonder goblet to my lips, I was not ignorant that it contained poison....."—

—"Poison?" interrupted Osbright; "what! you believe then.... you suspect.... yet believe it still! yes, Blanche, yes! let this convince you, that the cup, which *you* have tasted, Osbright will raise to his lips with joy, even though that cup be poisoned!"—and he seized the goblet, and drank its contents with eagerness.

—"Osbright! my own Osbright!" exclaimed Blanche, and sunk on her lover's bosom; "oh! that it were indeed poison, and that I might die with you

in this moment, for to live with you I feel myself unworthy! shame upon me! how could I for one instant belie your generous nature so grossly! never, no, never more will I suspect...."—

—"Nor me, nor any one, my Blanche, I hope, without some better reason. Oh! banish from your bosom the gloomy fiend, Mistrust; so pure a shrine should never be polluted by an inmate so odious! away with the prejudices, which have been so carefully instilled into your youthful mind: see no more with the eyes of parents; see with your own, my Blanche, and judge by your own good heart of the feelings of others. Then will the world again become lovely in your sight, for you will see it the abode of truth, of virtue, of affection; then will this host of imagined enemies be converted into a band of real friends; then will your mind be freed from these visionary terrors, so injurious to others, so painful to yourself, which now fill your waking thoughts with anxiety, and your nightly dreams with gloomy recollections. You have told me yourself, that you have frequently started from sleep exclaiming, that Count Rudiger of Frankheim was at hand: and yet this Count Rudiger is Osbright's father! you have mistaken *me*; you are mistaken in *him*, and....!"—

—"In the Count! Oh! no, no, no, Osbright! impossible! Indeed, indeed the Count is a very fierce, a very cruel man! ah! your partiality blinds you; but if you knew as well as I do....but I was forbidden to mention it....?"

—"And have you still secrets from *me*, Blanche? From this moment I have none to you."—

—"Nay, look not so sad; you shall know all; and you should have known it before, but that you ever spoke so warmly in favor of the Count, that I was unwilling to grieve you. Well then, Osbright; it is certain, (*quite* certain!) that the count of Frankheim caused my poor brother Philip to be poisoned."—

—"Indeed? *quite* certain? and do *you* know, Blanche,

that it is equally certain, nay, much *more* certain, that the Count of Orrenberg, caused my brother to be assassinated in Burnholm wood?"—

—"Oh! most atrocious calumny! oh! falsehood most incredible! what! my father, whose actions...."

—"*My* father never did an unworthy action, either, Blanche."—

—"Nay, but I saw with my own eyes the livid spots, with which Philip's neck....."—

—"I too saw with mine the deep wound, which gaped on poor Joscelyn's bosom."—

—"The attendants, the physician, all have told me themselves....."—

—"Every inmate of Frankheim Castle heard the confession....."—

—"That your father had bribed Philip's nurse, who left us about a week before his illness....."—

—"That assassins were bribed by your father to murder Joscelyn while hunting."—

—"Nay, what is more strong, my mother herself assured me....."—

—"But what is still stronger than that is, that your father's crime was actually confest by the very assassins themselves."—

—"Well, Osbright, you surely cannot expect me to see every thing with *your* eyes....."—

—"Should *I* see every thing with *yours*, Blanche?"

—"Nor to believe my dear good father, whose heart I know so well, guilty of a crime so base and so atrocious!"—

—"Does not the argument hold equally good for me, Blanche? your father may be innocent of Joscelyn's death, but so is mine of Philip's; you love your father well, but not better than I love mine. Each thinks the other's father to be guilty; why may not each be wrong? both believe their own father to be innocent, and why should not both be right?"—

—"Oh! that it were so! how gladly should I banish from my bosom these gloomy terrors, which

now torture it so cruelly. No, Osbright; the heart may feel, but the tongue can never utter, how painful it is for me to hate one, who is so much beloved by you!"

Osbright thanked her by a kiss, the purest and the warmest that ever was sealed upon the lip of woman: and he now proceeded to unfold to her his intentions of seeking the widow of the assassin, and endeavouring to learn from her the real motives of her husband for murdering the innocent Joscelyn. She approved of his design, and then urged his immediate departure, as the evening was already closing round them, and Osbright's road lay through a forest, rendered dangerous in several parts by pit-falls, and not entirely free from wild beasts. Osbright obeyed; but he first advised her to visit St. Hildegarde's Grotto no more till his return, of which he could easily apprize her by means of Sir Lennard of Kleeborn.

—"For I must confess," he added, "though I am certain, that nothing could induce my father to act ill deliberately, yet his passions are so violent, and so frequently overcome his better judgment, that I know not into what extremes he might be hurried in a momentary ebullition of fury. My brother's death (I understand) has almost driven him frantic; he breathes vengeance against the whole family of Orrenberg; it is rumoured also, that the herald, whom he dispatched to signify to your father....."—

—"Alas! it is but too true! the wild cruel people murdered the poor man; but my father did his utmost to prevent the crime; indeed, indeed, Osbright, my father was not in fault!"—

—"Heaven grant that it may be found so; but at present appearances are greatly against Count Gustavus, and this unlucky event will make my father's resentment burn with ten-fold fury. He is noble, generous, benevolent, friendly.....But in his rage he is terrible, and he cherishes in his heart with unjustifiable fondness the thirst for vengeance. Some officious

vassal may observe your visits hither, and unprotected as you are, may easily purchase his lord's favour by delivering you into his power. Dearest Blanche, enraged as he is at this moment, I would not even answer, that your life . . . . "—

—" Mine? one, who never offended him by word or deed? one, who for your sake would so willingly love him? and you really think. . . . . Ah! Osbright, say what you will, I fear that your father is a very wicked man!"

—" He has his faults, but they are greatly overbalanced by his virtues. Yet I confess . . . . there have been moments when . . . . But let us drop this unpleasant subject. Time presses; I must be gone. Give me your promise not to visit this spot during my absence, one sweet kiss to confirm that promise, and then farewell, my Blanche."—

The promise was given; the kiss was taken; the farewell was said; and then Osbright, having conducted his mistress in safety to the spot, which concealed the private entrance to Orrenberg Castle, (and which was within a very short distance of the cave,) returned to the place where he had fastened his courser, and giving him the spur, was soon concealed within the shades of the neighbouring forest.

But scarcely had he quitted her, when Blanche recollected, that the consecrated goblet was left on the outside of the cave. To replace this, her reverence for the saint made her think absolutely necessary; yet the close of her conversation with Osbright made her feel no small degree of repugnance to revisiting the grotto by herself. However, it was so near, that she could not suppose it possible for her to meet with any danger during the few minutes, which it would take her to perform this duty, and therefore after some little hesitation she retraced her steps.

Trembling as she ran, she traversed the space, which divided her from the cave, threaded the rocky passages, and soon reached the mouth of the cave.

The goblet was replaced; an *Ave* was murmured before the altar in all haste, and she now hurried back again; when as she rushed out of the grotto—— "Stay!"—exclaimed a voice, and springing from the rock above, a man stood before her. She shrieked, and started back; the moon, which was now risen, showed her what seemed rather to be a spectre, than any mortal being. His tall thin form (viewed through the medium of her fears, and seen but indistinctly among the shadows of the surrounding rocks) dilated to an height which appeared gigantic, his tresses fluttering wildly in the evening blast, his limbs trembling with agitation, his face colourless as the face of a corse, his large eyes almost starting from their sockets, and glaring with all the fires of delirium, his hands filled with locks of bright hair torn from his own head, and stained with blood which had flowed from his own self-mangled bosom, such was the stranger; such was the wretched Eugene.

The terror, which the sight of him evidently caused in Blanche, had prevented the page from obtruding his presence upon her any more; but he could not prevail upon himself to abstain from the delight of gazing upon that beauty, which had made so forcible an impression upon his youthful heart. He watched her, and observed, that regularly every evening she visited the cave of St. Hildegarde; and regularly every evening did Eugene climb the rocks, among which it was situated, and feed his hopeless passion by gazing for whole hours upon the lovely form of Blanche He admired the cœlestial expression of her countenance, as she knelt in prayer before the shrine; he listened in silent ecstacy, when, seated before the grotto's mouth, and weaving into garlands the wild flowers which sprouted among the rocks, she chanted some sweet though simple ballad; he smiled, when he saw her smile at the dexterity, with which her flowery work had been completed; and when some melancholy thought glanced across her mind, he echoed back

the sigh, which escaped from her bosom. He knew not, that the wreaths were woven to deck the seat, which had been hallowed by sustaining a rival; he knew not, that the sigh proceeded from grief for that rival's absence.

And thus had whole months rolled away; and with every day did the charms of Blanche inflame his heart with more glowing passion, and exalt his imagination to an higher pitch of enthusiasm. At length came the fatal blow, which at once destroyed this solitary source of ideal happiness: he found not only that he had a beloved rival, but that this rival was the man, who possest that place in his father's affections, which he would so gladly have possesst in them himself; was Count Rudiger's avowed offspring, while *he* was rejected and pointed out to the world as nothing better, than an orphan and an outcast; was the heir of the rich domains of Frankheim, while *he* was condemned to a life of servitude and obscurity; in short was the very man, towards whom of all existing beings he cherished, and had cherished from his childhood, the most inveterate and uncontroulable antipathy.

Breathless with agitation, and fixing his nails in his bosom in order to distract the sense of mental agony by the infliction of bodily pain, he had witnessed from the rock above them the interview between the lovers. He heard not their words; but he saw, as they sat, the arm of Osbright tenderly encircling the waist of Blanche, and witnessed the kiss, which he prest upon her lip at parting. They were gone; yet the boy still lay extended upon the rock, stupified by a blow so unexpected. A few minutes restored him to sensation, but not to himself. Horror at Joscelyn's death had shaken his nerves most cruelly; since that event grief had scarcely permitted his tasting food; that constitutional infirmity, which the knowledge of his mother's sad story had inflamed into delirium, now exerted itself with dreadful violence upon his enfeebled frame and exalted imagination: his brain was un-

able to support the shock, and he now stood a maniac before the affrighted Blanche.

—"It is she indeed!" he exclaimed; "she here again? here, and alone! oh! then it was no illusion! the night-wind murmured in my ear—"death!"—And the screech-owl shrieked in my ear—"death!"—And the wind and the screech-owl told me true, for you are returned on purpose! yes, yes; I feel it well, angel; you are here, and the hour is come!"—

—"What hour? I know you not.—You terrify me?"—

She attempted to pass him, but he grasped her by the wrist.

—"Terrified? are you not a blessed spirit, and what can you fear? I must away to the skies, and there will I kneel, and implore for you, and pray that you may speedily follow me thither! you will soon be made a Saint in Heaven, but I must prepare the way for you: take this sword, and plunge it.... Nay, nay! and why should you dread to use it? have you not plunged a dagger in my heart already? you have, you have! and oh! that wound was a wound so painful.... Take it, I say; take it; here is my naked bosom!"

And as he said this, he tore open his doublet with one hand, while with frantic eagerness he endeavoured to force her to take the sword with the other; when summoning up all her strength Blanche rushed swiftly past him, and with loud shrieks fled through the rocky passage. The frantic youth pursued her, in vain imploring her to stay: with fruitless efforts did Blanche exert her speed; the maniac gained upon her; and overcome by terror she fell breathless at his feet, at the moment when guided by her shrieks Baron Ottokar arrived to her assistance. He heard her scream for help; he saw her pursued by one, who held an unsheathed sword; he beheld her sink upon the earth, and doubted not, that she had perished by the blow of an assassin.

—"Inhuman ruffian!" exclaimed the Knight, and instantly his sword struck the supposed murderer to the earth. Then raising the trembling Blanche in his arms, he hastened towards the castle to procure surgical assistance for his lovely burthen.

During Blanche's absence, Sir Lennard of Kleeborn was employed in the performance of his promise to Osbright. He requested an audience of the Count of Orrenberg, which was readily granted; but Gustavus added, that as what Sir Lennard had to state was announced to be of importance, he begged, that Baron Ottokar might share the communication; the nature of his engagements to that young nobleman being such, that they possest a common interest in every thing. Sir Lennard foreboded from this declaration an obstacle to his negociation: however, he immediately commenced it, disclosed to the astonished Count the mutual attachment between Osbright and his daughter, and concluded by advising him most strenuously to seize so favourable an opportunity of putting a final close to the disputes, which had so long separated the kindred houses of Orrenberg and Frankheim.

While Gustavus listened to this narrative, a variety of emotions exprest themselves by turns on his countenance. Sir Lennard had finished. The Count past a few minutes in silence; but at length taking his resolution decisively, he assured Sir Lennard, "that most earnestly did he desire to see amity established between the two families; that there was no personal sacrifice, which he would not joyfully make to accomplish an event so desirable; but that unfortunately, he had already contracted such engagements as formed an insuperable obstacle to the union of Blanche and Osbright.

—"No, my Lord," hastily interrupted Ottokar; "you have contracted none, at least if you allude to those which you have contracted with me. It is true, last night I received your knightly word, that the hand

of Blanche should be mine: and had you promised me the Imperial crown, I should have thought the boon less valuable. But when the object is to prevent the effusion of kindred blood, to establish peace between the two noblest families in the whole Palatinate, nay more, to procure the happiness of Blanche herself, shall I suffer my own selfish wishes to interfere? shall I hesitate for one moment to sacrifice them to the general welfare? no, my lord, read the heart of Ottokar more justly. Were the *affections* of your daughter the prize, I would dispute it against Osbright, against the world, and would never resign my claim but with the last sigh of my bosom; but the possession of her *hand* alone could only make me wretched. The heart of Blanche is Osbright's; Blanche can only be happy in being his, and unless *she* is happy, *I* must be miserable myself. Count of Orrenberg, I restore your promise; I resume my own: let this wished-for union take place. Heaven itself surely lighted up this flame in the bosoms of the lovers; and the hour, which gives Blanche to the envied Osbright, will doubtless bury in eternal oblivion all past offences, all existing prejudices, all future mistrust. It is true, my heart will bleed; but the applause of my conscience will repay me for every selfish pang most amply.—Still consider me as your warmest friend, Gustavus; but for the sake of Blanche, I must now refuse to be your son."—

In vain did Gustavus combat this generous resignation: Ottokar was firm, and at length the Count honestly confest to Sir Lennard the joy, which he should feel at the accomplishment of the union in question. The difficulty now was, how to convince Rudiger of the injustice of his suspicions respecting Joscelyn's murder, and to bring him to view Osbright's attachment in the same favourable light. In this also Ottokar proffered his assistance. As nephew to the Lady Magdalena, though he was no favourite with her lord, he had ready access to the Castle of

Frankheim; that lady was well aware of the strength of his attachment to Blanche, and the generosity of her own nature rendered her fully capable of appreciating the sacrifice, which he made in surrendering his claims in favour of Osbright's. He knew also, that the feuds between the families had long been to her a source of mental uneasiness the most acute; that she had ever vindicated the conduct of Gustavus, as far as Rudiger's violence would permit her prudence to give such an opinion; and he was certain, that she would seize with joy an opportunity of terminating disputes so odious. He therefore proposed his immediate departure for the Castle of Frankheim, where he would make a confidential communication of the whole business to the Countess, and discuss with her the most likely means of gaining over to their side the inclinations of her stormy husband. This plan was universally approved of; and without an hour's delay Ottokar set out for Frankheim Castle, accompanied by the warmest gratitude of Gustavus, and the highest admiration of Sir Lennard.

It was on his progress to Frankheim, that the shrieks of the alarmed Blanche had summoned him to her assistance. On his arrival with her at the castle, immediately all was anxiety and confusion: but it was soon ascertained, that she had received no wound, though some time elapsed, before she could recollect herself sufficiently to give an account of what had happened. Even then, her narrative was greatly confused; alarm and anxiety to escape had prevented her from hearing much of what the maniac addressed to her. She could only relate, that a youth (whom she remembered to have seen twice before, and who had confest himself to be a Frankheimer) had surprised her among the rocks; had accosted her with much violence and passion, frequently mentioning the word—"death"—and (as she believed) had told her, "that her hour was come." She was however quite certain, that he accused her of having

attempted "to plunge a dagger in his heart;" had threatened "to make her a Saint in Heaven," and had drawn his sword to put his threats in execution; at which she had fled, still pursued by him, till her strength failed her, and she sank on the earth before him. Having given this imperfect account, Blanche was committed to the care of her female attendants, and advised by the physician to retire to rest, and endeavour to compose her ruffled spirits; advice, which she readily adopted, and immediately withdrew to her own apartment.

Gustavus had listened to her narrative with surprise, Ulrica with horror; and when Ottokar confirmed the assertion of Blanche, that the supposed assassin was in the service of the Count of Frankheim, (adding, that he had seen him occasionally in attendance upon Magdalena, and that he rather believed his name to be Eugene,) the Countess darted a triumphant glance upon her husband. The latter ordered some domestics to go in quest of the assassin, and convey him to the castle.

—"Perhaps," said he, "his wound may not be mortal, and we may induce him to explain this mysterious business. I confess, that at present it wears a most hideous aspect; yet I cannot believe, that the noble and brave Count Rudiger would descend to so base an action as to instigate a menial to take away the life of an innocent girl by assassination. If indeed, he should really be guilty of an action so atrocious....."—

—"If?" interrupted his wife impatiently; "and is it possible any longer to doubt his guilt? is not every thing confirmed? does not this agree with my suspicions respecting Philip? suspicions, did I say? 'twas certainty! 'twas fact, supported by proofs too clear to be mistaken by any eyes, but by those of wilful blindness! nay, I could tell you more....."—

—"Indeed?" said Gustavus, with a look of incredulity.

—" Yes, Gustavus, yes! you remember well the fever, which about two years ago brought you to the very gates of the sepulchre? you were recovering; you were pronounced out of danger; when a present of sweetmeats arrived for you from the Lady Magdalena."—

—" And what inference. . . . "

—" Be patient; I come to the point. I warned you not to taste them, and presented you with some conserves prepared by my own hand. You were obstinate; you first ridiculed my fears, then chid me for entertaining such unjust suspicions. What was the result? you eat freely of Magdalena's present, and the very next day your fever returned with such violence, as made the physician for several days despair of your recovery."—

—" It was very singular! you are perfectly correct, Ulrica; and certainly. . . . But stay! I think I recollect one circumstance . . . . Exactly so! our dispute took place in the honey-suckle bower on the south side of the garden, and out of patience at (what you termed) my obstinacy, you left me in displeasure. Scarcely were you gone, when old Grim the wolf-dog came bounding to caress me, and springing upon me unexpectedly, Magdalena's present fell from my hands, and the vessel broke into a thousand pieces. This accident made me have recourse to *your* conserves, which were still standing on the table: and what is something singular, old Grim (who had appropriated the fallen sweetmeats to himself without hesitation) suffered not the least inconvenience; while I had scarcely tasted those prepared by your own hand, before my fever returned with violence, and I was declared to be in danger of my life."—

—" Why, certainly," said Ulrica, hesitating, and embarrassed; " there are two ways of telling every thing. Appearances seemed strong . . . . I argued to the best of my knowledge. . . . Every body is liable to be mistaken. . . ."—

—"Are they so? then, good Ulrica, since you find yourself mistaken in one instance, allow the possibility of your having been mistaken in another. In short, I insist upon it, and will not be disobeyed, that you are henceforth silent on the subject of Philip's malady. Were he poisoned, or were he not, it is my pleasure, that he should be mentioned only as dead, and nothing further. Nay, Ulrica! not a syllable more, I entreat you!—My friends," he continued, turning to Ottokar and Sir Lennard; "advise me what to do. This new adventure, I own, wears a very embarrassing appearance: and yet appearances are no less strong against myself respecting the Herald's death, and still more respecting the murder of young Joscelyn. One of my own people was found near the corse; he declared upon the rack with his last breath, that I had instigated him to commit the crime; and yet God sees the heart, and knows that I am innocent. Rudiger may be equally guiltless of this attack upon my child: if fortunately, there should still be life in the assassin, and he could be brought to confess...."—

—"Nay," exclaimed Ottokar, "he *must* confess; he *shall* confess! if he refuses, the rack shall force from him...."—

—"And if he then declares, that Rudiger set him on...."—

—"Then the business is ended! then Rudiger's guilt is clear, and...."—

—"Indeed? then it is also clear, that *I* am Joscelyn's murderer. Is not that equally well proved, Sir Ottokar, and by means exactly the same?"—

The youth coloured, and hung his head in confusion: nor did any one break the silence, till a domestic entering, informed the Count, that the assassin had been removed from the place where Sir Ottokar left him. On inquiry, he had learned from some peasants, that they had found the youth bleeding profusely, but that his wound appeared not to be dangerous: that they were preparing to convey him to the Castle,

when a party of Frankheimers accidentally past that way, and recognizing a favourite domestic of their liege-lord, had forced him from them, and hastened to convey him out of the domains of Orrenberg.

All hopes of Eugene's clearing up this mystery being thus removed, it was thought best, that Ottokar should resume his intended visit to the Lady Magdalena, should inform her of all that had happened, should entreat her to account for the highly culpable conduct of the Page, and ascertain, whether Rudiger was disposed to bury all mutual injuries in oblivion; a measure, which for his own part, Gustavus profest himself still perfectly ready to adopt, in spite of the suspicious transactions of that eventful evening. Ottokar immediately set forth; but Sir Lennard remained at the Castle of Orrenberg to wait the issue of the young warrior's negotiation.

CHAP. VII.

—"The image of a wicked heinous fault lives in his eye; that close aspect of his doth shew the mood of a much troubled bosom."— KING JOHN.

THE arrival of Ottokar at Frankheim Castle appeared to create no trifling astonishment and embarrassment in the domestics. Suspicion and ill-humour were exprest on every countenance; and Wilfred, the Seneschal, only answered the youth's inquiries for the Lady Magdalena by a dry and sullen—"this way, Sir Knight!"—The Countess was alone; his appearance seemed to excite in her almost as much surprise as it had produced in her attendants, and her re-

ception of him was studiously cold. But the frankness and impetuosity of Ottokar's nature soon banished this constraint; he opened his embassy without loss of time; and as she listened, the countenance of his auditress gradually brightened.

The mutual attachment of Osbright and Blanche equally surprised and pleased her; she bestowed the highest encomia on that generosity of sentiment, which had prompted Ottokar to sacrifice his own passion to the general welfare; she declared her thorough persuasion of the merits of the fair Blanche, and her anxiety to see these odious feuds terminate in an amicable manner. She was also willing to give credit to Ottokar's solemn protestations, that Gustavus was innocent of Joscelyn's death: but she greatly feared, that it would be difficult to inspire her husband with the same confidence; especially at the present moment, when his persuasion of Gustavus's animosity had gained additional strength from several late occurrences. The account of the Herald's murder, she said, had inspired Rudiger with a degree of indignation, which (often as she had witnessed the strength of his emotions) had far surpassed any thing of which she had before believed him capable.

Ottokar hastened to clear up this transaction, at which he was present; and his account perfectly exculpated Gustavus in Magdalena's eyes, though (conscious of Rudiger's innate obstinacy) she was doubtful of its being equally successful with her husband. Ottokar, whose chief virtue was by no means that of patience, took fire at this; and it escaped him to say, "that it ill became a person to be so difficult in believing the innocence of another, who lay himself under such strong suspicions of having instigated an assassin to commit the very same crime"—the Countess eagerly demanded an explanation, and heard with surprise and resentment which increased with every word —"that in the course of that very evening a domestic of Count Rudiger had attempted to stab the Lady

Blanche, and would have succeeded in his diabolical attempt, had not Ottokar arrived in time to fell the assassin to the ground."—

Ottokar was still expatiating with all the warmth of a lover on the atrocity of the attempt; the Countess was still listening to this dreadful charge in such horror, as deprived her of all power to interrupt her nephew; when the door was thrown open with violence, and Count Rudiger rushed into the room.

—"Have you heard it, Magdalena?" he exclaimed in a thundering voice, while he stamped upon the floor with passion; "have you heard. . . ."—at that moment his eyes rested upon Ottokar, and instantly they appeared to flash out fire. He started back; all the blood in his body seemed at once to rush into his face; for some moments he gazed upon the youth in terrific silence, as if he would have devoured him with his eyes. At length—"So!" he exclaimed in a satisfied tone; "*here!* he is *here!*—What hoa! Wilfred!" —And he rushed again from the apartment, as abruptly as he had entered.

—"What can this mean?" said the amazed and trembling Magdalena; "those looks. . . . that well-known terrible expression. . . . oh! this very moment I must be satisfied."—She hastened to a window which overlooked the principal court, and summoned the old porter, who was then crossing it. He soon entered the apartment, and the Countess hastily inquired, whether within the last hour any strangers had arrived at the castle, and whether her lord had seen them.

—"No, Lady, no strangers!" replied the old man; "but truly Martin and his son Hans, the farmers of Helmstadt, are arrived, and sad news they bring to be sure. By your inquiry, Lady, I suppose, that you have not yet heard, what has happened at Orrenberg? Ah! the hard hearts! Ah! the barbarians! How could they be so cruel as to hurt the poor harmless innocent lad! One so gentle, that. . . . the Lord have mercy! Is it you, Sir Ottokar? Why, surely you

must be distracted to show your face within these walls, after committing an act so barbarous !"—

Ottokar declared his ignorance of the old man's meaning.

—"Indeed ? Nay, then perhaps the story is not true ; Martin and Hans may have mistaken the name, and Heaven grant it may prove so ! But to be plain, Sir Knight, Martin told me himself, that on his road hither he found the young page Eugene bleeding and fainting ; that the peasants, who stood near him, had assured him, that the lad was stabbed by no hand but yours, and that you had perpetrated this barbarous action by the command of the Lady Blanche, under whose very eyes it was committed. Finding that Eugene still lived, and knowing how much my Lord and yourself, noble Lady, value him, Martin and his companions rescued him from the hands of the Orrenbergers, and endeavoured to bring him home to the castle. But his wound being dangerous, they thought it safest to stop with him at the Convent of St. John, where they left him under the care of the good fathers, and then hastened hither to inform my Lord of what had happened. But, bless my heart ! I quite forgot, Lady ; the Count ordered me to summon Wilfred immediately to his chamber, and I doubt, even this little delay will bring me into anger. Your pardon, Lady ; I must away this instant !"—And he hurried out of the apartment.

—"Eugene ?" repeated Magdalena ; "Eugene wounded ? and wounded by *your* hand, Ottokar ? A boy, a poor harmless boy ? Oh ! impossible ! This is some egregious mistake, and. . . . ."—

—"No, Lady ; there is no mistake in this ; the peasants told the truth. It *was* my hand, which struck Eugene to the ground ; for Eugene was the wretch, who (as I before mentioned to you) attempted this evening the precious life of Blanche."—

—"You rave, Sir Ottokar ! Eugene, an assassin ? The assassin of a *female* too ! He, who bears to the

very name of woman a love, a reverence almost idolatrous! He, the gentlest, tenderest....."—

—"Lady, I saw him myself; I heard the shrieks of Blanche with my own ears! I saw her sink at his feet in terror; I saw Eugene with his sword drawn on the very point of plunging it in her bosom....."—

—"Nay, nay! Let us not waste our time in disputing about Eugene. Be he innocent, or be he guilty, your hands are stained with his blood, and here you are no longer in safety. So dear as Eugene is to my husband....."—

—"Surely, Countess, surely, he will be no longer dear to him, when Rudiger learns his guilt; or if he still protects him, that protection will prove, that Rudiger himself cannot be innocent. Criminal as Eugene is, if he can still inspire his master with any sentiment, but indignation, but hatred....."—

—"Hatred? His master? Oh! Ottokar, you know not....there is a mystery about that boy....there'is a secret reason....Rudiger hate Eugene? Eugene, who is his own....I mean....I would say....Eugene, whom Rudiger loves as dearly as *if* he were his own son!"—

The eagerness, with which she endeavoured to recall her words; the hesitation, with which she pronounced the correcting phrase; the colour, which crimsoned her cheeks at having so nearly devulged her husband's secret; all these immediately dispelled the cloud, which overhung the birth of Eugene. Ottokar instantly comprehended, how dear an interest Rudiger took in the page's welfare, and how odious the man must appear in his eye, who had plunged his sword in the boy's bosom. He hesitated, what course to pursue; Magdalena advised his leaving her to reconcile the mind of her husband to what had happened, and not to repeat his visit at the castle, till she should inform him, that his present offence was forgotten and forgiven: and the Knight was on the point of following her councils, when the door was again

thrown open, and the count of Frankheim re-entered the room.

The Countess shuddered, as she cast an anxious glance upon his countenance. His face was of a deadly paleness; the deepest gloom sat upon his frowning brows; his burning eyes glared with terrible expression: yet a smile of forced urbanity played round his bloodless lips, and on his entrance he bowed his proud head towards Ottokar with an air of unusual condescension.

—"You are welcome, Sir Knight!" said he; "this visit affords me a satisfaction totally unexpected.—Magdalena, your nephew will need some refreshment: will you not see that it is prepared?"—

The tone, in which this question was asked, converted it into a command: she was obliged to obey, and could only whisper to Ottoker in passing—"Be on your guard, for God's sake!"—

—"Be seated, Sir Ottokar," resumed the Count; "nay, no ceremony! and now may I inquire, what lucky circumstance brings you hither? It is not often, that Frankheim Castle is honoured by your presence. You come, I understand, from Orrenberg: you are a friend of Gustavus, and a suitor of his daughter; is it not so? A fair lady and an excellent choice: I am told that her influence over you is unbounded; that what *she* desires, be it right, or be it wrong, you perform with all the ardour of a true lover; and in truth, it is fitting, that you should. But as I said before, you come straight from Orrenberg: perhaps, you bring some message from your friend Gustavus? Some conciliatory proposal.... some explanation of past circumstances.... or perhaps, he has sent me a defiance in return for mine, and your friendship for him induces you to appear before me in the sacred character of his herald. Am I right, Sir Ottokar?"—

—"As the herald of Gustavus! No, Count Rudiger: I come here as your *friend*, if you will permit me to be so; as your *guest*, unless you have foresworn the rights of hospitality."—

—"My guest? Oh! undoubtedly! You do me but too much honour! But.... am I to understand then that you bring no commission from Orrenberg?"—

—"Yes; one, which I trust will convince you, that I am not more the friend of Orrenberg, than of Frankheim. Count Gustavus wishes to hold with you a personal conferrence."—

—"A conference? With me?"—

"You may well be surprised: I was so myself, when he first mentioned it; but he asserts with such solemn adjurations his innocence....."—

—"His innocence? Indeed?"—

—"He declares himself so certain of proving to your complete satisfaction, that he had no hand in Joscelyn's murder, and he is so anxious of laying before you a plan for putting an end to all feuds in a manner equally beneficial and agreeable to both families, that if you will but listen to him...."—

—"Listen to him? Oh! by all means. When you see him again, pray, assure him, that an interview with him, will give me the highest satisfaction."—

—"When I see him? Dear Count, since you charge me with so welcome a commission, I will hasten back to Orrenberg without a moment's delay. Oh! from what a weight shall I relieve his mind, and how wisely do you act in showing this readiness to conciliation! Rudiger, may the right hand, which I thus stretch toward heaven, wither and rot away, if I am perjured in swearing, that I believe Gustavus to be innocent. Now then, farewell! Yet hold! there are two points ....two unlucky accidents, which have lately happened....and which while unexplained....must have produced a disadvantageous impression upon your mind, and my be the source of future dissention. Permit me therefore to mention, that Eugene...."—

—"I know it; I have heard it already; Eugene has been mortally wounded in the neighbourhood of Orrenberg Castle. You need say no more about it."—

—"Not *mortally*, Count. I am assured, that his

wounds are not mortal: I trust, that he will recover."

—"*Not* mortal, you say? Nay, just as you please!" "Count Rudiger!"—

—"Any thing more? You mentioned *two* accidents, I think, and....."—

—"Before I enter upon the second, permit me to explain, that if there was any fault in the first, it proceeded entirely from the conduct of Eugene himself. He attempted to assassinate the Lady Blanche this evening, and....."—

—"Oh!. to be sure! extremely probable, and extremely wrong; the boy deserved his fate! And I make no doubt, that Gustavus supposes him to have been instigated by *me* to commit this crime? Nay, I confess, that seems highly probable too!"—

—"No, Rudiger, you wrong him. It is true, every one else at Orrenberg accuses you, but Gustavus himself loudly asserts his conviction of your innocence."—

—"Fiend! fiend! Oh! artful devil.... ten thousend pardons, Baron! a sudden pain.... but 'tis gone: I am quite myself again. Now then; the second little accident....?"—

—"The herald, whom you sent to Orrenberg two days ago...."—

—"Was knocked on the head: they told me so before; but of course Gustavus had no hand in the affair!"

—"He had none, indeed. I was present myself, and witnessed his exertions to calm the fury of the mob; till unluckily, exhausted with fatigue, and overcome with apprehension, he fainted, and while he was insensible....."—

—"He fainted? that *was* unlucky indeed'!"—

—"This misfortune has distrest Gustavus beyond measure: he has commissioned me to say, that any reparation which you can demand in honour...."—

—"Reparation for such a trifle? Oh! absurd! the thing is really not worth talking of."—

—"Count of Frankheim!"—

—"For after all, the man was but a herald; and what is a herald, you know!"—

—" What is he? permit me to say. . . . "—

—" How is this, Sir Ottokar? you espouse the cause of heralds so warmly, that one would think, you were a herald yourself; and in fact you are so! you bring the Count of Orrenberg's messages; you make the Count of Orrenberg's conciliatory proposals; and therefore to all intents and purposes you are the Count of Orrenberg's herald. Is it not so, Sir Knight?"—

—" Rudiger, I repeat it, I am here only as your friend, and as the Lady Magdalena's near kinsman—and even should the laws of Chivalry not induce you to respect the herald, the rights of hospitality must surely make you consider the person of your guest as sacred."

—" Sacred? my guest? Oh! undoubtedly! nothing can be better said, or more certain—the person of my guest must always be considered as sacred by me: only. . . . there is one trifling point, of which it may be as well to make you aware.—*I* also am very subject to *fainting*."—

—" Indeed?" exclaimed Ottokar, starting; then fixing his eyes on those of Rudiger, he read in them an expression, which almost froze the marrow in his bones—" Farewell, Count Rudiger!"—said he, and hastily quitted the room.

The Count remained in his seat, reclining his head upon his hand, silent, motionless, and gloomy.—Some minutes elapsed, and still he moved not.

—" Save him! save him!" shrieked Magdalena, as she rushed into the chamber pale as death; " hasten to his rescue, Rudiger! For God's sake, hasten! look! look!"—and she threw open the window which commanded the court-yard, and from whence the light of the full moon and the blaze of numerous torches permitted her to observe distinctly what was passing below. " He is surrounded. . . . Ottokar. . . . the people, the whole crowd of them, with swords, with clubs. . . . fly, fly, Rudiger, and rescue him!—

Merciful Heaven! they drag him from his horse.... they throw him on the earth.... they will kill him! they will murder him!—Nay, look yourself! come to the window; speak to the wild rabble, or their fury... Ha! he forces himself out of their clutches! he draws his sword.... he fights.... he drives them back.... now, now, my lord! now they can hear you! seize this interval of fear, and command them..... Alas! alas! now they all rush upon him at once, like madmen; he defends himself still, but their numbers..... Rudiger! Rudiger! for mercy's sake, call to them from the window.... speak one word, speak but one word, and.... Ah! his head.... a blow.... he staggers... and now another.... and another... it's done, it's done!—he falls! he is dead!—Oh! blessed Mary, receive his soul to mercy!"

She sank upon her knees, prest to her lips the golden cross, which hung at her bosom, and past some minutes in fervent supplication for the sins of her unhappy nephew. As she prayed, the excess of horror gradually abated; religion already poured balm into her still bleeding wounds; the thought of eternal happiness hereafter, enabled her to sustain the weight of her present afflictions; the agony of grief was softened into melancholy tenderness; she found, that she could again breathe freely; and a torrent of grateful tears rushed into her burning eyes, and relieved the burthen of her over-charged bosom.

She rose from her knees: she turned towards her husband, who still sat motionless in his chair.

—"Rudiger!" she said, "your guest, your kinsman has been murdered in your castle, almost before your eyes: it would have cost you but one word, but one look, nay, the very sight of their Lord's countenance, his mere presence would have been sufficient to recall the rabble to their duty, and terrify them from accomplishing their barbarous purpose! I told you what would happen; I called you; I implored you; and still you were deaf to my cries; and still

you moved not! Oh! what cruel insensibility! Oh! what inhuman obstinacy! Now God grant, that in that bitter hour when you most want his help, *he* may not be as slow to afford it, as *you* have been to the wretched Ottokar!"—

The Count replied not—the door opened, and Wilfred entered.

—"Noble Lord!" said he; "your orders are obeyed."—

—"Obeyed? his orders?" repeated Magdalena with a shriek of surprise and horror. She fixed her eyes upon the countenance of her husband with a look of dreadful inquiry. Every muscle in his gigantic form seemed convulsed by some horrible sensation; the deepest gloom darkened every feature: the wind from the unclosed window agitated his raven locks, and every hair appeared to writhe itself. His eye-balls glared; his teeth chattered; his lips trembled; and yet a smile of satisfied vengeance played horribly round them. His complexion appeared suddenly to be changed to the dark tincture of an African: the expression of his countenance was dreadful, was diabolical; Magdalena, as she gazed upon his face, thought, that she gazed upon the face of a dæmon.

—"Obeyed?" after a long pause she repeated once more; "Rudiger! obeyed!"—He raised his eyes to hers, but he could not support their gaze. He turned hastily away, and concealed his countenance with his robe.—"Now then," she resumed, "the whole is clear! fool that I was! and I called *you* to the innocent youth's rescue! fye, oh! fye!—this is not the action of a warrior, of a man! this is so odious, so despicable, that *I*, your wife, your fond, your humble, your much-injured, your ever-enduring wife, even I pronounce it odious and despicable, and dare to proclaim aloud my hatred and my contempt. Oh! shame! shame!—how the man sits there, and must endure to hear the just reproaches of one, whom he

knows so inferior in all things but virtue; of a woman, weak in mind, weak in body, but strong in conscious innocence, and therefore stronger than himself! Heaven can witness, with what truth, with what fondness, with what adoration, I have ever loved you, Rudiger: but the feeling of what is right is superior to all other feelings; but the voice of justice *will* be heard: and not even the husband of my heart, not even the father of my children is to me a character so sacred, as to stifle the sentence of my reason, of my conscience, which cries to me aloud—"The husband of your heart, the father of your children, is a *murderer!*"—Your caprice, your pride, your wayward humours, your infidelities, I have borne them all, and loved you still; but when I see your hands stained with the blood of you kinsman, of your guest, of a man who came hither solely for your service, who had sacrificed to your welfare all his heart's dearest wishes; when I see your hands stained with his blood, with his innocent blood.... Oh! Rudiger! Rudiger! is it possible, that I should ever love you more!"—

Her heart agonized, her brain almost distracted, she fled from her husband's presence, and inclosing herself within her oratory, past the night in prayer equally for the souls of the murdered one, and of his unhappy murderer!

CHAP. VIII.

—" Semina, floresque, et succos incoquit acres ;
Addit et exceptas lunâ pernocta pruinas,
Et strigis infames ipsis cum carnibus alas,
Vivacisque jecur cervi ; quibus insuper addit
Ora paputque novem cornicis sæcula passæ."— OVID.

—" Here boil'd she many a seed, and herb, and flower,
And dews in moonshine culled at midnight hour,
Bat's wings, a stag's still-panting heart, and last
A raven's head, o'er which nine hundred years had past."—

WHILE his father was thus plunging himself in an abyss of real guilt, Osbright was hastening in eager pursuit of means to elucidate the imaginary crime of Gustavus. The forest was thick ; the way was long, and difficult to find without a guide. Osbright had obtained ample instructions respecting the course, which he was to hold, and he believed it impossible to make a mistake: but his mind occupied with canvassing the obstacles, which impeded his union with Blanche and the reconciliation of the families, and in weighing the arguments for and against success in his present pursuit, he suffered himself to fall into a reverie, during which his steed directed his course entirely at his own pleasure. At length the animal thought proper to stop. The cessation of motion recalled Osbright to himself: he looked around, and found himself in the deepest part of the wood, and where no beaten path was discernible.

Which way to guide his horse he had not the most distant idea. Highly incensed at his own negligence, he urged his courser on at random, being only able

to decide, that to remain where he was then, was the worst thing that he could do; whereas by proceeding he might possibly either regain the proper road, or might find some peasant to direct him how to find it. He therefore continued to hasten onwards, till his horse put his foot into a pit-fall, and entangled himself too completely to be extricated by any efforts of his rider.

Osbright was now at a complete loss, what to do. The groans of the animal announced, that he had received some injury, though the thickness of the boughs excluded all assistance from the moon, the Knight was unable to ascertain the nature of his hurt. A sound, like distant thunder, seemed to foretell a coming storm, and to remind him, that it was probable in a short time that his situation would become still more disagreeable; while his meditations on the means of extricating himself from his present embarrassment received very unpleasant interruptions from the howling of wolves and other wild beasts, by whom the forest was infested. Suddenly Osbright fancied, that he saw something glimmer among the trees. He hastily hewed away with his sword some of the intervening branches which impeded his view, and was delighted to perceive the light of a fire, which evidently shed its rays through the casement of a cottage window at no great distance. Thither be resolved to hasten, and request its owners to assist him in recovering his horse.

He arrived at the spot, whence the light proceeded. Here stood a low and wretched looking hut, rudely constructed, and covered with fern and withered boughs. Before he gave notice of his presence, the youth judged it prudent to ascertain the nature of the inhabitants. Accordingly he approached the small window without noise, whence he had a perfect view into the hut's interior.

A young girl, who seemed to be about fifteen, and whose patched garments declared her to be the child

of poverty, sat upon a low stool by the hearth. Sometimes she fed the fire with dry sticks, and at others she cast different materials into an iron kettle, which was boiling before her. She frequently stirred its contents, and seemed extremely intent upon her occupation. Osbright doubted not, that she was preparing the repast of her parents, or perhaps of her master, and he was on the point of lifting the latch of the door, when he heard the girl speak, as if addressing some one in an adjoining room.

—"Yes! yes!" said she; "I hear you: all is going on well!" and then turning again to the cauldron —"Now then," she continued;" "once again! First for Father.

—"Peace to his bones! May they sleep in the cell,
Ne'er mingled for mischief in poison, nor spell!
Rest in the coffin! All ghastly and pale,
By night may his ghost never wander and wail!
Joy to the soul! May he rise without fears,
When the trumpet, to sinners so dreadful, he hears."—

"Now for my grandmother.

—"Feuds with the Fiends! May the Hag's evil eye
Ne'er cause....."—

—"Barbara! Barbara!" screamed a cracked voice, from the inner room—"Idle hussey, what are you thinking about? I'm sure, you're not repeating the three wishes!"—

—"Sure, are you? Nay, for certain, if the Saints are half as deaf as *you* are, I repeat them to little purpose. Set your heart at rest, I tell you, I warrant you all goes right.

—"Joy to the soul! May he rise....."—

—"No! no! I said that; where was I? Stay! oh! aye, now I remember.

—"Feuds with the Fiends! May the Hag's evil eye
Ne'er cause our cow Brindle to droop and to die!

Mercy to man! May her limbs cease to ache,
Which the ague now forces to shiver and shake!
Safety with Saints! Let not Satan succeed
In laming her tongue, when she's saying her creed!"—

—"And now for myself!

—"Holy and sweet! May the knot soon be tied
By the priest, which shall make me some honest man's bride!
Sorrow and Joy! When in child-birth I lie,
Light be my labour, and....."—

Here her eye fell upon Osbright, who having lifted up the latch of the door softly, had entered, and was now standing beside her—"Oh! preserve me, all blessed saints and angels!" cried the girl with a loud shriek, and sprang from her seat; "mercy upon me, Sir Knight; who are you, and what brings you here?"—

—"Be not alarmed, my pretty lass!" answered Osbright; "my horse has fallen into a pit-fall, and I need assistance to draw him out. Are there any men belonging to this cottage, who....."—

—"Oh! no, Sir Knight; there is no one here, but myself, and my old grandmother, who is confined to her bed with a terrible ague-fit! But to the right, you will find a narrow path, which leads to the village of Orrenberg: there you may procure assistance in plenty; it is not above a mile off: and now, good Sir Knight, be gone, I entreat you!"—And she turned again to the hearth.

—"To the right, I think, you said?" inquired the youth; "my good girl, leave your cookery to itself for a few minutes, and just point out the path of which you spoke, and an ample reward....."—

—"Oh! no, no, no! I could not stir a step out of this room for the universe, Sir Knight! So pry'thee, interrupt me no longer, or you'll certainly .... look you there now!" she exclaimed, running to the cauldron, and beginning to stir it again with great eager-

ness; "I thought, what would come of talking to me! The brewage was just going to boil over, and then all the charm would have been to do over again!"—

—"The charm!"—

—"No, no! not a *charm!* I did not mean to say, *charm*.... I don't know what I meant to say; but I know, I wish, that you would not interrupt me any longer. Now do go away, there's a good young knight; now go!"—And she began again to mutter her rhymes.

—"Barbara!" called again the cracked voice from the inner room—"For Heaven's love, don't forget the ague!"

—"No, no!" replied Barbara, nor the cow neither."—

—"Did I tell you," resumed the voice; "did I tell you, that the snail-shells must be whole? If they are cracked in the least part, the broth will be spoiled, and then the child's finger will have no power or virtue."—

—"A child's finger?"—Osbright started, and his heart beat violently at the sound: he recollected, that Father Peter had mentioned the loss of Joscelyn's little finger of the right hand: should this prove to be the same, here was a clue furnished, which might lead to the most important discoveries! While he made this reflection, Barbara answered her grandmother—"that she had observed her caution respecting the shells, and bade her make herself quite easy."—

—"Good! good!" said again the old woman; "only be sure, that you put in cobwebs enough, for that is a prime ingredient."—And now Barbara resumed her entreaties, that the stranger would leave the cottage.

—"By no means!" answered he resolutely; "there seems to be something improper going on here. A child's finger is boiling in that cauldron, and I must know for what purpose you procured it, and in what manner you came by it, before I stir one step from this apartment."—

—"Now indeed, Sir Knight!" cried the girl, evidently alarmed, "the purpose for which it is intended, is a very harmless one. A child's finger is boiling yonder, I must confess; but it is only to make a spell of great virtue, though so innocent, that the Virgin herself need not have scrupled to make use of it. That kettle contains the broth of good-luck, and whatever wishes I pronounce, while it is making, sooner or later will all come to pass. And then when it is done, the child's finger being past nine times through a wedding-ring, it affords an infallible cure for the ague and the ear-ache; and being wrapped in the skin of a dormouse with a sprig of St. John's wort, and laid under the threshold of the door, it is better than an old horse-shoe, and neither witch nor devil will venture to put their noses over it; and being dipped in bat's blood, and well rubbed in. . . . but mercy on me, what am I about? I ought to be alone while the broth is brewing, for my grandmother herself must not set her foot in the room, because she's not a virgin. Now, dear, good young Knight, go along, for if any impure person is present, the charm is quite spoiled."—

—"Very possibly," observed Osbright; "but though an impure person may do so much mischief, the presence of another pure person ought to make the work go on still better."—

—"Indeed? Why, as to that point, my grandmother gave no instructions, and it may very well be as you say, Sir Knight! Stay a moment, and I'll ask her."—

"By no means!" resumed Osbright, detaining her with a look of feigned severity; "it would be quite superfluous, as I am determined, not only to remain where I am, but to know, by what means the child's finger came into your possession."—

—"Oh! gracious! Sir Knight! my grandmother charged me not to say a word about the finger to any soul breathing; she said, that it might bring us into much trouble, in spite of our innocence."—

—"It will bring you into much more trouble, if you do not obey me without a moment's hesitation: for I shall hasten to the next village, and depose, that I found you in the very act of composing an unlawful potion. Both yourself and your grandmother will be seized as witches, and. . . ."—

—"Oh! all ye blessed Saints protect us!" cried the girl, trembling in every limb; that is exactly what we are afraid of; that is it, which has obliged us to take refuge in this wild forest out of the reach of every human eye. Indeed, Sir Knight, we are honest creatures; but my grandmother is a wise woman, and knows a power of strange secrets, and all the hidden virtues of herbs and plants; and so some ignorant evil-minded person accused her of dealing in sorcery, and if she had not escaped in time, the poor innocent woman would most probably have been burnt for a witch, only because she knew a little more than her neighbours. Now, good Sir Knight, do not depose against us; only promise to keep our secret, and you shall know every syllable of the matter as faithfully, as if I was kneeling at confession before the Father-Abbot of St. John's himself!"

Osbright gave the required promise, and now he listened with interest, which almost deprived him of the power of breathing, while the girl related—"that a fortnight had scarcely elapsed, since she found in the wood a young boy, apparently not above nine years old, and at the point of death. She endeavoured to save his life, but in vain; he had only time to tell her, that while separated from his friends during the chase, he had been seized by a wolf; that he had drawn his little dagger, and had defended himself so successfully, that though in the contest he gave himself several wounds with his own weapon, he achieved the death of the ferocious animal; but before he could accomplish this, his bosom was dreadfully lacerated, and he had lost so much blood before the girl's arrival, that in spite of all her efforts to succour him, he

soon breathed his last. Assured that he was quite dead, she left the fatal spot, but took with her the dead wolf, whose skin, she knew, would be an acceptable winter-gift to her grandmother. The old woman, however, on hearing the story, informed her, that she had left something behind much more valuable than the skins of all the wolves in the forest. This was the little finger of the child's left hand, which being boiled with certain mystical ingredients, possest a thousand important and beneficial properties. Barbara greatly regretted her not having been aware of its virtue; especially as she had taken notice, that in struggling with the wolf the boy had broken that identical finger, and as it seemed only to hang by the skin, nothing would have been more easy for her than to make herself mistress of it. However, it might possibly not be too late, and she hurried back to the scene of death. The corpse was still lying there; no one observed her, and she secured the finger: but in one minute more she would have been too late. She heard footsteps approaching, and had scarcely time to conceal herself behind a bush, when a man arrived at the place, whom she well knew to be a domestic of the Count of Orrenberg, having frequently seen him at the castle, when she occasionally ventured thither to dispose of the eggs of her poultry, and the milk of the aforesaid cow Brindle. The man, she said, seemed to be greatly distrest and shocked at finding the poor child weltering in his blood; he lifted him in his arms, and she watched him to the river's side, where she left him bathing the child's forehead, washing the blood from the wounds, and using all those efforts to recover him, which experience had already assured her, must be ineffectual. However, she judged it unwise to tell him so, lest seeing her clothes stained with the blood which had trickled from the dead wolf, and perhaps missing the little finger from the child's hand, he might be induced to suspect her of having

been accessary to his death. She therefore left him still engaged in his charitable endeavours, and returned to her grandmother with her important prize: the use of which, however, had been deferred till the present evening, on account of the difficulty of collecting the other ingredients of the charm."—

Such was Barbara's narrative, and Osbright heard with rapture the confirmation of Gustavus's innocence. He asked the girl, why she had not disclosed these circumstances, when inquiry was made respecting the child's supposed murder: but no such inquiry had reached this secluded hut, whose existence was unknown even at Orrenberg, though so near, and whose inhabitants had no intercourse with the rest of the world, except when necessity compelled Barbara to venture with fear and trembling, either to the Castle to dispose of her ware, or to the village to purchase those few articles of life, which were indispensable.

Osbright rewarded the girl's information liberally, and then having received certain instructions for reaching the neighbouring village, he set forward to request assistance for his embarrassed horse. His plans were now changed; and instead of prosecuting his journey, he determined to hasten to Sir Lennard of Kleeborn with the explanation of those circumstances, which (as that warrior had assured him) formed the principal objection to his union with Blanche and to a reconciliation between the hostile kinsmen.

CHAP. IX.

"To you my soul's affections move,
Devoutly, warmly true;
My life has been a task of love,
One long, long thought of you."—
T. Moore.

OSBRIGHT found the castle of Kleeborn in all the hurry of warlike preparation. The court-yard was strown with swords and lances; on every side vassals were seen employed in furbishing up their shields and breast-plates, and from every quarter resounded the noise of the busy armourers. The youth was too eager to impart the purport of his visit to Sir Lennard to allow himself time for inquiring the cause of all this bustle. He hastened to his friend's apartment, and started back in surprise and disappointment at the marked coldness with which he was received.

With all the frankness and impetuosity of his age, he demanded the reason of this altered treatment; and he now learned, with equal grief and horror the crime with which his father had burthened his soul, and the effect which it had produced at Orrenberg. Sir Ottokar had always been particularly acceptable to Gustavus and his wife; his deference to their opinions, and the partial interest which he had ever taken in their concerns, had not only flattered their pride but had even been of essential benefit on many most important occasions: his wealth, his power, his high birth, and military talents, rendered his friendship and support a treasure to those, on

whom it was conferred; his evident adoration of Blanche had made them for some time past consider him as their future son; and the generosity, with which in their last interview he had sacrificed his own pretensions to the wishes of Blanche and the welfare of her family, had exalted their esteem to a pitch of the highest admiration; a sentiment which was shared by Sir Lennard, whose heart Ottokar's disinterested conduct had completely won. When, therefore, the news of his murder reached Orrenberg, the consternation, the astonishment, the grief, the thirst for revenge, and the bursts of frantic anger, which it excited, exceeded all powers of description. Ulrica poured fourth without restraint the effusions of all that jealousy and mistrust, which she had so long stifled within her bosom against the house of Frankheim. The gentle Blanche wept floods of tears, alternately pitying the kind youth, who from her childhood had been to her as a brother, and bewailing this fresh obstacle to a reconciliation with her lover's family; while Gustavus now mourned the loss of his friend. whom he considered as having fallen a victim to the warmth, with which he had espoused the interests of Orrenberg, now expatiated on his numerous merits and his own extensive obligations to him, and now vowed to enact a dreadful vengeance for his death on the barbarous bloody Rudiger. Sir Lennard, inspired with similar indignation, agreed, that no vengeance could be exacted too severe for such a crime; he promised to assist Gustavus in obtaining it with his whole power; and having sworn to renounce all intercourse with the house of Frankheim, he hastened to his own castle to arm his vassals, and lead them to the assistance of Gustavus.

Osbright listened in the utmost consternation, while the above circumstances were narrated by his host: but the vehemence, with which he reprobated Ottokar's murder, and the agony, which he evidently felt at hearing the guilt of his father, were such as speedily

to remove from Sir Lennard's mind every unfavourable impression respecting the youth himself. The good Knight, therefore, gave him his hand with his accustomed cordiality, and assured him of his undiminished anxiety for his welfare. Heartily did he wish his future happiness; but he added, that after his solemn promise to Gustavus, he must confine himself to merely wishing it. Osbright must now prosecute his lovesuit entirely by his own address: if he could obtain the lady, no one would feel more joy at his success, than Sir Lennard. But never more should the name of Osbright be pronounced by him at the castle of Orrenberg, he had sworn it, and nothing could induce him to violate his oath.

Entreaties, that he would change this resolution, proved unavailing, and Osbright departed with a heavy heart. Yet a hint, which had fallen from Sir Lennard, had not been wasted in the air. Could Blanche be induced to fly with him, and unite her fate to his, the castle of Kleeborn would afford them a secure refuge during the first storm of paternal indignation. He was himself innocent of any offence, and doubtless Gustavus would soon forbear to confound the son with the father. The irrevocable knot once tied, the two families must needs reconcile themselves to a measure, which could no longer be avoided: Time, the great healer of wounds, might even obliterate the remembrance of this atrocious act from the minds of the different parties; and their respective interests being inseparably blended by this marriage, Mistrust (that odious and malignant monster, which for so long had blasted the happiness of the hostile kinsmen) must needs perish for want of aliment. That Blanche could be persuaded to abandon those parents, whom she loved so passionately, Osbright with justice greatly doubted; but he resolved, that at least the attempt should be made. An interview with her must be immediately procured: then if she refused to share his fate, he determined to bid an eternal adieu both to

Blanche and to Germany, to join the Crusaders who were on the point of departing on their holy mission, and to lose on the ensanguined plains of Palestine at once his sorrows, his affection, and his life.

But how was he to obtain this interview? Blanche was not to visit the grotto, till informed of his return by Sir Lennard, and Sir Lennard had positively refused to interfere any further in the business. He in vain looked round for some other friend to render him this service; and after much deliberation, he determined, that under pretence of disposing of her ware at the castle, the young Barbara might easily deliver a letter to Blanche. He, therefore, hastened once more to the cottage in the wood. His liberality soon induced the girl to undertake the commission. Writing materials were procured at the next village: and Barbara soon departed with a most pressing letter for the answer to which he determined to wait at the cottage.

But Blanche was no longer mistress of her actions. In the height of their indignation at Ottokar's murder, her parents had insisted upon her renouncing all thoughts of an union with Osbright of Frankheim. Her heart would not allow her to make this renunciation. She protested against the injustice of implicating the son in the father's guilt, and avowed the impossibility of withdrawing her affection. Ulrica, whose passions were violent and whose understanding was not strong, was highly indignant at her daughter's disobedience, declared, that she would see her no more till she was awakened to a proper sense of duty, and ordered her to be confined in her own apartment; as to Gustavus, though he disapproved in his heart of such compulsory measures, yet having entirely given up the management of Blanche to his wife hitherto, he forbore on this occasion also to interfere with her orders.

Willingly would the poor Blanche have complied with her lover's request for a last parting interview, to which he had confined himself in his letter, think-

ing the plan of elopement more likely to be adopted by her, if presented without allowing her time for consideration: but how was that compliance to be effected? She was a captive, and could not leave her apartment, much less the castle. In this dilemma she resolved to appeal to her nurse, the only person who had access to her, and one who had ever shown towards her the affection of a mother.

The good woman at first remonstrated loudly against the impropriety of her lady's quitting her father's home clandestinely, and insisted upon the danger of her being encountered by the emissaries of the Count of Frankheim, from whose bloody designs she had so lately and so narrowly escaped. But the prayers and tears of Blanche conquered all resistance; and on her promising to be absent but a single hour, and to wear such a disguise, as must effectually prevent her being recognized either by friend or foe, Margaret consented to assist her temporary evasion.

Her son, a young peasant, was at that time on a visit to her and resident in the castle. His stature was nearly the same as that of Blanche: it was accordingly agreed, that Margaret should procure permission for him to take leave of his young mistress, who was also his foster sister, previous to his quitting the castle: that Blanche arrayed in a suit of his clothes, might easily elude the vigilance of her guards, while he remained concealed in her apartment till her return; for which his being supposed to have remembered something of importance to say to his mother would afford a plausible reason: and that, as the late occurrences had caused the private passage to be shut up Barbara should wait near the draw-bridge to conduct Blanche to the grotto by a path through the woods, by which means she would be less exposed to observation and discovery, than if obliged to traverse the usual and beaten road. Blanche adopted this plan with eagerness, and rewarded her kind nurse for her invention with a thousand benedictions and caresses.

but as this discussion had lasted till the approach of night, it was agreed to defer the interview till the succeeding evening.

This being arranged, Barbara hastened back to the cottage with a letter, whose assurances of undiminished affection filled the heart of Osbright with hope, and joy, and gratitude. To prevent by his presence even the possibility of danger, he engaged to meet Barbara near the draw-bridge at the appointed hour; and he now sought the villager, to whose care he had intrusted his wounded horse, and from whom he had borrowed a sorry beast for his excursion to the castle of Kleeborn. He found his courser perfectly recovered, rewarded the villager for his attention, and he now resolved to return to Frankheim; where his plans made it necessary for him to furnish himself with gold and jewels for the expenses of his journey in case of his departure for the Holy Land, or for the sustenence of his wife, in case he should be so fortunate as to prevail on Blanche to accompany him in his proposed flight. His course was again directed to St. John's Chapel; where the intelligence communicated by brother Peter, respecting Ottokar's murder, Eugene's illness, and the state of Castle Frankheim, confirmed him in the prudence of his determinations. He found that under the present circumstances there was no hope of getting his father to countenance his affection for the daughter of Gustavus; but his knowledge of Magdalena's character, and of the warm undeviating affection she had ever borne him, convinced him, that he ran no danger of her betraying him, should he venture to confess to her his love and his designs; and if they were once made known to her, she would assist his wishes to the very utmost of her power. Accordingly he requested brother Peter to convey a letter to the Countess, which must be delivered with the greatest secrecy into her own hands; in this, he disclosed to her his irrevocable vows to Blanche, entreating her to use every means

to soften his father's heart towards the family of Orrenberg, and finally requested her to transmit to him, by the bearer a casket containing gold and some jewels of value, which she would find in a particular part of his bed chamber.

The good Friar, though still ignorant of the name of his young guest, already was too much fascinated by his manners and conversation to refuse him any honest service: accordingly, without requiring to have his curiosity gratified by an explanation of its nature, he readily accepted the commission, and departed with the letter for the castle of Frankheim.

CHAP. X.

—"Horror and doubt distract
His troubled thoughts, and in his bosom stir
The hell within him——Now conscience wakes despair
Which slumbered; wakes the bitter memory
Of what he was, what is, and what must be,
Worse; of worse deeds, worse suffering must ensue."

MILTON.

ANGER had satiated itself with blood; the tempest was past: the voice of conscience now could be heard again, and dreadful was its sound in the ears of the guilty Rudiger. Blinded by passion, he had persuaded himself that in putting Ottokar to death he had exercised a just retaliation for the murder of his herald: but now that the illusion was dissipated, he shuddered at perceiving, that the two actions wore a very different complexion. Gustavus at least had given no positive orders for the one; but no such excuse could be alleged for the other: the one at

least was sudden, and *might* have occurred through accident; the other was premeditated, and *could* only have happened through design: again, the herald was the partizan of a foe, and was indeed a foe himself; but Ottokar was a friend, was a kinsman, was a guest who had trusted to the laws of knightly hospitality and knightly honour; laws, which had been found insufficient to preserve his life.

Conscience and his wife's reproaches had awakened Rudiger to a full sense of his guilt; but instead of being beneficial, fatally dreadful were the effects, which this conviction produced upon his character. He was not a villain; on the contrary, crimes filled his soul with horror and indignation; nay, he possessed a thousand noble, generous, and heroic feelings: but he was the slave of tempestuous passions, and even in the most laudable movements of his nature, he might rather be said to detest vice, than to love virtue.

Now then, when he saw himself on a sudden the object of his own abhorrence, of that abhorrence which he had formerly exprest so loudly and so warmly against others; when he heard the bitter reproaches of Magdalena, and felt in all the agony of his soul, that her reproaches were deserved; he sank at once into the deepest gloom of despondency, into all the horrors of self-loathing, and all the bitterness of mental misery. He indulged no wish of reparation; he formed no plan of repentance; he sought no excuse for his crime: he rather exaggerated its atrocity. What he now felt towards Gustavus was no longer suspicion, or jealousy, or ill-will! No; it was the deepest, deadliest hatred; it was a burning thirst for vengeance, which the blood of the whole family of Orrenberg seemed scarcely enough to quench. He was guilty, he was the most execrable of mortals, he was odious in his own eyes; and what punishment could be inflicted too severe on the man who had made him so? That man was Gus-

tavus; on Gustavus he swore to be revenged with the most dreadful imprecations: the magnitude of this one crime made him consider all future ones as but of little account, and he became the more a villain from his very abhorrence of vice.

When the first emotions of grief and horror had subsided, and Magdalena's heart no longer prevented her better judgment from exercising its influence, she regretted bitterly her having exposed her feelings so plainly before her Lord. She was well aware, that with his temper reproaches could only serve to exasperate his passions, and unqualified opposition to confirm him in a course of error. With the dawn of morning, therefore, she hastened to his chamber, determined to remove as much as possible the impression, which she had left on his mind at their last parting. She wished to sooth the agonies of his bleeding conscience, to convince him gently and gradually, that all these mischiefs arose from the long-subsisting and unnatural enmity of the two houses, and (if possible) by using the gentlest persuasion to win from him a consent, that the occurrence of similar disasters should be prevented by the union of Blanche and Osbright, and consequently of the dearest interests of the two families. But her good intentions were frustrated: she was refused admittance to Rudiger, who passed the next four-and-twenty hours in the solitude of his chamber, alternately execrating himself and others, and passing by turns from the the depth of the blackest gloom to the extreme of the wildest fury.

No one but Wilfred was suffered to approach him: nor would he quit his chamber, till informed of the arrival of Eugene, whom (though his wound was not mortal) it had been at first judged imprudent to remove from the monastery of St. John. Though he had hitherto endeavoured to conceal it even from himself, partly through prudence, partly through pride, it was in truth this unacknowledged boy, who possest the whole paternal love of Rudiger. The

difference of his sensations towards him and Osbright, partook of those which he had felt towards their respective mothers. His esteem, his admiration were bestowed in the highest degree on Magdalena; but his heart had never melted with love but for the unhappy Agatha. Osbright was his heir, was a hero; he was fond of him, but on Eugene he doated. In the one, he prized the transmitter of that name, which was so precious to his vanity; but he cherished Eugene for his own sake. It is true, if he had been asked—" which of the youths should perish "—he would have sacrificed Eugene without a moment's hesitation; for, in the bosom of Rudiger pride ever bore a sway far superior to that of tenderness: but had he been asked—" which of them he could consent never to see again "—he would have felt as little doubt in answering—" Osbright "—nor perhaps would have felt very deeply the deprivation, though the being his heir was the strongest claim to his attention. Still the reflection, that he *must* be his heir, made Rudiger entertain some little jealousy towards him; and in the presence of Osbright, the father's self-love felt painfully wounded by being sensible, that the perfections of his son made the defects of his own character appear in a more glaring light. On the other hand, he saw in Eugene a poor defenceless being, whom he had brought into a world of sorrow, where his lot was hard, and against whose difficulties he was ill-calculated to struggle: he pitied him for his destitute situation, and he loved him for his likeness to his wretched mother. In short, Eugene was dearer to him than Osbright; but the pride of blood was a thousand times dearer to him than either: he would have sacrificed his own life to preserve Eugene's; but he would have sacrificed Eugene's as well as his own to preserve in Osbright " the future Count of Frankheim."

No sooner was he informed of the youth's arrival, than he hastened to visit him; but he had scarcely

past the threshold of his chamber, when Magdalena stood before him. He started back, and a deep gloom darkened all his features. In vain did she address him in the most soothing language, and endeavour to extenuate the atrocity of Ottokar's murder: he listened in silence, and only replied by a look of scornful incredulity. In vain did she recant the too hasty declaration of her sentiments towards him, and assure him of her undimished affection: the bending of his head with constrained politeness, and a smile of the bitterest irony, was the only manner in which he exprest his gratitude. His coldness hurt, and his sullenness alarmed her. Her eyes filled with tears; she motioned to take his hand, and press it to her lips; but he drew it back, haughtily and gloomily, and passing her without uttering a word, proceeded to the chamber of Eugene.

But no comfort awaited him there. He found the wretched youth tortured by one of his most violent paroxysms. He raved incessantly of his mother and of the murdered Joscelyn; of the lovely cruel Blanche, and happy hated Osbright. Every word which fell from his lips, either tore open a scarcely healed wound in his father's bosom, or inflicted upon it a new one. Rudiger listened with horror and remorse to the recapitulation of the poor Agatha's injuries and sufferings: the mention of Joscelyn's murder rekindled in his heart the flames of vengeance against Gustavus: but when he collected from Eugene's ravings, that the child of that very Gustavus was likely to become his daughter-in-law; that she, whose fatal beauty had robbed his darling son of his reason, and almost of his life, had also fascinated the affections of his heir; and that the proud name of Frankheim was destined to be perpetuated through a descendant of the detested race of Orrenberg; no sooner was this discovery made to him, than his surprise, his alarm, his indignation, were extreme, extravagant, and ungovernable. He rushed from Eu-

gene's apartment, hastened to that of Magdalena, and entering abruptly, assailed her at once with such a storm of passion, of threats, of vows of vengeance against Blanche, against Osbright, against herself if he should find her privy to her son's attachment, that it was long before the Countess could discover the origin of his frantic behaviour.

But when she *did* discover it, she found all efforts to appease his fury totally unavailing. On the contrary, the attempt to sooth him, and the bare suggestion of the advantages likely to result from Osbright's attachment, only served to increase his passion; and after loading his wife with the bitterest reproaches, he was rushing from the chamber, when his eye rested on a letter, which in her agitation had fallen from her bosom unobserved. At the same moment with her Lord, she also had perceived the paper; with a cry of terror she hastily caught it from the ground; but Rudiger had recognized his son's hand-writing, and Magdalena's evident alarm convincing him, that it contained some mystery, and *that* a mystery of no slight importance, he rudely forced the letter from her. One half, however, remained in the hand of the Countess, and she hastened to conceal its contents from discovery by throwing it into a brazier, which was burning on the hearth.

It was Osbright's letter, which Brother Peter had delivered not an hour before. Pale and trembling with passion, Rudiger read the avowal of his son's love for Blanche exprest in the most glowing terms, his urgent entreaties that Magdalena would prevail on his father to consent to their union, and his confession, that for several days he had remained in concealment at the cell of Brother Peter. He also mentioned, that he was to have an interview with Blanche that evening. . . .—and here the letter broke off. The object of that interview, the place of rendezvous, the precise time of meeting, these points were contained in the burnt half of the letter; and on these points

the alarmed Magdalena resolutely refused to give any information. Threats and entreaties were employed in vain; and having placed guards at her chamber-door, lest she should make Osbright aware that his incensed father was apprised of the intended meeting, Rudiger left her to meditate on the most certain means of getting the defenceless Blanche into his power.

Wilfred was summoned to his councils; but the Seneschal refused his assistance, till assured that his Lord's designs aimed at the liberty, but not at the life of Blanche; though perhaps had he reasoned justly, he would have known, that with a man like Rudiger, whose passions were so impetuous, and who was ever swayed by the impulse of the moment, her liberty once lost, her life could not for one instant be secure. However, at present Rudiger's object was, by getting Blanche into his hands, to prevent the possibility of her marriage with Osbright, and to inflict the bitterest agony on Gustavus, by making him tremble with every minute for the life of his darling daughter. He also fancied, that her presence might be of great efficacy in restoring Eugene to his senses; but he swore with dreadful imprecations, that if she failed to produce that beneficial effect, she should be the lunatic's only nurse and continual attendant, and should pass the remainder of her existence in witnessing the frantic transports of the wretch, whom her fatal charms had ruined. Such being his avowed objects, Wilfred made no longer any scruple of giving his advice. It was accordingly agreed, that St. John's Chapel should be watched; that Osbright should be followed to the place of rendezvous; and that Rudiger should hasten thither with a small body of chosen men, to seize and convey Blanche to the Castle of Frankheim.—But Wilfred (who dreaded the resentment of his young Lord, should he be known to have had any hand in this business, and in whose power he should be left entirely after Rudiger's decease) stipulated, that every possi-

ble means should be used to surprise the lady, either previous to her meeting with Osbright, or after she had parted from him, but not when the lovers were together. By taking this precaution, he trusted, that Osbright would be kept in ignorance of the persons, by whom his mistress had been carried off; all resistance on his part would also be precluded, which otherwise was likely to be very desparate and dangerous to the assailants; and it might even be possible to conceal from him, that the scene of his mistress's captivity was the castle of his own father.

To these stipulations Rudiger readily consented; and every thing being now arranged, he waited with the utmost impatience for the information, that Osbright had set forward from the Chapel of St. John.

CHAP. XI.

"Why does she stop, and look often around,
As she glides down the secret stair;
And why does she pat the shaggy blood-hound,
As he rouses him up from his lair;
And though she passes the postern alone,
Why is not the watchman's bugle blown?"
W. Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel."

THE time was arrived, at which Osbright had engaged to meet Barbara near the drawbridge: but some suspicious circumstances had alarmed Brother Peter, and made him intimate to his guest, that spies were certainly watching near the Chapel-gate. There was no other out-let: Osbright, however unwillingly, thought it advisable to protract his departure for a short time: after which Brother Peter was sent out to

examine, whether the persons, whose appearance had excited his suspicions, were still loitering near the place. The old man soon returned with the report, that all seemed quiet, and that in his belief his guest might now set forward without danger of a discovery. But as much time had been lost by this hesitation, the youth doubted not, that Blanche and her companion must have long since quitted the Castle of Orrenberg, and probably had already sheltered themselves within the cave.

Thither he therefore hastened with all possible expedition, and found his conjectures verified. Blanche and Barbara were safe within St. Hildegarde's Grotto, and extremely uneasy at his not arriving. In two hours the draw-bridge of Orrenberg Castle would be raised, and Blanche's return prevented: while on the other hand Barbara was uneasy at being so long absent from her decrepit grandmother, and yet could not think of leaving Blanche in the cavern without a companion. The arrival of Osbright at once dispelled their uneasiness. Blanche received him with mingled joy and sorrow: and Barbara, having congratulated the lovers on their meeting, stated her own presence to be now superfluous, and entreated permission to return to her grandmother, who (she was certain) must be extremely uneasy at her absence. The permission was readily granted, and she lost no time in profiting by it.

And now did Osbright employ every resource of his eloquence to persuade Blanche, that the hour was come when they must either part for ever, or must part no more. Blanche heard the assurance with agony; but the proposal of flight, of marriage unauthorized by her parents, was rejected by her, not merely with firmness, but even with abhorrence. She owned, "that to see Osbright no more, was the bitterest of all earthly misfortunes, except to live under the consciousness of having merited paternal displeasure." She said, "that in truth her parting with him would break her

heart, but her flight with him would break the hearts of her parents;" and she prayed—"that the vengeance of offended Heaven might fall heavy on her head, if she ever planted a single painful feeling in those bosoms, which from the first moment of her birth had only palpitated with love and with anxiety for her."—

In answer to this, Osbright said every thing, that despairing passion could suggest. In vain did Blanche assure him, that no persuasion could induce her to act in contradiction to her sense of duty. The youth persisted in pointing out all the advantages likely to result from so slight and so temporary a deviation from the path of strict propriety; and he was still urging his hopeless suit, when a stone fell through the chasm in the Grotto's roof, which was at some little distance from the rocky bank, on which our lovers were seated. Osbright turned round; a second stone fell, and was followed by a third, accompanied by a low murmuring noise. He listened, and fancied, that he could distinguish his own name. He rose, and advanced to the chasm.

—"Is there any one above?" said he aloud; "did any one call. . . ."—

—"Hush! hush! Sir Knight!" interrupted a voice, still whispering; speak softly for heaven's sake; I am Barbara! Oh! Sir Knight I fear, that we are all undone, or at least that the Lady Blanche has got into the saddest hole, that ever poor lady put her head into. Would you think it, Sir Knight? I had scarcely set my foot on the outside of the narrow passage. . . . I was going along gaily, singing to myself, and (the Lord knows) thinking of no harm. . . . all on a sudden —"Seize her," cries a voice like thunder, and in an instant I found myself surrounded by armed men.— I fell on my knees, and begged for my life, and with good reason; for one tall terrible Knight had got his dagger drawn as if ready to stab me, only his companion caught him by the arm, and bade him remember his oath—"Right," said the fierce one; "then

away with her to the Castle! Confine her in the dungeons of the South Tower!"—When I heard the word "dungeon," I thought, that I should have died outright; so I fell to crying and entreating more than ever, and as luck would have it, the moon just then happened to come from behind a cloud—"Ha! cried the quiet one, as soon as he saw my face; "this cannot be the Lady Blanche?"—"Oh! no, no, no!" said I, before I gave myself time to think; "I am not the Lady Blanche indeed. She is yonder in the cave with Sir Osbright, disguised in boy's clothes, and...."—

—"You told them so? Imprudent girl! You have undone us all!"—

—"Alas the day! Sir Knight! I was in such a flutter, that I scarcely knew what I did, or what I said: but as soon as they knew who I really was, they released me, and bade me go my ways. I would fain have returned to tell you, what had happened; but they would not suffer me, and I was obliged to set forward as if going to my own home. Yet I could not bear to leave you in ignorance of their evil designs: so after a little while I stole back again without noise, and by help of the shrubs and bushes I crept behind the two, who appeared to be the chief of the party, so that I could overhear their whole design."—

—"And that design is...."—

—"To seize the Lady Blanche on her leaving the grotto, and convey her to the Castle of Frankheim, where she is to be shut up in a dungeon, till she consents to marry some young madman, who (it seems) has lost his wits for love of her. The fierce one was for going to the Grotto, and dragging her away this moment; but his companion reminded him of his promise of seizing her if possible, when she had parted with Sir Osbright—"But suppose" says the fierce one, "he should not part with her, till she is safe within the walls of Orrenberg?" At last it was agreed between them, that they should still wait an hour to see, whether Blanche should come out alone; but if that time

should elapse without your quitting the cave, Sir Knight, then the fierce one swore with a thousand dreadful oaths, that he would tear her from you with his own hands—" And if he resists," continued he in a dreadful voice, and he clinched his hands, and I could hear him gnash his teeth ; " if he resists, I will either plunge my sword in the hated girl's heart, or he shall bury his in his father's."—

—" Your father, Osbright? Your dreadful father?" exclaimed Blanche, wringing her hands; " now you see, in what danger this trifling breach of duty has involved me ! Oh! my parents, my dear, good parents? How severely am I punished for having clandestinely left for one hour the shelter of your protecting arms !"—

—" No ! no !" said Barbara eagerly, while Osbright vainly endeavoured to calm the terrors of his mistress, though his own alarm was scarcely less; " all is not lost yet, dear Lady; calm yourself, and listen to me ; for as soon as I knew the designs of these villians, I bethought me of a means to save you, and it was for this purpose, that I hazarded to climb the rock, and steal hither unobserved to give you this intelligence. It seems, that Sir Osbright is in no danger ; they will let him pass forth without hindrance, and will rejoice in getting rid of him, in order that they may bear you away to their horrible dungeons without resistance. Now mark, what you must do; throw off that long cloak, in which Dame Margaret wrapped you up so carefully ; array yourself instead in Sir Osbright's armour, and then march forth with a stout heart, his shield on your arm, and his helmet on your head. The shadows of night will doubtless prevent the strangers from observing any difference in your height; the clattering of the armour will confirm them in their mistake; and though to be sure the moon shines brightly just at present, that is a circumstance in your favour; for I heard one of the villains tell the other, that though you were in boy's clothes, there could be

no mistaking you for Sir Osbright, who would be known by the device of his shield, and by the scarlet and white plumes on his helmet. Come, come, make haste, Lady; for I warrant you, there is but little time to spare."—

Osbright had already divested himself of his breast-plate and his glittering casque, and he now hastened to adorn with them the delicate form of Blanche. Confused and terrified in the extreme, she yielded to his entreaties, but frequently compelled both him and Barbara to repeat their assurances, that he ran no danger in remaining in the grotto. At length her disguise was complete, and with a beating heart and trembling limbs, she set forward on her dangerous expedition.

No sooner had the lady left the cave, than Barbara resumed her discourse—"And now, Sir Knight," said she, "it will be necessary for *you* also to play a part. I warrant you, the Lady will be no sooner out of hearing, than the strangers will hurry hither to secure their prize; and should they discover her flight immediately, they may still be in time to prevent her escape. Therefore wrap yourself up in her scarlet mantle, and conceal your face under the large slouched hat, which she has left hehind her; they are aware, that she is in male apparel, and by disguising your voice a little, you may easily persuade them, that you are the person whom they seek, till she is safe at Orrenberg. That's right! now then the hat!—hark! I hear the noise of armour. Keep up the deception as long as you can; you know, they can but carry you to your own castle; and as it seems, that the chief of them is your father, at worst you have only to discover . . . . they are here! hush!"—

Barbara was correct. Count Rudiger and his attendants had suffered the trembling Blanche to pass unmolested through their ambuscade: they only marked the clank of her arms and the waving of her parti-coloured plumes; while the faintness of her

step, and that she tottered under the weight of the ponderous shield, past entirely unobserved. Yet as she drew near the out-let of the rocky path, she once heard a voice whisper from among some bushes—"Now then! now!"—and the sound appeared to her the sentence of death. Her pulse ceased to beat: she staggered, and caught at a projection of rock; but presently another voice whispered eagerly in reply—"No! no! be silent, fool! 'tis Sir Osbright! I know him by that casque;"—and she felt her hopes and her spirits revive. She rushed forward with renewed vigour, and in a few minutes found herself in the great road leading to Orrenberg.

—"Now praised be the Virgin!" she exclaimed in a rapture of gratitude; "I am safe!"—when at that moment she found herself seized with violence: her lance was wrested from her hand, and on looking round she perceived herself surrounded by armed men. A shout of exultation immediately followed her capture.

—"What is the matter?" exclaimed a warrior, at whose approach the crowd gave way, and in whose voice Blanche recognized with shame and terror the voice of her father. But the vizor of her casque was closed, and he little guest, that the warrior who stood before him, was the daughter, whom he believed secure in the castle of Orrenberg.

—"The business is half done, my Lord!" was the answer; "I should know that helmet and shield among a thousand; and I here present you (without the capture costing you a single blow) with that redoubtable warrior Osbright of Frankheim."—

—"Sir Osbright?" cried Gustavus, "Maurice, are you certain of what you assert?—Nay then, this is indeed a prize! But time permits not .... Fear nothing, Sir Knight; your treatment shall be noble, but for the present you must remain my prisoner. Let six of you convey him to the castle, and confine him in the state-chamber, adjoining to the Great Hall.

Guard him honourably, but closely, and see, that no one has access to him. Now then for Rudiger! Away!"—

Gustavus said, and hastened towards the Grotto: and now Blanche found herself compelled to visit the castle of her parents, as an enemy and a captive. However, her plan was already arranged. She determined to keep her secret till safe within the walls of Orrenberg. Once arrived there, she meant to request an interview with her mother, confess to her the whole of her imprudence, and entreat her assistance in repairing it. She doubted not but maternal tenderness would soon conquer the first emotions of resentment; that Ulrica would find some means of enabling her to regain her own chamber undiscovered; and that as the disappearance of the supposed Osbright might easily be accounted for by his having effected his escape by bribing his guards, or any other artifice, her fault and her danger on this adventurous night might effectually be kept from the knowledge of her father. Such were the designs of Blanche; and having thus arranged them to her satisfaction, she prosecuted her journey to Orrenberg with a less heavy heart.

CHAP. XII.

——" Even-handed Justice
Commends the ingredients of the poisoned chalice
To our own lips."——

MACBETH.

A DOMESTIC, whom Count Rudiger had chastized for some trivial fault with unjustifiable severity, in revenge had fled to the Castle of Orrenberg, and informed its Lord, that both Osbright and his father were in St. Hildegarde's Grotto, slightly attended, and might easily be surprised. Gustavus failed not to employ so fortunate an opportunity of getting his chief enemy into his power. He immediately set forward with all the force, which he could muster—and so great was the superiority of his numbers, that in spite of Rudiger's resistance (who exposed his life on this occasion with all the inconsiderate fury of a madman, and performed prodigies of valour almost incredible) the small body of Frankheimers were soon put to flight, and their chief was conveyed a prisoner to the castle of Orrenberg.

Now then it was in the power of Gustavus to take a full revenge on his furious kinsman, and secure to himself, by the deaths of Rudiger and his son, the entire possessions of the haughty house of Frankheim: but to profit by this opportunity was not in the noble and forgiving nature of Gustavus: he meditated a more honourable vengeance. His own injuries were already forgotten: the death of Ottokar was still remembered, but remembered with grief, not rage. His enemies were totally in his power; that conside-

ration was sufficient to make him view them no longer as enemies: and he seized with eagerness this opportunity of evincing the disinterestedness of his wishes and the sincerity of his professions of good-will by a proof so clear and striking, as should effectually banish all future mistrust, even from the suspicious bosom of Rudiger. He communicated his intentions to Sir Lennard, who on that evening had arrived with his promised succours at Orrenberg. The worthy Knight sanctioned the plan with his warmest approbation, and Gustavus now hastened, with a heart glowing with delight at the thought of doing a great and generous act, to explain himself to his indignant prisoner.

The great hall was the scene of this interview between the hostile kinsmen. His guards had caused Rudiger's wounds to be carefully drest, but had thought it proper to restrain him by chains from committing acts of violence. Gustavus, however, no sooner observed this precaution, than he ordered the fetters to be removed; but the sullen captive neither thanked the servants for their care of his wounds, nor the master for the restoration of his liberty. He looked on all around him with an air of haughty indifference; but while he listened to Gustavus's professions of good will, and proposals for a mutual oblivion of past injuries, the expression of gratified malice glared terribly in his burning eye-balls.

—"In short," said Gustavus, in conclusion, "I am convinced, that the numerous causes which have occasioned the mutual alienation of our hearts and families, arose entirely from misinterpretation of accidental circumstances, and not from any intention of offence, or desire to inflict a premeditated injury. Your suspicions are easily excited; those of my wife are not more difficult to rouse; every trifle was exaggerated, every fact was misrepresented, and suppositions were counted as facts. It is my most earnest wish to root out all misunderstanding for ever, and I know of no more certain means than an union of our children, the union of Osbright and Blanche."—

—" Blanche?" repeated Rudiger, " Blanche?—Nay, 'tis a most fortunate idea!—I only doubt the facility of. . . . "—

—" Nothing can be effected more easily!" interrupted Gustavus, rejoiced to find his proposal so favourably received—" they love each other. . . . . have loved each other, and. . . . "—

—" True! I have heard so! Osbright loves your daughter fondly; and no doubt *you* love her fondly too?"—

—" Fondly? passionately! She is the joy of my existence, the being, on whom alone I depend for the whole happiness of my future life!"—

—" Indeed? that is still better—I rejoice to hear it—there is a youth at home. . . . His name is Eugene . . . . He too loves her passionately. . . . madly, indeed, I *might* say. . . . But she, you think, loves Osbright?"—

—" *Think* it? I know it! It was but this morning that she assured me so ardently, that her heart burned for him with such true affection. . . . "—

—" Nay, it may be so; you must know best; and yet I cannot help suspecting, that her heart feels colder towards him now, than it did this morning."—

—" Your suspicions are unjust, Count Rudiger. Blanche is no capricious. . . . But you shall hear her own lips declare her sentiments. She shall be called hither instantly, and. . . . "—

—" By no means," cried Rudiger hastily, while he detained his host; " by no means! She is probably retired to rest; I do not wish her to be disturbed; I do not even wish to see her. . . . till Osbright shall present her to me as his bride."—

—" That may be done this instant; you are not yet aware, Count Rudiger, that you are not the only captive of rank whom this night's adventure has thrown into my power. Your son inhabits yonder chamber."—

Instantly the expression of Rudiger's countenance

changed. He turned pale, and starting from his chair, grasped the arm of his Seneschal, who had been captured with him in the cave, and had accompanied him to Orrenberg.

—"My son *here?*" he exclaimed; "here! in your power!"—

A similar dismay seemed to have taken possession of the Seneschal.

—"I warned you," he replied in broken accents; "I told you. . . . I charged you. . . ."—

—"Peace, babbler!" interrupted his Lord passionately; while Gustavus thus resumed his discourse.

—"Yes; Osbright, on leaving the cave, was seized by my followers, and conveyed hither; but calm this agitation, Count, which doubtless is caused by your unjust suspicions respecting the death of your younger son. Your elder, your only one, is now in my hands, and with a single word could I annihilate your whole race. But fear nothing; I would rather perish myself, than pronounce that word. Osbright's liberty shall prove to you, that I am innocent of the death of Joscelyn, he shall be immediately restored to you, and I only ask in return your consent to his union with my sole heiress, with my darling child."—

"I consent!" cried Rudiger eagerly; "I consent to that, to every thing! only give me back my son: suffer us to depart this instant, and to-morrow name your own conditions."—

—"You shall be obeyed," answered Gustavus, and ordered the doors of the captive's chamber to be thrown open, and himself conducted to their presence. "But," he continued, addressing himself to Rudiger, "surely you will not depart immediately. 'Tis late; the espousals may take place to-morrow; a messenger may be dispatched to inform the Lady Magdalena of the cause, which detains you; then tarry here this night, and. . . ."—

"This night?" exclaimed Rudiger wildly; "no, no! not an hour! not an instant!—Count of Orren-

berg, would you *extort* my consent to this union? would you believe this reconciliation to be sincere, if made with your captives? no! be generous! give me back my son without conditions; restore us to liberty; then send your herald to the Castle of Frankheim to-morrow, and receive my answer, free and uncontrouled."—

—"Be it so!" said Gustavus; and at the same moment the captive Knight entered the hall. The Count of Frankheim, in spite of his agitation (which increased with every moment), recognized the well known shield and helmet; and before Gustavus had time to explain what had happened, he hastily commanded the youth to follow him. But the youth obeyed not the command. Again it was repeated, and still he remained motionless. Rudiger, whose impatience by this time amounted almost to frenzy, rushed forwards to grasp his son's hand, and draw him by force from the apartment. The youth started back with a cry of terror, and retreating nearer to the Count of Orrenburg, seemed to implore his protection against his incensed father. Gustavus endeavoured to re-assure him.

—"Fear nothing, noble youth!" said he; "your father knows your attachment, and approves it. We are no longer enemies; your union with my daughter is settled, and you will only leave this castle to-night, that you may return to it to-morrow as the acknowledged bridegroom of your Blanche."—

—"Indeed?" exclaimed the young Knight in joyful surprise; "oh! happy tidings! now then I need nothing more to complete my happiness.... nothing but my father's pardon—then pardon me, my father," he continued, at the same time throwing off his ponderous casque, and falling at the feet of Gustavus; "Oh! pardon your penitent, your imprudent child!"

—"Amazement!" exclaimed the Count of Orrenberg; "'Tis Blanche!"—

—"Blanche?" cried Rudiger, "Blanche in Os-

bright's armour ?—Oh ! Wilfred, Wilfred ! whom then.... ? Speak, girl, speak ! explain..... oh ! lose not a moment.... you know not the fears..... the agonies..... speak, oh ! speak !"—

Agitated by hope, blushing at her imprudence, confused by the rapidity and violence with which Rudiger questioned her, it was with difficulty, that Blanche related the adventures of the cave to her astonished auditors : but Rudiger soon heard enough to guess the rest. He understood, that the lovers had been aware of his approach; that they had changed habits; that disguised as Blanche, Osbright had remained in the cavern; he required to know no more ! a shriek of horror interrupted the narrative; his countenance exprest all the agonies of despair; he seemed to be some fiend, rather than a human being.

" The blow is struck !" he exclaimed; " 'tis past ! all is over !—agony !—madness !—yet 'tis possible.... To the cave ! to the cave ! to save him, or to die !"— he said, and rushed out of the hall.

—" Oh ! follow him !" cried Wilfred, wringing his hands; " drag him from the cavern ! nay, nay ! detain me not ! his brain will turn.... his heart will break. .... He promised so solemnly.... but his violence.... his passions.... a sudden burst of fury.... let me be gone ! for the love of Heaven, oh ! let me depart this moment."—

And breaking from Gustavus, who wished him to explain the cause of this excessive agitation, the Seneschal followed his master, who had already crossed the draw-bridge with the rapidity of an eagle.

After a few words to tranquillize his affrighted daughter, the Count of Orrenberg judged it best to persue the fugitives, and learn the cause of their alarm : but before he could leave the hall, a fresh incident obstructed his progress. A young girl, bathed in tears; pale as a spectre, and her garments spotted with blood, rushed wildly into the room, and threw herself sobbing at the feet of Blanche. It was Barbara.

—" He is gone !"- she exclaimed, wringing her hands ; " oh ! Lady, Lady ; he is gone !—From the rock above I heard the clink of the assassin's armour, as he rushed into the cavern—" Blanche ! Blanche !" he cried ; " Blanche of Orrenberg !"—" Here I am !" answered the poor victim, " what would you with Blanche ?"—" Ha ! sorceress !" cried again the terrible voice ; " take this ! 'tis Eugene, who sends it to you !"—and then.... oh ! then I saw the weapon gleam.... I heard a dreadful shriek.... I heard no more !—I lost my senses : when they returned, all was hushed—I ventured down from the rock.... I stole into the cave.... I dragged him into the light.... he was bloody.... he was cold.... he was dead."—

—" Whom ? Whom ?" exclaimed, Blanche, almost frantic with alarm.

—" Oh ! Osbright ! Osbright !" answered the sobbing girl ; and Blanche fell lifeless at the feet of her father.

At the door of St. Hildegarde's cave stood the wretched Rudiger : before him lay a corse, on which he had gazed for a few moments in silent agony.—At length with desperate resolution he drew away the large hat, which overshadowed the face of the dead person, and the moon-beams shone full upon his features : Rudiger knew those features well ! he tore off the scarlet robe, in which the body was enveloped : he saw a large wound on the breast ; he saw his own dagger in the wound ; he snatched it forth, plunged it in his own heart, and then murmuring the name of Osbright, the slave of passion sank upon the victim's body, and sank to rise no more !

Blanche was restored to life, but her happiness was fled for ever. She languished through a few mournful years, and then sought the grave, whither her broken-hearted father soon followed his darling. The fatal inheritance past into another family, and the proud race of Frankheim closed its illustrious line for ever.

At the expiration of some years, Eugene was unhappy enough to recover his senses sufficiently to know, that Blanche was already numbered among the dead. He visited her tomb, wept, and prayed there; then fixed the Cross upon his bosom, and wandered in pilgrim's weeds to the Holy Land. He was never heard of more; but with a frame so delicate, intellects so shattered, and a heart so wounded, doubtless his sufferings could not be long.

Magdalena and Ulrica, those sisters of calamity, retired to the Convent of St. Hildegrade, where they soon after assumed the veil, and in whose chapel they caused a stately tomb to be erected over the ashes of their departed children. Here every day they met to indulge their common sorrows: here every night they joined in prayer for the eternal happiness of those dear-ones: here during many years of unavailing anguish they bathed with tears the marble tablet, on which stood engraven these words, so mournful, so fatal, and so true,

—"Here rest the Victims of Mistrust."—

FINIS.

THE ADMIRAL GUARINO.

—"I have a weapon,
A better never did sustain itself
Upon a soldier's thigh: I have seen the day,
When with this little arm and this good sword
I have made my way through more impediments
Than twenty times your stop."—

Othello.

THE ADMIRAL GUARINO.

Hark, and heed me, deeds reciting
Sad to hear and sad to tell;
How at Roncevalles fighting,
Charles's choicest warriors fell.

Dealing round eternal slumber,
Still Guarino kept his sword;
Moorish monarchs, seven in number,
Seized at length the Christian Lord.

Whose the Knight should be, deciding,
Seven times seven the dice they shake;
Seven times seven the rest deriding,
Proud Marlotes wins the stake.

More rejoiced that he possest him,
Than Arabia's realm to sway,
—"Captive"—thus the Prince addrest him,
"Captive, hear, and then obey!

"Quit the faith to Mahom hateful,
Cursed by Heaven, and cursed by me;
Follow mine; thy master, grateful,
Shall thy friend and father be.

"Of two daughters high descended,
This shall in your arms be prest;
That shall work your garments splendid,
Deck your bed, and watch your rest.

"And, because I prize thee dearly,
Thine Arabia's crown shall be!
Now, Sir Christian, speak sincerely;
Wilt thou more, I'll give it thee!"—

Spoke the Knight, to Heaven appealing,
(Hark, and heed the words he said,)
—" Subtly now is Satan dealing,
Blessed Virgin! be my aid!

" Moor, I'll ne'er be Mahom's servant,
Ne'er the name of Christ profane,
And my heart, with faith most fervent,
Wears a Christian maiden's chain."—

—" Ha!" the Pagan roars in anger;
" Guards, in dungeons dark as night
Instant plunge this haughty stranger,
Ne'er again to see the light.

" Heap on him from spur to shoulder
Weight on weight, and chain on chain,
Till his sinews shrink and moulder,
That he ne'er may fight again!

" Last, the slave before me bringing,
Bid his gaoler thrice a year
Scourge him, till the blood is springing,
When the solemn feats are near!

" Deep in dungeons, deep in water,
Shall he mourn his scorn and pride;
Since he dares reject my daughter,
Now let sorrow be his bride."—

Days they came, and days they perished,
Till Saint John the Baptist's came:
Day, by both religions cherished,
Day, which both a fast proclaim.

Moors were then seen myrtle strowing,
Christians then burnt frankincense;
And a royal prize bestowing,
Bade the King the sports commence.

At a shield with jewels flaming,
Which aloft was seen to rise,
All the Moors, their lances aiming
Strove in vain to win the prize:

From the lists with shame returning,
All confest their skill too weak;
Till, with scorn and anger burning,
Thus the King was heard to speak:—

—"Touch no breast shall babe complaining,
Man no bread shall dare to eat,
Till some Knight, the mark attaining,
Lays it at my royal feet!"—

Of the noise was well aware He,
In the dungeon's depth who lay:
—"Holy Cross, and Blessed Mary,
Wherefore shout the Moors to-day?

"Does their Chief some blooming virgin
Home as bride in triumph bring?
Or is come my time of scourging
To delight the cruel King?"—

Spoke the Gaoler:—"'Tis no virgin,
Who to-day must lose the name,
Nor is this your time of scourging,
Which the clarions now proclaim:

"'Tis St. John's day thus respected,
And his feast to honour more
Hath the King a shield erected,
Bright with gems and precious ore.

"All the Moors, their lances throwing,
Vainly hoped the mark to reach;
When with quick impatience glowing,
Vowed the King in angry speech,

"Till on earth the shield was seen, no
Bread should in his realm be broke."—
—"Say'st thou?" cried with joy Guarino,
(Hark, and heed the words he spoke:)

"Give me back my courser trusty,
Which was wont my weight to bear;

KING RODRIGO's FALL.

———"O Lasso!
Quanti dolci pensier, quanto disio
Meno costoro al doloroso passo!"

DANTE.

"The unfortunate passion of King Rodrigo for Count Julian's Daughter, which occasioned the conquest of Spain by the Moors, is too well known to require any recital of it here. This Spanish Helen is by some authors called *Florinda*; but *La Cava* is the name assigned to her in this Ballad, and (I believe) is that, by which she is most usually distinguished."

KING RODRIGO's FALL.

THE moon was full, and full the tide;
The warring winds were heard to rave;
The fish in anxious terror sighed,*
So rude a tempest shook the wave:

When to that rich and royal tent,
With gold and gems so bright and gay,
His foot-steps King Rodrigo bent,
For there his loved La Cava lay.

Three hundred silver cords sustained
That proud Pavilion's vaulted height;
Twice fifty maids within remained,
So costly clad they dimmed the sight:

And half those maids delighted still
On lyres and lutes soft airs to play;
And half those maids with vocal skill
Breathed still some melting lovely lay.

Oh! then a stranger-damsel came,
And thus the sleeping King bespoke,
And Fortune was the damsel's name,
Whose voice the midnight silence broke.

—"And dost thou, Don Rodrigo, sleep?
Awake, Sir King! awake, and see,
Who evil sows, must evil reap,
And bad by worse must followed be.

* "Los Peces daban gemidos
Por el tiempo que hacia."

" Awake to see your subjects slain,
Your flying friends, and conquering foe;
Your towns, and towers, and wide domain,
In one sad day laid waste and low;

" Your castles strong, your blooming land,
Shall now a stranger Lord obey;
And would'st thou know, whose fated hand
Shall work this ill, e'en that I'll say.

" 'Tis Count Don Julian! well, too well,
Thou know'st (alas!) that injured name!
His daughter's wrongs his bosom swell,
By thee his daughter robbed of fame;

" And now he comes his word to keep,
(With many an oath that word was said)
That just revenge should never sleep,
Till thou a bleeding corse wert laid."

These words the King with trouble fill;
He woke, and sadly thus quoth he:
—" Thanks, Fortune, for thy news, though ill;
A heavy heart thou leav'st with me."—

And now comes one, who letters brings
To say, Count Julian scours the coast;
Swift on his steed Rodrigo springs,
And hastes to front the Rebel-host.

But such their numbers, such their might,
The Monarch finds resistance vain:
His chiefs and soldiers all in flight
Alike forsake the fatal plain.

Adieu, Rodrigo's subject bowers!
Adieu, his native groves and skies!
He flies his regal halls and towers;
Alas, poor King! *alone* he flies!

His courser roved, as humour pleased;
Neglected flowed the guiding rein;
Such deep despair the King had seized,
That sense had nearly left his brain.

All ghastly dyed in crimson gore,
A brand of fire he seemed from far;
His casque, with gems incrusted, bore
In deep-hewn dints the stamp of war.

His arms were marked from head to heel
With many a bruise and gaping flaw;
Such frequent strokes had hacked the steel,
His trusty sword appeared a saw:

And down he sadly drooped his head,
Like one with anguish worn and weak;
And drops of pain, and toil, and dread,
Defiled the luckless Monarch's cheek:

And thirst and anguish plagued him sore;
His lip was parched, and wild his eye:
I wot, to see what then he bore,
Had cost the hardest heart a sigh.

He gained a mountain's beetling height;
He paused awhile, and looked below:
He sought his troops; Oh! shameful sight;
They fled before the shouting foe.

He sought his standard's royal pride
And vassal-banners waving round:
He saw them scattered far and wide,
And trampled on the unworthy ground.

He sought the field's once verdant hue,
But streams of blood distained the green;
He sought his captains brave and true;
Alas! not one could now be seen!

Then pondering on his piteous case,
The weight of woes his temper broke;
And gushing tears bedewed his face,
While thus the vanquished Monarch spoke:—

—" This morn I rose sole Lord of Spain,
And now no foot of land have I;

This morn whole cities owned my reign,
And now unhoused my limbs must lie:

"This morn did armies crowd my lists
Of those who bent a subject knee;
And now on earth no soul exists,
Would stoop to show respect to me!

"Then curst that day, and curst that hour,
Which saw me born to wealth and sway,
Since all that wealth and all that power
One luckless morn hath snatched away.

"Oh! haste thee, Death, my woes to end;
My soul from this loathed body free?
I'll thank thee, as my truest friend,
The only friend now left to me."

FINIS.

BERTRAND & MARY-BELLE.

Post medias visus noctes, cum somnia veria.

HORACE.

" 'Twas just past midnight, when it met my view,
And at that hour ('tis said) all dreams are true."—

BERTRAND & MARY-BELLE.

—" Pale shines the moon! the evening star
Illumes both grove and dell!
Bright are its beams, but brighter far
The eyes of Mary-Belle.

" Soft echoes from the hills repeat
The nightingale's sad swell;
Sweet are her notes, but far more sweet
The voice of Mary-Belle.

" Of truth unchanged and happy love
Now let each zephyr tell;
While Bertrand through the moonlight grove
Conducts his Mary-Belle".—

Through many a wood the fond-ones past,
O'er many a meadow wide,
And gain'd a valley's gloom at last,
Which Mary trembling eyed.

There every object breathed dismay,
There all was still and dread;
The stars no light, the moon no ray,
Athwart the darkness shed.

With wonder Bertrand saw the tear
From Mary's eye descend—
—" What sorrow stains thy cheek, my dear?
Why mourns my lovely friend?

" Weep you, because in wealth and power
No more your parents shine?

Or weep you, that the marriage hour
Has bound your fate to mine?"—

—"I weep not that my friends no more
Can shine in power and wealth,
Since ease still loves my father's door,
He still is rich in health;

"I weep not, that by holy vows
I now am Bertrand's wife,
For since he first became my spouse,
Full blest has been my life.

"But when this dreary vale I view,
My tears unbidden stream;
I tremble, least my dream prove true,
My sad forboding dream.

"Methought all in the dead of night,
E'en in this very vale,
I saw nine maids in garments white,
Their faces wan and pale.

"With solemn steps advanc'd the band
And on her breast each maid,
Imprinted by some cruel hand,
A ghastly wound display'd.

"I heard their hollow voices swell,
And this was still their song;
"Thy hour is near! come, Mary-Belle,
And join our mournful throng."—

—"And didst thou then nine damsels see?
Did blood their bosoms stain?
Oh Mary-Belle, now list to me,
While I thy dream explain.

"These damsels once to me were dear,
As once to me wert thou;
My wife was each a single year,
And thou has been so now.

"I loved them once, I loved no more,
And I no more love thee;

Nine wives have dyed my brand with gore,
And thou the tenth must be!"—

He said, and in his victim's side,
Straight plung'd his cruel glaive;
Down Mary sank, yet ere she died
Three piercing shrieks she gave,

The first implored her sire so old;
The next her God addrest;
The last, it named her brother bold,
The one she loved the best.

Young Oswald heard the fearful noise,
As near the vale he strayed;
—"Hark! hark! I hear my sister's voice,
Who shrieks to me for aid!"—

Full swift he sought the fatal place,
Whence came the dying groan;
And there with sad and gloomy face
Sir Bertrand stood alone.

—"Oh, Bertrand! wherefore here so late?
Where is my sister, say?"—
—"Secure within my castle-gate
She dreams the night away."—

—"Then why does red thy weapon stain,
Which erst was pure and bright?"—
—"How should it not be red? I've slain
A turtle-dove to-night."—

—"That turtle-dove my mother bore;
That dove was good and true;
That dove to me was dear, and sore
Shalt thou its murder rue!"—

Then Oswald with avenging zeal
Fierce on the villain rush'd,
While steel replied to clashing steel,
And blood in torrents gush'd.

But guilt enfeebled Bertrand's sword,
His heart received a wound,

And sinking low, his bosom poured
Its life-streams on the ground.

Then searched the brother through the wood,
Then searched he through the vale,
And found at length all bathed in blood
Sweet Mary cold and pale.

Low in the grave sad Oswald laid
The corse with pious care,
And o'er her tomb was duly said
Full many a pious prayer.

But Bertrand's limbs, of life bereft,
Within the fatal wood
Unhallow'd and untomb'd were left
To be the vulture's food.

And Angels mourn'd for Mary's fate,
And sang her parting knell,
While Fiends caught Bertrand's dying breath,
And bore his soul to Hell.

FINIS.

THE LORD OF FALKENSTEIN.

A BALLAD.

—" Vows, which Men have broke;
In number more than ever woman spoke."
Midsummer Night's Dream.

THE LORD OF FALKENSTEIN.

IT was the Lord of Falkenstein,
He met a lass of form divine;
Loose flowed her locks, and robes of white,
And sorrow dimmed her eyes so bright.

—"And whither go'st thou, lovely maid?"—
The Lord of Falkenstein, he said;
"To yonder castle come with me,
And there my Love and Lady be."—

"And wherefore mourn'st thou lovely maid?"—
The Lord of Falkenstein, he said;
"Oh tell me whence thy sorrows flow,
And let me sooth thy bosom's woe."—

—"To go with thee, Sir Knight, whose name
I know not, could but cause my shame;
Nor may'st thou wipe away the tear,
Which streams for one most false, most dear!"

—"I am the Lord of Falkenstein;
Yon haughty castle-towers are mine,
Like purest gold which daily gleam,
And glitter in the morning beam."—

—"Art thou the Lord of Falkenstein?
And are yon towers so haughty thine?
Yon castle-towers, which gaily gleam,
And glitter in the morning beam?

"A boon, a boon, Sir Knight, of thee
I crave upon my bended knee;

Behold my grief with pitying eye,
And spare young Rupert, doom'd to die!"—

—"Now hush, fair girl! an hapless maid
Was by his perjured arts betrayed,
And soon abandoned—long she sighed,
And then in fond destraction died."

—"So left her Rupert? so did he
Leave one, who loved him better; Me!
So died the damsel?—so will I
Of grief expire, if Rupert die!"—

—"There stands a tower in Falkenstein,
Whose walls thy perjured love confine;
There doth he now in fetters stay,
And shall until his dying day."—

—"Stands there a tower in Falkenstein,
Whose walls my well-belov'd confine?
Oh! let me thither haste to cheer
My Rupert in his prison drear.

—"My piercing shrieks shall reach his cell;
My groans and sighs my truth shall tell;
And when at length he breathes no more,
I'll die his prison-gate before."—

The tower then went she round and round—
—"Art here, my love, in fetters bound?
Oh! speak one word, my Rupert dear,
And tell me if my voice you hear?"—

Then went she round and round the tower——
—"Cold blows the wind, fast falls the shower!
Loud howls the storm, it chills my heart;
More chill it they, our loves who part!"—

The Lord of Falkenstein, who heard
The faithful damsel's plaintive word,
Unlock'd, in pity, Rupert's chain,
And gave him to her arms again.

—"Receive thy lover, constant maid!"
The Lord of Falkenstein, he said;

" Yet must he leave these lands of mine,
Nor evermore see Falkenstein."—

—" Now thanks! now thanks, thou gallant Lord!
May fame thy mercy long record,
Blessings repay this gracious deed,
And every wish of thine succeed!

" May joys unmixed thy steps attend,
While far from hence our course we bend,
And in some lonely forest's gloom,
The remnant of our days consume!

" There many a tear shall Rupert pour;
There long his sins of youth deplore;
Shall weep, and pray, and fast, and pine,
And bless the Lord of Falkenstein!"

FINIS.

SIR GUY, THE SEEKER;

A LEGENDARY TALE.

INSCRIBED TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE EARL GREY.

" Io son l'Occasione, a pochi nota:
Dietro del capo ogni capel m'e tolto,
Onde in van s'affattica un, se gli avviene,
Ch' io l'abbia trapassato, o' s'io mi volto.—
—Dimmi; chi e' colei, che teco viene?—
—" E' Penitenza! e pero, nota e intende,
Chi non sa prender me, costei ritiene."—

MACHIAVEL.

SIR GUY, THE SEEKER.

LIKE those in the head of a man just dead
Are his eyes, and his beard's like snow;
But when here he came, his glance was a flame,
And his locks seemed the plumes of the crow.

Since then are o'er forty summers and more;
Yet he still near the castle remains,
And pines for a sight of that lady bright,
Who wears the wizard's chains.

Nor sun nor snow from the ruins to go
Can force that aged wight;
And still the pile, hall, chapel, and aisle,
He searches day and night:

But find can he ne'er the winding stair,
Which he past that beauty to see,
Whom spells enthrall in the haunted hall,
Where none but *once* may be.

That once regret will not let him forget!—
'Twas night, and pelting showers
Did patter and splash, when the lightning's flash
Showed Dunstanburgh's grey towers.

Raised high on a mound that castle frowned
In ruined pagean-trie;
And where to the north did rocks jut forth,
In towers hung o er the sea.

Proud they stood, and darkened the flood;
For the cliffs were so rugged and steep,

Had a plummet been dropt from their summit, unstopped
That plummet had reached the deep.

Nor flower there grew; nor tree e'er drew
Its nurture from that ground,
Save a lonely yew, whose branches threw
Their baleful shade around.

Loud was the roar on that sounding shore;
Yet still could the Knight discern,
Louder than all, the swell and the fall
Of the bellowing Rumble Churn!

With strange turmoil did it bubble and boil,
And echo from place to place;
So strange was its dash, and so high did it splash,
That it washed the castle's base:

The spray, as it broke, appeared like smoke
From a sea-volcano pouring;
And still did it rumble, and grumble, and tumble,
Rioting! raging! roaring!

Up the hill Sir Guy made his courser fly,
And hoped, from the wind and the rain
That he there should find some refuge kind,
But he sought it long in vain:

For fast and hard each portal was barred,
And against his efforts proof;
Till at length he espied a porch spread wide
The shelter of its roof.

—"Gramercy, St. George!" quoth glad Sir Guy,
And sought the porch with speed;
And fast to the yew, which near it grew,
He bound his Barbara steed.

And safety found on that sheltered ground
From the sky's increasing gloom,
From his brow he took his casque, and he shook
The rain off, that burthened its plume.

Then long he stood in mournful mood
With listless sullen air,
Propped on his lance, and with indolent glance
Watched the red lightning's glare;

And sadly listened to the shower,
On the clattering roof that fell;
And counted twice the lonely hour,
Tolled by some distant bell.

But scarce that bell could midnight tell,
When louder roared the thunder,
And the bolt so red whizzed by his head,
And burst the gates asunder.

And lo! Through the dark a glimmering spark
He espied of lurid-blue;
Onward it came, and a form all flame
Soon struck his wondering view!

'Twas an ancient man of visage wan,
Gigantic was his height;
And his breast below there was seen to flow
A beard of grizzled white:

And flames o'er-spread his hairless head,
And down his beard they streamed;
And in his hand a radiant wand
Of burning iron gleamed.

Of darkest grain, with flowing train,
A wondrous robe he wore,
With many a charm to work man's harm
In fire embroidered o'er:

And this robe was bound his waist around
With a triple chain red-hot!—
And still came nigher that phantom of fire,
Till he reached the self same spot,

Where stood Sir Guy while his hair bristled high,
And his breath he scarce could draw;
And he crost his breast, for I wot, he guest,
'Twas Belzebub's self that he saw!

Where ends the room, doth a chrystal tomb
Its towering front uphold;
And one on each hand two skeletons stand,
Which belonged to two giants of old:

That on the right holds a faulchion bright,
That on the left a horn;
And crowns of jet with jewels beset
Their eyeless skulls adorn:

And both those grim colossal kings
With fingers long and lean
Point tow'rds the tomb, within whose womb
A captive Dame is seen.

A form more fair than that prisoner's, ne'er
Since the days of Eve was known;
Every glance, that flew from her eyes of blue,
Was worth an Emperor's throne,
And one sweet kiss from her roseate lips
Would have melted a bosom of stone.

Soon as Sir Guy had met her eye,
Knelt low that captive maid;
And her lips of love seemed fast to move,
But he heard not what she said.

Then her hands did she join in suppliant sign,
Her hands more white than snow:
And like dew that streak the rose's cheek,
Her tears began to flow.

The warrior felt his stout heart melt,
When he saw those fountains run:
—"Oh! What can I do," he cried, "for you?
What mortal can do, shall be done!"—

Then out and speaks the wizard;
Hollow his accents fall!
—"Was never man, since the world began,
Could burst that chrystal wall:

"For the hand, which raised its magic frame,
Had oft clasped Satan's own;

And the lid bears a name..... Young Knight
the same
Is stamped on Satan's throne;

"At its maker's birth long trembled the earth;
The sky dropt showers of gore;
And she, who to light gave the wondrous wight,
Had died seven years before;

"And at Satan's right hand while keeping his
stand,
The foulest Fiend of fire
Shrunk back with awe, when the babe he saw,
For it shocked its very sire!

But hark, Sir Knight! and riddle aright
The riddle I'll riddle to thee:
Thou'lt learn a way without delay
To set yon damsel free.

"See'st yonder sword, with jewels rare
Its dudgeon crusted o'er?
See'st yonder horn of ivory fair?
'Twas Merlin's horn of yore!

"That horn to sound, or sword to draw,
Now, youth, your choice explain;
But that which you choose, beware how you lose,
For you never will find it again:

"And that once lost, all hopes are crost,
Which now you fondly form;
And that once gone, the sun ne'er shone
A sadder wight to warm;

"But such keen woe, as never can know
Oblivion's balmy power.
With fixed despair your soul will share,
Till comes your dying hour.

"Your choice now make for yon Beauty's sake;
To burst her bonds endeavour;
But that which you chuse, beware how you lose:
Once lost, 'tis lost for ever!"—

In pensive mood awhile now stood
Sir Guy, and gazed around;
Now he turned his sight to the left, to the right,
Now he fixed it on the ground.

Now the faulchion's blaze attracted his gaze;
On the hilt his fingers lay;
But he heard fear cry,—"you're wrong, Sir Guy!"
And he snatched his hand away!

Now his steps he addrest towards the North and the West;
Now he turned tow'rds the East and the South:
Till with desperate thought the horn he caught,
And prest it to his mouth.

Hark! the blast is a blast so strong and so shrill,
That the vaults like thunder ring;
And each marble horse stamps the floor with force,
And from sleep the warriors spring!

And frightful stares each stoney eye,
As now with ponderous tread
They rush on Sir Guy, poising on high
Their spears to strike him dead.

At this strange attack full swift sprang back,
I wot the startled Knight!
Away he threw the horn, and drew
His faulchion keen and bright.

But as soon as the horn his grasp forsook,
Was heard a cry of grief;
It seemed the yell of a soul in hell
Made desperate of relief!

And straight each light was extinguished quite,
Save the flame so lurid blue
On the Wizard's brow, (whose flashings now
Assumed a bloody hue,)
And those sparks of fire, which grief and ire
From his glaring eye-balls drew!

And he stamped in rage, and he laughed in scorn,
While in thundering tone he roar'd,
" Now shame on the coward who sounded a horn,
When he might have unsheathed a sword !"

He said, and from his mouth there came
A vapour blue and dank,
Whose poisonous breath seemed the kiss of death,
For the Warrior senseless sank.

Morning breaks ! again he wakes ;
Lo ! in the porch he lies,
And still in his heart he feels the dart,
Which shot from the captive's eyes.

From the ground he springs ! as if he had wings,
The ruin he wanders o'er,
And with prying look each cranny and nook
His anxious eyes explore :

But find can he ne'er the winding stair,
Which he climbed that dame to see,
Whom spells enthrall in the haunted hall,
Where none but once may be.

The earliest ray of dawning day
Beholds his search begun ;
The evening star ascends her car,
Nor yet his search is done :

Whence the neighbours all the night now call
By " Guy, the Seeker's" name ;
For never he knows one hours repose
From his wish to find the Dame ;

But still he seeks, and aye he seeks,
And seeks, and seeks in vain ;
And still he repeats to all he meets,
—" Could I find the sword *again* !—"

Which words he follows with a groan,
As if his heart would break ;

And oh! that groan, has so strange a tone,
It makes all hearers quake!

The villagers round know well its sound,
And when they hear it poured,
—"Hark! hark!" they cry; "the Seeker Guy
Groans for the Wizard's sword."—

Twice twenty springs on their fragrant wings
For his wound have brought no balm;
For still he's found.... But hark! what sound
Disturbs the midnight calm?

Good peasants, tell, why rings that knell?
—"'tis the Seeker-Guy's we toll:
"His race is run; his search is done".——
God's mercy on his soul!

FINIS.

THE ANACONDA.

AN EAST-INDIAN TALE.

" As those we love decay, we die in part;
String after string is severed from the heart,
Till lengthened life, at last but breathing clay,
Without one sigh is glad to fall away.
Unhappy they, who latest meet the blow,
Condemned to weep o'er many a Friend laid low,
Led slowly on from partial death to death,
Till dying, all, they can resign, is breath."

THOMSON.

THE ANACONDA.

"She speaks poniards, and every word stabs."
Much Ado about Nothing.

"THE Lord in heaven forbid!" exclaimed the old man, while every limb was convulsed with horror—the blood forsook his cheeks, and he clasped his hands in agony: "but the thing is impossible!" he resumed, after a few moments past in reflection, "absolutely impossible!—What! Everard? a boy, whose childhood was past under my own roof, under my very eye?.... whose manners are so mild.... who was ever so gentle, so grateful, so kind.... whose heart I know as well as I do my own.... Bless my soul, Sister Milman, what a fright you have given me! But it's no great matter now, for when I reflect upon this history of yours, I see clearly that the thing is quite impossible, and so there's an end of it."—

—"Now was there ever any thing so provoking? Brother, Brother, let me tell you, that at your time of life it is quite a shame to suffer yourself to be so blinded by prejudice—His childhood was past under your roof, forsooth! But where did he pass his *youth*, I should be glad to know? why, among tigers and alligators that swallow up poor dear little children at a mouthful, and great ugly black-a-moor monsters, who eat nothing but human flesh, heaven bless us! and where's the great wonder, that living in such graceless company, Everard should have picked up

some of their bloody tricks? Nay, Brother, to tell you a bit of my mind, for my own part I always suspected, that there was something awkward in the manner, by which he came by such a sight of money; though to be sure I never imagined, that the business was half so bad as it proves to be."—

—"Proves to be, Sister! proves to be, indeed? Let me remind you, that you have proved nothing, though God knows you have asserted enough to make every hair on my head stand an end: and as to his fortune, I make no doubt, that Everard can give as satisfactory an account of his making it, as the honestest man within the bills of mortality."—

—"I should be glad to know then, why he so obstinately refuses to give any account at all? It's above a year, since he returned from the East Indies, and yet there isn't a human being a bit better informed on the subject than we were on the first day of his landing; though I'm sure, it's not for want of asking, for many and many a good hour have I past in pumping, and pumping, and yet here do I sit at this moment no whit the wiser! He always puts on such a solemn look, and takes the first opportunity of turning the conversation to something else: nay, the other day when I wouldn't be fobbed off with a cock and a bull story about heaven knows what, and put the question home to him in so many words,—"By what means did you, Everard Brooke, get so much money?"he turned his back plump upon me, and stalked out of the room; which was no great proof of his good breeding, you'll say; but mercy upon us! good breeding isn't what the gentleman values himself upon, for it was but last Friday, that he bounced out of the room to call Towser off, who was barking at a little dirty beggar-boy, though he saw that I had dropt my tea-spoon, and was obliged to stoop for it myself! a great bear! but indeed, I expected nothing better from a man, who has lived so long among Hottentots."—

—" Well, Sister! I dare say, that he ought to have stopped to pick up your tea-spoon; though to be sure, I can't find in my heart to blame him very much for having gone first to rescue the beggar-boy; being afraid, that I should have committed exactly the same fault myself. But you know I never pretended to good-breeding, and in all matters of politeness, Sister Milman, I must give way to your better judgment and experience. However, I cannot be equally submissive respecting the material point; and in spite of all that you have advanced, I must still maintain my opinion, that Everard came by his money honestly, whatever you may have heard to the contrary."—

—" Then why wont he let a body know, *how* he came by it? Let me tell you, Brother, that when a man has any thing good to tell of himself, he isn't so fond of holding his tongue; nay, for that matter, to hold one's tongue at all isn't natural, and I warrant you, whoever does so, has some good reason at bottom for submitting to such a disagreeable restraint, if one could but get him to own it: and so think the Williamsons, and the Joneses, and my Cousin Dickins, and all the family of the Burnabys: for *I* am not of so uncommunicative a temper as your darling Everard, heaven be praised for it! No; if I get a bit of information, I am too generous to keep it to myself, and have no peace, till all my neighbours are as well informed as *I* am. So this morning, I no sooner got possession of this bloody story, than I ordered my chariot, and drove round the village to communicate it to all our friends and relations. To be sure, they were mightily shocked at the account, as who wouldn't be? But they confest, that they always expected to find something wrong at the bottom of this mystery, and they think it a mercy that I should have discovered the truth, before things were gone too far between Everard and your daughter Jessy."—

—" And so you have been carrying this fine story all around the village? I protest now, Sister Jane, it

seems to me, that you have been giving yourself a great deal of very unnecessary trouble; and if, after all, your assertions should prove to be unfounded, I know not, what recompense you can make poor Everard for this attempt to blast his character—the most innocent circumstances may be so construed as to wear an awkward appearance: there are always enough ill-natured people in the world ready to spread about scandalous reports, and Everard has too much merit not to have excited plenty of enemies; and here you have just now picked up a strange, unaccountable, rigmarole tale from one of these, and ....."—

"From one of his enemies!" exclaimed Mrs. Milman, fanning herself violently; "very fine truly! when I heard the whole story with these ears of mine from the mouth of his own little coffee-coloured barbarian! Yes, to be sure! Mirza is a violent enemy of Mr. Everard's, that cannot be denied!"

The old merchant's face underwent a considerable change at hearing these last sentences: he looked distrest, and rubbed his forehead for some moments in evident anxiety.

—"Mirza!" he repeated after a pause—"Sister ter Jane, recollect yourself; this is no trifling matter! are you quite *sure* that Mirza asserts the truth of the story, which I have just heard you relate?"—

—"I tell you, Brother, for the second time, that I heard him tell it with my own ears! not indeed all at once, for the wicked little Heathen knew too well, how little it was to his master's credit, that the fact should get abroad. Ah! he is a cunning hand, I promise you! But I went round about, and round about, and wormed, and wormed, and kept beating the bush, till I got it all out of him. I confess, I was obliged to promise faithfully, that his master should never know a syllable about it, for (he said) that it would give him pain to hear it mentioned, as to be sure well it may; but when I found, what a horrible secret it was, I had a great deal too much conscience to keep

my promise, and lost no time in making the monster's guilt known to the whole neighbourhood."—

—"Well, well, Sister! I won't pretend to say, that you did wrong, and I doubt not, you acted from the best motives; but yet I can't help wishing, that you had acted otherwise! This Everard. . . . poor, dear, wicked fellow, he was once so good. . . . so affectionate. . . . I would have betted all I have in the world, that it wasn't in his nature to kill so much as a fly—and to murder a woman. . . . a woman too, that he had promised to marry. . . .!"—

—"Aye! and to murder her in such a shocking manner too! first to shoot at her from behind a hedge, and when he found the poor creature was only wounded, to have the heart to run up to her, and actually beat her brains out with a club! Why, Mirza said, that he verily believed, that she was above half an hour dying."—

—"I never heard of any thing so horrible!"—

—"But what is worst, he wasn't contented with destroying the poor girl's body; he had previously ruined her precious soul! It seems, that her name was Nancy O'Conner; an Irish family, I suppose. I once knew an Irish officer of that name myself. I was but a girl then, and danced with him at the Hackney Assembly, and a mighty genteel comely-looking man he was, though he had but one eye; but that's neither here nor there. Well, as I was telling you, this Nancy was either the daughter or the wife of a rich planter, with whom Everard lived as clerk, or factor, or something of that kind. Well! and so, this poor girl fell in love with Everard, and he on his side was wonderfully attentive to Nancy; for Mirza says, that he passed whole days and nights in watching her, and ogling her, so that she actually could hardly stir without his knowing it; till at last he worked himself so totally into her good graces, and got such an influence over her mind, that (knowing his patron to have made a will entirely in Nancy's favour) he persuaded her to

poison poor Mr O'Conner, in order that she might share his wealth with her abominable lover."—

—"Poison her father? monstrous!"

—"Her father, or her husband, for (as I said before) I am not certain which; but I should rather suppose, it was her father, for it seems, the poor deceived old man made it his dying request to her, that she should make Everard her husband, as soon as ever the funeral was over: so you may judge, how artfully the hypocrite must have played his cards! Well! now it was supposed, that Everard would immediately have made Nancy Mrs. Brooke: the settlements were all drawn up; the clothes were bought; the wedding-day was fixed: when lo and behold! what do you think the ungrateful monster did? He persuaded the poor young creature to dispose of all her property; and when it was converted into money, and jewels, and such like, he enticed her into a wood, where he robbed and murdered her in the manner which you have just heard; and then getting on board a vessel with his plunder in all haste, he managed to escape from Ceylon, before the officers of justice had time to discover what was become of him! The only thing which surprises me is, that he should have brought away Mirza with him; but as the young Heathen was then quite a child, I suppose his master thought it probable, that he knew nothing of this bloody business, or would certainly forget it during the voyage. And now, Brother, what have you to say in behalf of your fine Mr. Everard? Ah! how often have I told you, over and over again, I was certain that something bad would come out against him all in good time! But you were obstinate; you still let him come dangling about your house, and keep hankering and hankering after your daughter Jessy; and now you may think yourself well off, if the girl's heart isn't fixed upon having the vagabond, and getting her brains knocked out in her turn, like poor Miss Nancy O'Connor."—

Partial as the old man was to Everard, he could not but feel his faith in him a good deal shaken by this long string of horrible circumstances, and by the positive manner in which they were advanced. And now flocked in one after another the Joneses, and the Williamsons, and all the family of the Burnabys, with their wondering, and their blessing themselves, and their pity for poor Miss O'Connor, and their having long suspected nothing better. The good old man listened in silence, and sighed, while they assailed him thus on all sides; but though he could not venture to contradict them, he could not find in his heart to join in their censures of the man, whom he had so long esteemed, and whom he still loved so tenderly. But when at length Cousin Dickins made his appearance, (a man of great importance in this family, for he was rich, a bachelor, advanced in years, and Jessy's godfather,) and announced his thorough belief in Mrs. Milman's story, it was no longer in old Elmwood's power to remain neutral in the business. He declared his submission to Cousin Dickins' better judgment, and his intention of declining any further communication with Mr. Brooke; for he no longer dared to call him by the familiar and affectionate appellation of Everard.

This declaration was received with great satisfaction by all present, and the resolution was pronounced *nem: con:* to be extremely judicious: the delinquent was at this time in London, whither he had repaired (as it was suspected) for the purpose of ascertaining the exact state of his property, in order that on his return he might lay it before Elmwood, accompanied by a formal demand of his daughter's hand. This absence was thought very fortunate by the company, as it afforded the best opportunity for putting Jessy upon her guard; and it was determined to summon her without loss of time, make known to her the true character of the man, with whom she had so imprudently been suffered to associate, and insist upon her making a solemn promise in full convocation, that she would

from that moment give up all communication with him.

Jessy made her appearance. Alas! the fate of her heart had been long decided. As she listened to the strange and horrible tale, she sometimes coloured with indignation against the accusers, and then again her cheeks grew pale through fear, lest the accusation should prove well founded. The charge was concluded; the promise was demanded; yet still Jessy spoke not, but sat absorbed in terror and grief. In vain was her lover's guilt repeated; in vain was she called upon to declare her abhorrence of him; still Jessy only answered with her tears. Her friendly relations turned up the white of their eyes at her blindness and delusion; Mrs. Milman was loud in exclaiming against the obstinacy and wrong-headedness of young people, who would fancy themselves wiser than their parents; and the formidable Cousin Dickins, assuming one of his most severe and dignified looks, insisted upon her giving an immediate answer.

Terrified almost out of her senses at this formal address, the trembling Jessy now contrived to sob out "a hope, that her aunt had been mistaken. . . . that Everard would still be able to prove his innocence." . . . . "Innocence!" so impossible a supposition was of itself sufficient to set the whole assembly in an uproar: the Wilkinsons, the Joneses, Cousin Dickins, and all the family of the Burnabys gave tongue at once; and above a dozen voices were still busy in affixing the least flattering epithets possible to the name of Everand, when the door opened, and Everard himself stood before them. He was just returned from London, and had hastened to assure himself of Jessy's welfare. In the next moment you might have heard a pin drop. The debate had been carried on in too loud a tone to permit his being ignorant of the nature of their discourse; but at all events, the evident and universal embarrassment, which his presence created, left him no doubt, that himself had been brought upon

the carpet, and that in a manner by no means to his credit His sun-burnt cheek glowed with indignation, as he gazed round the circle, and requested to know the meaning of those appellations, by which while ascending the stairs he had heard himself described.

The question being general, no person thought it necessary to take it to himself. Each looked towards his neighbour, as if he expected the answer to come from thence, and consequently all continued silent. Everard now found it needful to particularize, and turning to Cousin Dickins (whose voice had been supereminently loud) he demanded of him the desired explanation.

—"Why really, Sir," stammered out Cousin Dickins, adjusting his neckcloth, in order to conceal his embarrassment; "really, Mr. Everard.... as to what was said.... I can only say.... that *I* said nothing—that is to say, not that I quite said *nothing*—though to say truth, it was almost as good as nothing—for it was nothing from my own knowledge—I only repeated.... I only observed.... that, if what Mrs. Milman said was true...."—

—"Mrs. Milman?" interrupted Everard; "that's enough—now then we get a step nearer to the source of the business.—Will you then, Madam, have the goodness to explain your reason for applying such opprobrious epithets to the name of Everard Brooke? a name, which, I am bold to say, deserves them as little, as that of any person in this society—I wait for your reply, Madam."—

—"Well, Sir, and by my faith, you shall have it," answered Mrs. Milman, who by this time had recovered herself, and was now resolved to carry the business through with flying colours, by assuming a double quantity of assurance. "You shall have it, never fear! and if it turns out, that your name is really as good as any one's in the company, and that you really did not poison the old gentleman, and beat Miss Nan-

cy's brains out, why then so much the better for you, that's all, and there's no harm done."—

—"Poison the old gentleman? Beat out Miss Nancy's brains? What Miss Nancy? What old gentleman? Why, in the name of heaven, Mrs. Milman, where did you pick up this farrago of nonsense?"—

—"I pick up, indeed! Let me tell you, Sir, that I never picked up any thing, or any body in my life; and that if you talk of picking up, you are the much more likely person to pick up of the two. And now I'm about it, I'll let you into another piece of my mind. It's extremely rude in you to call my conversation a *farrago of nonsense:* but truly it's no wonder, for I'm not the first lady that you have treated with rudeness, heaven knows! and more's the pity—Miss Nancy for that."—

—"Miss Nancy again!" exclaimed Everard, "and who the devil then is Miss Nancy?"—

—"What then don't you know Miss Nancy! No; never heard of Miss Nancy O'Connor, I warrant?"—

—"No, Madam; I never did."—

—"Well, come, now, that *is* a good one! To beat a lady's brains out, and then to cut her acquaintance, and pretend you know nothing about her, is the finest piece of modern good-breeding, that I ever heard of! Nay, indeed, I never expected much good breeding, from *you*, Sir, ever since that affair of the tea-spoon. But one thing I can tell you; your little copper-coloured Hottentot, Mirza, sings a very different song from you on this occasion; for I had the whole story from his own lips."—

—"From Mirza's? Impossible!"—

—"It's not mighty polite in you to contradict one so plump, Sir, but no matter for that; I repeat it; Mirza told me himself, that you had poisoned a gentleman, and beat his daughter's brains out; and now so much for that, and butter for fish. Nay, if you don't chuse to believe me, call the boy hither, and ask him; Id esire no better, and I see him playing in the garden at this moment."—

—" And it shall be done instantly !" cried Everard, at the same time throwing up the window —" Mirza ! Mirza !"—

Mirza was soon in the room.

—" Pray, Mirza, what is the meaning," began Everard, but Mrs. Milman immediately interrupted him.

—" Silence, if you please, Sir ; I'll examine the boy myself. Come here, Mirza ; well, and how d'ye do, my dear ? Pray, Mirza, what was that pretty story you told me this morning about poisoning somebody, and killing somebody with a club, and. . . ."

—" Oh ! Missy, Missy !" cried Mirza, " you no say dat ! Massa tell me no talk. . . Massa grieve. . . . Massa angry. . . ."—

" No, no, child : he'll not be angry. He wants to hear how prettily you tell the story, and so you must tell it *all* ; mustn't he, Mr. Brooke ?" Everard gave a sign of assent ;—" You know, Mirza, it was all about how your master made his fortune ; well, and so, Mirza, (upon my word, you're a very nice lad, and there's sixpence for you,) well, and so you say, my dear, that your master killed her in a wood : what ? did he kill her *quite ?*"—

—" Iss, quite ! she quite dead ! Massa beat brains out wid great club !"—

—" *I*, Mirza ?" exclaimed Everard ; " Did *I ?*"—

—" Iss, dad you did, Massa ! and God him bless you for it !"—

—" Bless him for it !" whispered Mrs. Milman to Cousin Dickins ; " there's fine morality ! the wicked little Heathen ! but you'll hear more presently !" then turning again to the boy ; " well but, Mirza, you told me something too about *poisoning*—what, I suppose, before your master killed Miss Anne O'Connor. . . . ."—

—" Conda ! Conda !" interrupted the boy.

—" Condor, was it ?" repeated Mrs. Milman :—" well, well, Connor, or Condor, the name makes no

difference. Well, Mirza, and so you say, that this Anne O'Condor, instigated by your master, I suppose. . . . "—

—"Oh! my massa! my massa!" shrieked Mirza in a tone of agony, at the same time pointing to Everrard; who pale as death, and with a countenance expressing the most painful agitation, rushed to a table, on which stood a decanter of water, of which he hastily swallowed a draught; though so violently did his hands shake, that the goblet was carried to his lips with difficulty.

—"Forgive my leaving you so abruptly," said he, in a faltering voice; "I will return in a few minutes:" and he hastily quitted the apartment, followed by Mirza.

Now then his guilt was past doubting! Mrs. Milman spread out her petticoats, fanned herself with an air of triumph, and began a sermon upon the wonderful effects of conscience. Surprise had checked the course of Jessy's tears; the blood had deserted her lips and cheeks, and she sat motionless, looking like a marble statue. The good old Elmwood felt in his own the wound, which his darling's heart had just received: but he had nothing to offer for her relief, except a fond pressure of her hand, and a sigh of compassion. The rest of the company shrugged up their shoulders at the depravity of human nature, and nodded their heads significantly at one another, as if they had been so many Chinese josses—Suddenly the door opened; and Mrs. Milman was still in the full flow of her eloquence, when Everard re-entered the room, to all appearance perfectly recovered from his late disorder.

—"Mrs. Milman," said he, "I am now master of the whole of this business. Your ignorance of circumstances peculiar to the East, the singularity of my adventures, and the broken English in which you heard them related, have led you into a most extraordinary mistake. I cannot clear it up, without subject-

ing myself to the most agonizing recollections, and rending open afresh those wounds, which (it's true) are scarred over, but which are too deep and too deadly to be ever thoroughly healed. If, therefore, the opinion of the world were alone concerned (that opinion, which is so little necessary to my own happiness), I should leave you in your error, rather than subject myself to the pain of an explanation—But I see in this circle two persons, one of whom possesses too dear an interest in my affections to permit my leaving a single thorn in her gentle bosom, which I have it in my power to remove; while the paternal kindness which the other showed to me while I was still a boy, demands that I should convince him, that it was not shown to one unworthy. To calm their feelings, I will sacrifice my own; and much as I shall suffer while making the recital, the recital of my adventures shall still be made—Be attentive then, and every thing shall be explained."——

Curiosity now became the predominant expression —Elmwood breathed freer, held up his head higher than before, and shook his daughter's hand affectionately: a roseate blush stole over the lovely fair face of Jessy, while a look of silent gratitude thanked her father—the rest of the company drew their chairs closer together, and prepared to listen with all their ears.

Everard seated himself, and thus began.

THE NARRATIVE OF EVERARD BROOKE.

——"Oh! I have suffered
With those, whom I saw suffer!"

Tempest.

YOU are already aware, that my fortune was made in the Island of Ceylon. It was there, that I was so lucky as to find employment in the house of a man, whose virtues rendered him as much the object of universal esteem, as the favours which he conferred upon me, entitled him to my peculiar gratitude—I was engaged by him as his secretary; but all other names were, soon forgotten by us both in that of friends. He was an Englishman as well as myself, and perhaps this had no slight influence in producing so strict an intimacy between us. A variety of untoward circumstances had compelled him to abandon his native land, and sail in pursuit of fortune to the East. His toil had not been vain: the capricious goddess, who fled from him with such disdain in Europe, now showered her favours upon his head with the most unwearied profusion. He had consumed but a few years in Ceylon, and was already rich and possest of a distinguished situation. It seemed, as if fortune was at length resolved to convince the world, that she was not always blind; for had she searched the whole island through, she would have found it difficult to bestow wealth and honour upon a wiser or a better man. But of all his treasures, that which he counted most precious, that for which he thanked Heaven's bounty

at every moment of his existence and with every pulsation of his heart, was a wife, who united all the beauty and graces of her sex with all the firmness and judgment of ours. One only blessing was denied them: Louisa was not a mother.

My friend and patron [his name was Seafield], possest a villa at a small distance from Columbo. The place, it's true, was of no great extent; but it united in their fullest perfection all those charms which render Nature in that climate so irresistible an enchantress. This was Seafield's most beloved residence, and hither he hastened, whenever the duties of his station permitted his absenting himself for a few days from Columbo: in particular, there was a small circular pavilion designed by his own hand, and raised under his own inspection, to which he was particularly partial, and in which he was accustomed to pass the greatest portion of his time. It stood some few hundred yards from the dwelling-house, and was situated on a small eminence, whence the prospect over land and sea was of a description rich, varied, and extensive. Around it towered a thick circle of palm-trees, resembling a colonnade; their leafy fans formed a second cupola above the roof; and while they prevented a single sun-beam from piercing through the coolness of their embowering shades, their tall and slender stems permitted not the eye to lose one of the innumerable charms afforded by the surrounding landscape.

This delightful spot happened to be the residence of Seafield's whole family, when accidental business of importance required Louisa's presence at Columbo. Conscious that her husband considered every day as lost, which he was compelled to pass at a distance from his beloved retreat, she positively refused his attendance, but accepting me as her escort, she departed for the city. Diligence and impatience to return home, enabled her to despatch her affairs in less time than she had expected them to occupy; and in the

very first moment that she found herself once more at liberty, she ordered the palanquins to be prepared, and her slaves to hold themselves in readiness for departing. Our journey was performed by night for the double purpose of reaching home the sooner, and of escaping the ardour of the noon-day sun. We arrived an hour after day-break; yet Seafield was already abroad.

—"As usual, he ascended the hill to enjoy the beauty of the rising sun"—thus said Zadi, Seafield's old and attached domestic; in whose favour his master made an exception to his general opinion, that in all their transactions with Europeans, the natives of this island were totally devoid of gratitude, honesty, and good faith.

—"We shall find him in the pavilion, then?" said Louisa.

—"Not a hour ago I left him there writing,"—was the answer.

—"We will go thither and surprise him," she said, addressing herself to me—"wait here while I change my dress; a few moments will suffice for my toilette, and I shall expect to find you here, when I return."—

In the mean time while I remained leaning against one of the columns, which supported the small portico, by which the door was sheltered. From hence I enjoyed an uninterrupted view of the hill and its pavilion, which, surrounded by its light and beautiful garland of palm-trees, attracted the sight irresistibly. While my eye dwelt with satisfaction on their broad sheltering heads, I fancied, that I could discover an excrescence upon the stem of one of them extremely unusual in those trees, which in general rear themselves perpendicularly towards the sky, regular and straight as the pillars of a colonnade. It resembled a large branch extending from one stem to its neighbour; and what puzzled me the more in this appearance was, that it seemed occasionally to be waved

backwards and forwards, though the breathing of the sea-gale was so gentle, that it scarcely moved the leaves on the neighbouring branches. I made a variety of guesses to account for this phænomenon; but every thing which my memory, or my imagination could suggest, seemed inadequate to solve this difficulty entirely to my satisfaction.

I was still puzzling myself with conjectures, when Zadi drew near me with some slight refreshments. I pointed to the branch, whose apparent motion had excited so much of my attention, and inquired, whether he could at all account for the strong effect produced upon it by the sea-breeze, while the slighter boughs were so gently agitated. He immediately turned himself towards the palm-trees: But no sooner did his eye rest upon the spot in question, than the silver basket with its contents dropped from his hands; the paleness of death spread itself over his swarthy countenance; he caught at one of the columns to save himself from falling to the ground; and while his eyes exprest the deepest horror and consternation, he pronounced with difficulty—"The Anaconda!—that is the Anaconda!—We are undone!"——

What could have produced an effect so sudden and so violent upon a man, whom I well knew to inherit from Nature the most determined courage and most remarkable self-possession, was to me absolutely incomprehensible: But though I was ignorant of its cause, the sight of his extreme alarm was almost sufficient to shake my own presence of mind. I saw, that he was on the point of sinking on the earth, overpowered by his emotions: I sprang towards him, and caught him in my arms.

—"For the love of heaven," I exclaimed, "compose yourself, old man! Tell me, what terrifies you thus? What mean you by the Anaconda? What can occasion these complaints, and this alarm?"—

He endeavoured to recover himself—he strove to

still lives!"—thus shouted the faithful Zadi, as he rushed into Louisa's apartment. His anxious vigilance had induced him to examine every part of the mansion, and ascertain with his own eyes, that it was perfectly secure against danger. He now returned out of breath from the balcony, whence he had discovered to his great satisfaction, that his view was unimpeded over the whole pavilion. He remarked, that the door, and all the windows (as far as the power of vision extended) were closely fastened; and hence he reasonably concluded, that his master had been aware of the enemy's approach in full time to take every necessary precaution for his safety.

—"Hear you that, my dear Lady?" I exclaimed, while I took Louisa's hand; "Surely, this intelligence is alone sufficient to restore your strength and tranquillity. We had nothing to apprehend for Seafield, except his being surprised by the monster while unprepared. But you see, that he has had time to shut out the danger: He has now nothing to do but to remain quietly within his retreat, and the snake will either not discover his being so near, or at any rate will be unable to break through the bulwarks, which separate them. The whole business is therefore a disagreeable blockade for an hour, or perhaps less; at the end of which the Anaconda will grow weary of waiting for its prey, and by retiring to seek it in some other quarter, will release our friend, and then we shall all be quit for the fright."—

The satisfaction with which I thus endeavoured to re-assure the agonized heart of Louisa, was thoroughly established in my own. But Zadi, whose own feelings were too much agitated by his master's situation to permit his attending to those of others, hastened with too little consideration to destroy the hope, which I so fondly indulged, and with which I strove to sooth the afflicted wife.

—"Oh! no, no, no!" he exclaimed; "we must not reckon upon the snake's leaving us so soon!

When the Anaconda has once chosen a groupe of trees for her abode, and is seen to sport among their branches, in the manner in which we saw her amusing herself, she will remain there for whole days and weeks watching patiently for her prey, till every chance of success fails her, and absolute famine compels her to emigrate: But her capacity of existing without food is almost inconceivable, and till she removes of her own free will, no human power is able to drive her from her retreat."—

"Almighty powers!" stammered out the trembling Louisa; "then he is lost indeed! Even should those slight barriers be sufficient to protect him from the monster's fury, he must still at last fall a prey to the assaults of hunger."—

My frowning looks easily made the old man aware of his imprudence, which he had just committed: But the mischief was irreparable. Every thing, which his imagination could suggest to soften the effect produced by his ill-judged confession, was unable to blunt the arrow, which had carried it into the heart of his mistress the poison of despair.

—"But after all," said I, "why are we to take it for granted that our friend is actually exposed to this urgent danger? By your own account, Zadi, above an hour had elapsed between your leaving your master in the pavilion, and your discovery of the Anaconda; and what then can be more likely than that the day being so delightful, he should have gone out to walk, and have quitted the pavilion before the snake's approach?"—

—"Angel of comfort!" exclaimed Louisa, while she seized my hand, and prest it to her lips; "blessed, ever blessed be you for that suggestion!—Why should it not be as you suppose?—Why should not his absence have rescued him?"—

—"Ah! dear Heaven!" sighed the old man, and shook his head—"the doors closed.... the windows all fastened...."—

—" Prove nothing," I interrupted him;—" when did Seafield ever leave his favourite retreat, without taking those precautions?—Perhaps, at this very moment that we are trembling for his safety, he is at the distance of miles from the place of danger! Perhaps, nothing more is requisite for his full security, than that we should take the precaution of warning him in time, lest he should return to the dangerous pavilion, instead of coming straight to the house. Come, come, Zadi; let us hasten to find him! Summon together all the male domestics, as well as our palanquin-bearers; let us divide them into small parties, and send them into every path, by which it is possible for Seafield to regain the hill."—

—" Yes, hasten! hasten!" cried Louisa; " the thought, that you may come too late, pierces me to the very soul: Yet on his having already quitted the pavilion hangs my whole, my only hope!—Hasten, friends! oh! hasten to find him!"—

Her eagerness would not suffer us to remain a moment. We consigned her to the care of her female attendants. We then collected the male inhabitants of the house together with all speed, and having armed them in the best manner that time would permit, we approached in different quarters as near the fatal hill, as the protecting shelter of trees and branches would allow us, without running the risk of being discovered by the Anaconda. Zadi remained with me.

On our way, I endeavoured to compose my thoughts, and to make myself master of every particular, respecting the danger, to which the friend of my heart was exposed. My own alarm, and Louisa's presence, had hitherto prevented my obtaining a thorough knowledge of the nature of Seafield's situation, and what he had to apprehend: But now that I was alone with him, I lost no time before I questioned Zadi.

—" You see, old man," said I, " how your fatal outcry, ' An Anaconda,' has palsied every soul

through excess of terror. Now your imprudence will have been most unpardonable, should it turn out, that you spoke without being quite certain of the fact, or if you should have been found through your own natural timidity to have exaggerated the danger. Recollect yourself therefore, and then answer me calmly and frankly—"Are you positive, that what you saw was really an Anaconda; and in the dreadful account which you have just given of her, have you not in some degree overstepped the limits of truth?"—

—"Sir," answered the good old man, "though it were the last word which I have to utter in this world, I should still repeat my former assertions. Why, the very name of this creature is enough to make every native of this Island feel the blood freeze in his veins!—and that I have not deceived myself, is, alas! but too certain. I have already seen the Anaconda twice, at no greater distance than now; though never one of such a monstrous length and thickness, as that which is at present before us. This country would speedily become a wilderness, if fortunately these reptiles were not very rarely met with; for in general they remain concealed within the recesses of the deepest woods—there clinging round the branches of some gigantic tree, they remain waiting with inexhaustible patience for an opportunity of darting down upon their prey, the first man or animal, who is unlucky enough to pass beneath them. How it happens, that this snake should have advanced so far into the open country, is what I can least comprehend: But as the rainy season is but just over, it is most probable, that she has been swept away by the irresistible violence of some of the mountain-torrents."—

During this conversation we had continued to advance under favour of the thick-woven underwood, till we were scarcely more than an hundred paces distant from the monster. We could now examine it with the most perfect distinctness, and the eye was

self down close to the threshold of the circular pavilion, she encompassed it entirely, as if she was determined to secure her destined victim irrevocably, by enclosing him within the impassable limits of her magic ring!

Deeply penetrated with the sense of that danger by which my friend was menaced, I forgot my own, and seizing my gun, placed it to my shoulder. The ball whistled through the air: I was an excellent marksman, and was certain, that I had pointed my piece exactly at the monster's head; and yet.... whether too great anxiety made my hand shake, or that the animal at that very moment made some slight change in her attitude, I know not.... But it is at least certain, that not the slightest shrinking gave me reason to believe, that she felt herself at all injured. In the mean while, Zadi had seized my arm, and drawn me forcibly into a deeper part of the thicket.

—"Ah! Mr. Everard!" sighed he; I was well aware, that the Anaconda can set all our fire arms at defiance. Her scaly hide renders her invulnerable, except when one is close to her; and all that you have done is to put your own safety in danger, without advancing a single step nearer to my master's relief."—

However, it did not appear, that our enemy had paid much attention to my assault upon her. On the contrary, she only busied herself in renewing her attempts to gain an entrance through the pavilion's windows; till at length seemingly wearied with her unavailing efforts, she retired slowly, and concealed herself under the verdant umbrella of the palm-trees. We also had regained our former lurking-place; though we were now more irresolute than ever, as to the means most proper to be adopted towards the rescue of my friend.

While we stood thus with our eyes fixed immovably upon the pavilion, we observed the door to be slightly agitated. After a minute, the lock was gently drawn back; slowly, and with the utmost caution, did

the door expand about the breadth of half a foot, and out sprang the little Psyche, a beautiful Italian greyhound, Seafield's favourite play-fellow and inseparable companion. As if conscious of her danger, she rushed down the hill with her utmost swiftness: but with still greater swiftness did the Anaconda in one monstrous spring dart rattling down from its airy covert. The poor little animal was seized: we could just hear a short half suppress cry, which marked its dying agony; for the dreadful jaw-bone moved but twice, or thrice, and lo! the dog's chine was broken, and every bone in its body splintered. The snake then dragged her prey to the foot of the palm-tree, (for in order to produce the proper exertion of strength, it seemed necessary for her to have the stem or strong branch of some tree to cling to,) where she stretched herself out upon the grass at her ease, and began with her black tongue to separate the flesh from the bones of the crushed little animal.

The distress, occasioned in my mind by this sight, in itself so painful and disgusting, was converted into agony by the reflections to which it gave birth, after the first moments of horror and surprise were past! That fact was now confirmed, which till this moment (in order to preserve at least a gleam of comfort however faint) I had obstinately refused to believe.—Seafield then was actually in the pavilion!—the discharge of my musket had in all probability made him aware, that his friends were at no great distance. No one but he could have unclosed the door so cautiously, in order to leave his little favourite at liberty to quit their common shelter; and Zadi was positive, that he had observed a riband fastened round the neck of the animal, to which something white appeared to be attached, in form resembling a letter. It was then a message to *us!* a cry for assistance! a sacred injunction, that we should not abandon him in this season of his utmost need! What agony of soul must he have endured.... What agony of soul must he even at that

moment be enduring! To what a pitch of desperation must his mind have been worked up, before his trembling hand could have resolved to draw back the bolt, which was the only barrier between himself and annihilation! How bitter a pang must it have given his tender benevolent heart, when he drove out his fond and faithful companion, and exposed her to such danger? and then flattering himself (as no doubt he did) that the little animal's speed would surely enable her to escape. . . . Oh! what a cruel wound must Psyche's expiring half-heard cry have given to his feelings!— These reflections, or at least others nearly similar to them, almost deprived poor Zadi of his senses altogether.

—"Oh! powers of mercy!" he exclaimed repeatedly; "what did his letter mean to tell us?—that at this moment he is struggling with despair?—Alas! alas! we know it, we feel it! and yet here we stand inactive, without counsel, without resolution, without hope!"—

—"Patience! patience!" said I, interrupting him: "it is evident that our waiting here is of no advantage. Let us return home, and endeavour to find means of giving some more effectual assistance, than our tears."—

We found the domestics returned from their unavailing expedition, and the greatest part of them assembled in the court-yard, whose lofty walls afforded them a secure refuge: Being all natives of Ceylon, they were well acquainted with the nature and pursuits of the Anaconda, either from their own experience, or from hearsay: But almost deprived of the power of thought by their terrors, no one was able to point out any means for attacking her with success. I immediately despatched two of them to Columbo, to explain our situation, and demand assistance. I also desired, that medical aid might be sent to Louisa, and that if they could possibly find one, they should bring back with them a speaking trumpet. I then repaired

to poor Louisa, and endeavoured to comfort her heart with a faint gleam of hope, which my own was incapable of admitting. I failed in the attempt; she was a prey to the most abject despair: nor was I more successful in my endeavours to persuade her to withdraw from this scene of horror, and accompany my messengers to Columbo; a measure which was advisable both on account of her own security, and because her absence would leave us at liberty to bestow our undivided attention upon her husband. But finding her resolved not to remove from the scene of Seafield's danger, I returned to the court-yard, where the dejected domestics were still lamenting over the situation of their master, and expatiating on the dreadful properties of the Anaconda.

—"Friends!" I exclaimed, "there is not one among us all to whom the master of this house has not been a benefactor! Now, that he is threatened with destruction, now is the time for us to show our gratitude for his kindness! Come then; let every one follow me, who loves his Lord, and who bears an honest heart in his bosom. Let us despise the danger of the attack, and set forward in a full body to deliver him by force! We are armed; in numbers, in reflection, in skill, the advantage is on our side. The bolder that we rush upon our enemy, the less dreadful will she appear to us. My life for it, she will be alarmed at the attack, and fly before us, and thus we shall enjoy the inestimable pleasure of rescuing our friend from death. Now then! let all who are of my opinion, show themselves to be men, and range themselves on this side of the court."—

Alas! Zadi was the only one who obeyed this invitation: the rest, poor timid wretches, (in number between twenty and thirty) stood there trembling, gazing upon each other with doubtful looks, and whispering together, as if desirous of discovering an excuse for the cowardice of each in the ignominy of his neighbour. After a few minutes, one of them, whom

the rest had appointed to be spokesman, advanced towards me, and stammered out their general assurance—" that to attack the famished snake with force, would be nothing better than absolute madness."—

This hope disappointed, I next resolved to try what effect of terror might be produced upon the monster by the united shouts and outcries of so considerable a body, assisted by the general and repeated discharge of our fire-arms. Our preparations were soon made; Louisa was apprised of the clamour which was going to be made: and in truth, we raised an uproar so loud and so well-sustained, that it seemed almost capable of waking the sleepers in the grave. From all the casements we discharged at the same moments our muskets provided with a double charge, and a hail of bullets rattled about the head of the gigantic snake, who afforded us a fair aim. Yet still she continued to play her gambols quietly among the trees; nay, she did not give any sign, by which we could judge, that she was sensible of our attack—After a few moments spent in this manner with no better effect, we found that our provision of ammunition was exhausted: Besides, we were ourselves too much fatigued to continue any longer an attempt, which afforded us so little prospect of producing any advantage.

By this time the day was drawing rapidly to its close. By dint of turning the painful subject frequently in my mind, and making every possible conjecture, one means of scaring the Anaconda had suggested itself, which appeared to me well worthy of attention; but in order to put it in execution, the darkness of the night was necessary. I had often read in books of travels, what powerful aid had been derived from fire against the attacks of wild beasts, and how lions and tigers had often forgotten their thirst of blood, and betaken themselves to flight, like the most timid animals, when scared by a fire-brand whirled round, or the blaze of a flaming heap of straw. Armed with such weapons, I was determined, as soon as night

should be set in, to approach the Anaconda, and put her courage to the proof, even though the faithful Zadi should be the only one of sufficient courage to assist me in my venturous design.

The night arrived: an awful stillness reigned all around us—Our enemy, however, still was watchful; for from time to time we could hear her rustling among the branches. I past the twilight in endeavouring to comfort Louisa with the prospect of a serious attack to be made upon the snake next day, from which (as I assured her) much better success might be expected: but I judged it prudent to conceal from her our nightly enterprise, the effect of which appeared even to myself too uncertain to make me venture to ground upon it any promise of advantage. Besides, her exhausted strength made it absolutely necessary that she should pass some moments in tranquillity; a state, which seemed to me absolutely incompatible with the tumults of expectation, which the knowledge of our proposed adventure would naturally excite in her bosom.

At length a sign given by Zadi made me aware, that all our preparations were completed. Louisa was reclining on a couch with her eyes closed, and seemed to have fallen into a kind of lethargy. I stole softly from the apartment, and was on the point of quitting the house, when a means suggested itself to me of communicating my design to my friend, even before the arrival of the speaking trumpet, which I expected the next day from Columbo. I recollected, that I had lately taught Seafield a common European trick of combination, by which two persons separated from each other (having first agreed upon their measures) could convey their sentiments without the help of words: a certain number of blows, corresponding with the number of the place which each letter of the four and twenty holds in the alphabet, enabled the striker to form words and sentences, by which the hearer without other communication was

made aware of the steps, which without his knowledge it had been settled for him to take—this trifle had but lately served us to puzzle Louisa, and pass away an idle evening hour; and I flattered myself with the possibility, that it might still exist in Seafield's remembrance. At any rate, I resolved to make the trial without loss of time, and the stillness of night seemed to afford me the most favourable opportunity for executing my plan with success.

A thin smooth board, well calculated for reverberating sounds, and a strong hammer were easily procured. With these I hastened to the balcony, and began by striking as many blows, as the alphabet required, (that is, one to A—two to B—twenty-four to Z, &c. till I had gone through it regularly. I trusted that this *orderly* manner of proceeding would awaken his attention; and having completed the alphabet, I told him (in the same manner) if he comprehended my meaning, to strike three blows within the pavilion, as loud as he possibly could.—Oh! heavenly powers! I had not long to wait! It was not long, before three faint sounds informed me, that I was understood, and never did music seem so sweet to my ear!—I hurried to tell Louisa, that I had found a means of communicating with her husband, and that I was going to command him to be of good cheer in *her* name and for *her* sake—A silent melancholy smile, a convulsive pressure of my hand, were my reward; and I now hastened again to the balcony to assure the poor prisoner that I was labouring for his relief; that Louisa was well, and begged him to be patient and composed; and that I requested him to keep up his spirits, and resist the attacks of despair, since he might depend upon it, that I would either rescue him, or perish in the attempt. I concluded by desiring him to assure me, that he would confide in the activity of my friendship, by repeating his former signal—I now suffered my hammer to rest—I listened—Again, more audibly than before, did I hear

the three wished-for blows given from within the pavilion, and I now hastened to prosecute my nightly plan with fresh spirits and renovated ardour.

Excited by Zadi's remonstrances, about a dozen of the bravest among the domestics and palanquin-bearers were assembled with torches in their hands in the court-yard. My design was, to steal as near the hill as the underwood would permit, under favour of the darkness, and only guided by a single dark lanthorn. When we could approach no further without hazard, we were to light our torches as fast as possible, and whirling them round and round, to rush towards the pavilion with loud shouts, in order that our attack might be accompanied by all the terrors and advantage of surprise.

Zadi, to whose care the guiding lanthorn was confided, went foremost; I followed close upon his footsteps, and thus with extreme caution and in profound silence did we press through bushes and brambles, till we arrived above half as near again to the pavilion, as the position which we had occupied during the day. The Anaconda now lay right before us, quiet and unsuspecting; nor could we have wished for a better opportunity for executing our plan with every probability of success. We now turned to our companions.... But just Heaven! who can express our astonishment and vexation, and how did our hearts sicken at perceiving, that the faithless cowards had shrunk from the danger now that it was so near at hand, and had profited by the darkness to steal away one by one! I was alone with Zadi; we concluded with justice, that for only two persons to make the attempt must be unavailing, and the old man flattered himself, that he should be able to shame his comrades into a resumption of their more manly resolutions. I had but little hopes of his success; yet no choice was left me but to follow him and give double strength to his persuasions and reproaches.

Both were employed in vain: their terrors had subdued all sense of shame completely. They called us madmen for wishing to expose ourselves to the fury of the famished Anaconda; and instead of promising any future assistance, they declared, that they would only wait for day-break to secure themselves by flight from a danger so imminent. In the mean while Zadi was busy in fastening several torches together in pairs.

—"Come, Sir!" he cried to me; let us lose no more precious time in endeavouring to inspire these heartless knaves with courage! Let us leave the cowards, and try, whether perhaps the glare of these torches, doubled as you see them, may not of themselves be sufficient to dazzle and scare away the monster. At the worst we can but perish with our dear master, and it is better to die, than not perform our duty!"

I obeyed him: we hastened back to the pavilion. Already were we on the point of ascending the hill, when I felt my arm seized by some one with a convulsive grasp. I turned hastily round: a thin figure, breathless through speed and anxiety, and whose white garments fluttered in the breeze of night, stood beside me. It was Louisa! Our dispute with the slaves had not past so quietly, but that our voices had reached the ear of Seafield's sorrowful wife, whose couch, anguish of heart permitted not slumber to approach. She questioned her attendants; by artful interrogatories she contrived to draw from them the peculiar nature of the enterprise, on which we were engaged. She feigned to sleep: and as soon as her women were thrown off their guard, she stole from her apartment, seized a torch, and followed us determined to share with us the danger and its reward.

My whole resolution failed me, when I recognized the new comer, and when she made known in a few short expressive words her desperate resolution. In

a low voice I conjured her to return to the mansion-house; I protested, that her presence robbed our arms of strength and our hearts of courage; and I asked her, whether it was not enough agony for us to tremble for an existence so dear as Seafield's, without being obliged to risque the loss of another life equally precious?

—"My life for his!" was the only reply, which she gave to my remonstrances; "my life for his!—What! shall I rest my hands idly before me, while strangers are active in his defence? Shall I have to blame myself during the remnant of my existence, for having done nothing for him in the time of his extreme need, *Nothing?* Shall my husband actually be rescued by his friends, while his careless wife has not even *attempted* to preserve him? No, Everard, no! my life for his! my life for his!"—

I listened with admiration to the overflowings of this noble heart! How to resist her vehemence I knew not: I was compelled to give way to her, and yet was conscious, that her presence must entirely destroy every chance of our success. It would have been madness to venture in her company to that extreme point of danger, to which Zadi and myself had before not scrupled to advance. The Anaconda too appeared at this moment to be more restless, than formerly: doubtless, the sound of our footsteps, and our whispering dispute must already have betrayed our being in her neighbourhood. Nevertheless, we hastily kindled our fire brands, one of which we held in each hand, and as we whirled them rapidly backwards and forwards, we sent forth shouts and shrieks with all our strength; the dead stillness of all around us rendered our outcries doubly dreadful.

A rushing sound among the tops of the palm-trees, as if branch by branch they were forcibly snapped asunder, was the answer given to our challenge. It was the Anaconda, (whether excited by fear, or by anger, I will not pretend to decide,) who darted her-

self from tree to tree with tremendous leaps, while the slender stems were bent and shaken by her burthen. At the same time we were alarmed by a loud hissing, so piercingly sharp, that it seemed close at our ears, and her eyes, blazing with their own vindictive fires, shot lightnings through the gloom of night.

In truth, this appearance was in every respect so dreadful, that it required no ordinary courage to witness it without agitation. I cannot deny, that while gazing on it I felt my hair stand an end and my blood run cold: and I observed that Zadi strove to keep his teeth closed together, in order to prevent me from hearing them chatter.—I turned with apprehension to Louisa. Alas! there lay the wretched wife on the earth deprived of consciousness. The sight was sufficient to banish every other consideration. I threw away my torches hastily, clasped the unfortunate in my arms, and with Zadi's help, bore her with all speed back to the mansion-house; prosperous in this alone, that we retired unpursued by the Anaconda—Here after a long interval of insensibility, we at length succeeded in recalling Louisa's flying spirit—She revived; but it was only to dwell upon the midnight scene, from which we were just returned, and which her inflamed imagination painted in colours, if possible, still more dreadful than the reality. She called without ceasing upon her husband and upon me: and since it was out of my power to give more active assistance elsewhere, it would have been barbarous in me to leave her, without endeavouring by soothing and persuasion to dissipate the gloomy ideas, by which her heated brain was distracted.

Thus past away the remainder of the night, which left us even with less hope and resolution, than we possest, when it arrived. The melancholy morning at length dawned; but the sun was scarcely risen, when Zadi rushed into the apartment. His eyes sparkled, and the beating of his heart almost chok-

ed his words, before he was able to give them utterance.

—"Oh! Mr. Everard!" he exclaimed; "my master.... my dear master!—He has still hope!—He has still courage!—He endeavours to communicate with us!—We shall soon know how matters go with him.... what he wishes to be done.... what he expects us to do.... Yes! yes! we *will* soon know it!"

It was some time before he was sufficiently calm to explain to me the cause of this emotion. At length I learned, that in examining the pavilion, he had just discovered a sheet of paper thrust through the crevice of the door, and which, apparently detained by one of its corners, fluttered loosely in the air, unable to effect its escape. Doubtless it was a letter, which Seafield hoped, some favourable gust of wind would carry within our reach, but which he had not sufficiently disengaged from its narrow passage. As to reading the contents, even if the distance had permitted it, Zadi was not possessed of the knowledge requisite. He therefore had hastened in all diligence to communicate to me this discovery, from which I also derived some hope, though fainter then that which filled the bosom of the faithful Zadi.

We hurried to the hill, approached still nearer then we had ventured to do hitherto, and with the assistance of an excellent telescope, I endeavoured to decypher the characters traced upon the important paper. Alas! that there actually *were* characters traced on it, was all that I could distinguish; for the light paper fluttered continually in the wind, and was never suffered to rest for two seconds together. My inexhaustible patience, my unwearied exertions, long struggled against the evident impossibility of success; I gained nothing by them except the conviction, that to prosecute the attempt further would only be to throw away a greater portion of my time. Zadi, in breathless silence and his eyes fixed on my face unalterably, watched my every movement.

—"Then you give up the point?" said he at length, while a livid paleness overspread his dark countenance, and such a trembling seized him, that I could see his every limb shaking; "well then, there is no more to be said! Let us return to the house, and take courage: I will fetch you the paper."—

—"Old man!" I exclaimed starting at this unexpected assurance—"What say you?—your good intention is worthy of your good heart; but you would make an unavailing sacrifice to your fidelity—you may bring destruction on yourself, but you will never bring the paper from thence. To do that is out of any mortal power!"—

—"May be so! may be so!" repeated the Indian; "but at least the trial shall be made. It seems, as if my master's voice cried to me, that his safety depended on that paper; and should I be worthy to belong to him, if I were deaf to my master's cry?—By the God of my fathers, I will either come back to you with that paper.... or never will come back again."—

And with every word that he spoke, his tone became stronger, his step firmer, and the fire of resolution illuminated his large dark eyes.

During this contention we reached the court-yard—In silence, and absorbed in himself, did this unequalled servant make the necessary preparations for his undertaking. His plan was to conceal his whole person from head to foot under a covering of boughs and cocoa-leaves resembling as much as possible the broken branches, with which the snake's gambols of indignation had strewed the hill all around her. Under this verdant shield, he flattered himself, that he should be able to creep gradually to the pavilion door, unperceived by the Anaconda.

—"I have been accustomed," said he, "to this kind of work from my earliest infancy. In my time, I was reckoned an expert elephant-hunter, and by means of this artifice have frequently made those enormous animals my prize."—

But a few minutes were past, and already was Zadi accoutred in this singular disguise. He provided himself with no weapons except his dagger. He obstinately refused to suffer me to accompany him, assuring me, that I should only put my own life in danger, without being able to afford him the least assistance. He was so positive, that I was obliged to give up the point: but I was at least determined to accompany the noble minded fellow with my eyes, as well as with my fervent prayers and wishes. From the balcony of the mansion-house I had an extensive and unimpeded view over the surrounding objects; and from hence I saw Zadi set forward on his perilous adventure, taking through precaution a wide circuit in order to reach the hill itself.

With equal prudence he made his approach on that side, where the pavilion would screen him from the enemy's observation. From time to time, I lost sight of him among the underwood; even when he was before my eyes, I occasionally doubted, whether it was he indeed, so cautiously and so artfully did he make his approach, creeping on his hands and knees, sometimes remaining without stirring, sometimes stealing forwards with a movement so imperceptible, that it almost eluded the keenness of sight. He was a living example to me of the discretion, assiduity, and skill, which the savage employs in laying his ambuscades, and stealing upon his unsuspecting enemy.

And now favoured by the long grass and fragments of boughs, with which the ground was covered, had Zadi by a thousand serpentine movements reached the wall of the pavilion. My heart beat violently, as I saw on one side the Anaconda, as yet (it's true) suspecting nothing, but still dreadful from her appearance, and exhibiting every moment awful proofs of her strength, by the powerful leaps with which she darted herself from bough to bough; and on the other hand, separated from her by the distance of ten yards at most, I beheld a poor infirm and aged man,

whose force consisted only in his courage and discretion.

Zadi in the mean while remaided so tranquil and so motionless in his present position near the pavilion-door, that the monster could not fail of being deceived by so unsuspicious an appearance. The Indian's eye was fixed immovably upon the snake, and followed all her twistings and windings with incessant application, while she swung herself with unwearied activity backwards and forwards, now here, now there, now above, now below; till at the very moment when she shot herself over him in a bound of prodigious extent, I suddenly saw the invaluable paper disappear from its place, without being able to perceive the means, by which it was brought into the power of the successful lurker.

I clasped my hands in ecstacy, and poured out my thanks to God from the very bottom of my heart.—But all was not yet done. It required no less caution and dexterity to retire, than to approach; and never did I offer up more fervent vows, than at the moment, when the animated thicket began to set itself again in motion. Slower than the hour hand of a dial, now moving forwards, now backwards, now right, now left, it stole itself down the hill. Still it went on.... and on.... and lower.... and lower.... till with inexpressible delight I saw it almost at the very foot of the hill—and now at length I began to draw my breath without pain—"the noble fellow is safe," said I to myself.—At that moment.... whether joy at the successful issue of his attempt had deprived him of part of his former caution.... or whether some accidental derangement of the sheltering branches discovered enough to excite the reptile's suspicion... at that moment I saw the Anaconda dart from above, and in the quickness of a thought she reached the bottom of the hill and enveloped the unfortunate in her folds! a piercing shriek of horror burst from me! I felt all my blood congeal itself within my veins:

Yet even in this dreadful situation wonderful was the presence of mind, which Zadi still preserved; wonderful was the courage, the activity, and the skill, with which he defended himself against the monster. grasping his dagger with firm and steady hand, he struck it with repeated blows between the impenetrable scales of his enemy, sought out with inconceivable address the most tender parts to strike, and at length succeeded in giving her so deep and so well-placed a wound, that it must needs have worked her up to the most extreme pitch of pain and fury, for suddenly I beheld him only girdled by a single fold of the Anaconda's tail, with which (in the same manner, that one who has unexpectedly grasped a nettle, throws it away) she hurled the poor wretch into the air far away, till I lost him among the surrounding bushes. As for the snake, she hastily regained her former hiding-place, where she lay quiet and concealed for some time, before she resumed her usual sports; though when she *did* resume them, it was evidently with less sprightliness than before.

My agony is not to be described! Nothing was to be seen of the unfortunate Indian. What was become of him? Had he been killed by the violence of the fall? or was he at that moment struggling in the pangs of death? his preservation I considered as beyond the limits of possibility; and yet it seemed to me inhuman and ungrateful quite to abandon him to his fate, without having first exhausted every possible means of assisting him. Irresistibly carried away by these sentiments, I rushed from the balcony, and hastened towards the hill by the same course, which he had pursued himself, and which I could easily track by the depression of the dewy grass. Towards that side also had he been thrown by the Anaconda, and it was probable, that the thicket might shelter me, till I could reach the spot, where he lay dying. In the eagerness of this hope, I totally overlooked the extreme risque of an undertaking, the very idea of which but four and

monster's jaws—I die resigned; but do not embitter this last and heavy hour by the apprehension, lest your exertions in my behalf should be the means of involving you in my danger. By all that is sacred and dear, I conjure you, abandon me to my unhappy fate; fly! oh! fly far from hence; it is my last, my only, my most earnest request!

"Everard!—Oh! Everard, my poor wife!—Do not abandon my Louisa!"——

A cold shuddering ran through my bones: the poisonous air robbed us even of our last wretched hope, that the Anaconda might at length retire wearied out with her vain expectations, and leave my friend at liberty to quit his retreat. But now it was evident from his letter, that long ere this could happen, Seafield would be no more! *immediate* help must save him, or *none!*——Zadi sobbed aloud: it was an addition to my own grief to think, that I had been obliged to give a fresh pang to his faithful bosom, and it wrung me to the very soul, when I saw him give way openly to this burst of sorrow. Suddenly he uttered a shriek so loud, that it startled all who heard him.

—"No! no!" He exclaimed in the most violent agitation—"No! no! he shall not bid farewel to life for ever!—there are still means.... Oh! wretch that I am! curses, eternal curses on my old head, that I did not think of it till now, and now it comes too late! —I might have saved him! I might have saved him! —Had I but thought of it sooner, my master would have been safe at this moment! now it is too late!— He must die, and 'tis my heedlessness, which kills him!"—

—"For mercy sake," I cried, "explain yourself, old man!—You see, that our messengers are not returned from Columbo—every moment, that we lose, is inestimable!—If you really do know any means of rescue.... tell it.... discover it!—Delay not an instant!—Speak!—To what means do you allude?—

—"It is too late! it is too late!" he repeated; "No one but myself could have carried it through; and here I lie, without the power to move a limb, and no one else will undertake a task so desperate!"

—"The means! the means!" I exclaimed again, almost frantic with agitation.

—"Well then!" he resumed, his words frequently interrupted with groans; "the Anaconda is, as I told you formerly, the most voracious animal in nature. She is invincible, while stimulated by hunger; but she can be overcome by a very child, as soon as she has satiated herself with food: then she loses the flexibility of her joints, and instead of her restless activity she seems plunged in a benumbing torpor, and remains unable to move, overpowered by the burthen of her immoderate meal."—

—"Excellent dear old man!" said I, in rapture at the ray of hope, with which his words inspired me; "Is what you say *certain?*—Could we but satiate this Anaconda....."—

—"My master were rescued!" he replied:—"but to effect this requires the risque of a life: and who will venture that?—Oh! were but these old limbs, as they were two hours ago.... Could I but remove the mountain load, which weighs upon my chest, and prevents me breathing....."—

—"Oh! if I am but right in my guess!" I interrupted the old man; "you would have driven her prey to the Anaconda?"—

—"The whole herd! the whole herd!" shouted Zadi; and he sank back exhausted by the violence of his emotions—"This thought," he continued in a low voice after the pause of a moment—"this thought suggested itself to my recollection long ago; but wretch that I was, I believed its execution to be impracticable—the plague, which lately prevailed here among the cattle, has occasioned them to be removed from this part of the country, and they were gone too far to be recalled in time to afford the required as-

sistance—In despair therefore I banished this scheme from my thoughts; but now that I am rendered unable to put it in execution, I remember....

—"What? What?" I inquired, almost breathless with anxiety.

"You know well Van Derkel, the rich Hollander, whose estate joins this? He is the most positive man breathing, and having once declared our fears of the plague to be groundless, he refused out of pure obstinacy to suffer his cattle to accompany those of his neighbours—they remain on his estate at this moment; an herd might easily be procured, and then .... but it is too late, now it is too late! none but his faithful servant would dare ...."—

—"What?" said I, interrupting him; "will not his faithful friend?"—

Zadi's looks met mine: they burned with new fire, while he confest, that on me alone now rested his only hope. The flames in his eyes seemed to have communicated themselves to my heart; and the blessings with which he loaded me, and the effusions of gratitude to Heaven and to me which he poured forth, confirmed the resolution, which I had already adopted.

—"Be of good comfort, friend!" said I, as I turned to leave him; "the man, whom you sought, is found! I will tread that path which no other will tread, and I now leave you for the purpose of seeking it."—

Zadi's eyes were now filled with tears of joy.

—"May the God of my fathers bless you!" he said, raising his eyes to Heaven; now then I can die contented! Now then the hour of my master's deliverance will strike at last."—

I lost no time in hastening to Van Derkel's. I offered his herdsman the whole sum in my possession, if he would assist me in driving the beasts under the palm-trees: but he shuddered at the proposal, and rejected my proffered gold. I was not yet discouraged. By his master's authority I promised him freedom, provided he would but venture so far, as to advance

with the herd to the extremity of the little grove, which on the north side separated the hill from the open country. He hesitated; again I prest him; and at length he stammered out his consent, but in a voice so faint, and with a look of such irresolution, as convinced me, that I could place little dependance upon his promised help.

However, I at least neglected none of the means, which might contribute to our mutual safety: I caused the slaves to prepare with all diligence a couple of machines similar to those, under which Zadi had performed his hazardous undertaking. Covered with these, we began to drive the cattle slowly before us; and as the general agitation had caused them to be totally neglected by their keepers during their confinement in a place which afforded no herbage for their nourishment, hunger made them more obedient, than we should probably have otherwise found them—and thus did we advance towards the hill, though the little resolution of my companion evidently grew still less with every step which we took forwards. To encourage him, I bade him observe the tranquillity of the Anaconda, who had gradually withdrawn herself into her green shelter, so that we might almost have doubted her being really there.

—"That is the very thing which alarms me!" answered the trembling slave; "I am sure, that she has already discovered us, and now lurks concealed among the leaves, in order that she may make her prey more secure. Now then, not one step further will I advance; what I have already ventured is enough to merit liberty; but at all events, I had rather pass the rest of my days in fetters, than purchase my freedom by advancing a single foot beyond this spot!"—

And with these words he hurried away. However, I was the less disturbed at his forsaking me, when I perceived, that without him I could manage to drive the cattle forwards, and that no natural instinct made them aware of the neighbourhood of their enemy.

It was not long, before we arrived at the hill-foot. I was now obliged to leave the animals to their own guidance: feeling themselves no longer annoyed by my goad, they gave way to the impulse of hunger, and dispersing themselves carelessly, began to feed upon the welcome herbage: but how great was my joy at perceiving the bull separate himself from the rest of the herd, and begin to ascend the hill. We arrived near the groupe of palm-trees: every thing was hushed and tranquil: not a sound was to be heard, except the noise of the scattered branches, as the bull trampled them beneath his feet: the Anaconda seemed to have disappeared altogether.

But on a sudden a loud and rattling rush was heard among the palms, and with a single spring the snake darted down like a thunder clap and twisted herself with her whole body round her devoted victim. Before the animal was yet aware of his danger, he already felt his dewlap enclosed between the wide-expanded jaws of the monster, and her teeth struck into it deeply. Roaring aloud, he endeavoured to fly, and succeeded in dragging his tormentor a few yards away with him; but instantly she coiled herself round him in three or four wide folds, and drew these knots so close together, that the entangled beast was incapable of moving, and remained as if rooted to the place, already struggling with the terrors and pangs of death. The first noise of this extraordinary contest had been sufficient to put the remaining cattle to flight.

Unequal as was the strife, still it was not over instantly. The noble beast wanted not spirit to defend himself, nor was his strength easily exhausted. Now he rolled himself on the ground, and endeavoured to crush the enemy with his weight; now he swelled every nerve and exerted the power of every muscle to burst the fetters in which his limbs were enveloped; he shook himself violently; he stamped; he bit; he roared; he pawed up the earth; he foamed at the

mouth, and then dashed himself on the ground again with convulsive struggles. But with every moment the Anaconda's teeth imprinted on his flesh new wounds: with every moment she drew her folds tighter and tighter: till after struggling for a full quarter of an hour, I at length saw the poor animal stretched out at full length and breathless, totally deprived of motion and of life.

Now then I expected to see the Anaconda gratify the hunger, by which she had so long been tormented: but I was ignorant, that it is not the custom of this animal to divide its prey, but to swallow it in one enormous morsel. The size of the murdered bull made this impossible without much preparation; and I now learned from the snake's proceedings the necessity which there was for her always remaining in the neighbourhood of some large tree.

She again seized the bull with her teeth, and dragged it to the foot of the stoutest Palm. Here she endeavoured to place it upright, leaning against the trunk. Having effected this, she enveloped the tree and the carcass together in one great fold, and continued to draw this closer, till she had broken every individual bone in her victim's body into a thousand pieces, and had actually reduced it into a shapeless mass of flesh. She was still occupied in this manner, when I hastened back to the mansion-house to rejoice Louisa and Zadi with the assurance of my success.

The roaring of the bull had already prepared the latter for my tidings. He limped to meet me at the door in spite of his bodily agonies, and overpowered me with thanks and benedictions. He also informed me, that the expected succours from Columbo were at length arrived, and that a physician had accompanied them. I immediately requested to see the latter, and commissioned him to impart the good news of Seafield's approaching deliverance to Louisa with such precautions, as might prevent her enfeebled constitu-

tion from suffering through excess of joy. I also recommended Zadi to his care, and then hastened back to complete my work; Zadi having assured me, that it was absolutely necessary to watch for the moment, when the Anaconda should have swallowed her prey, and be enervated or overcome by the torpor of indigestion.

—"You will be in no want of assistants," he added; "my fellow-servants are all ready to accompany you, not only because I have succeeded in convincing them, that all danger is now at an end, but because among the natives of Ceylon the flesh of the Anaconda is looked upon as most delicious food."—

In fact, on entering the court-yard I found the whole body of domestics, women and children as well as men, prepared for the attack with clubs, hatchets, and every sort of weapon, which had offered itself to their hands. The party from Columbo were well provided with ammunition; and we now all set joyfully forwards for the hill, though on approaching it, we judged it as well still to use some little precaution.

I advanced beyond the rest. The Anaconda had by this time entirely covered the carcase with her slime, and was in the very act of gorging this monstrous morsel. This task was not accomplished without violent efforts: a full hour elapsed, before she had quite finished her dreadful meal; at length the carcase was entirely swallowed, and she stretched herself out at full length in the grass, with her stomach distended to the most astonishing dimensions. Every trace of her former liveliness and activity had disappeared! Her immoderate appetite had now yielded her up impotent and defenceless, a prey even to the least formidable foe.

I hasten to conclude this long and painful tragedy. I discharged my musket at the monster at a moderate distance. This time the ball struck her close by her eye. She felt herself wounded: her body swelled with spite and venom, and every stripe of her varie-

gated skin shone with more brilliant and vivid colours. But as to revenging herself upon her assailant, of that she was now totally incapable. She made one vain attempt to regain her old retreat among the boughs of the palm-trees, but sank down again upon the grass motionless and helpless. The report of my musquet was the signal agreed upon to give notice to the expectant crowd, that they might approach without danger. Every one now rushed towards the snake with loud shouting and clamours of joy. We all at once attacked her, and she soon expired under a thousand blows: but I did not wait to witness this catastrophe. A dearer interest occupied my mind: I hastened with all speed to the pavilion, and knocked loudly at the door, which was fastened within.

—"Seafield! my friend!" I exclaimed; "'Tis I! 'tis Everard! Open! open! I bring you life and liberty."—

A minute past.... another.... and still I listened in vain for an answer—Had fatigue overpowered him? Was he asleep, that he answered not?—I knocked again; I spoke a second time, and louder—I listened so attentively, that I could have distinguished the humming of a gnat within the pavilion—Heaven and earth! —was it possible, that after all I had come too late?—the thought was distraction!—I snatched an axe from one of the slaves, and after a few blows the pavilion door flew open.

I rushed into the room, and looked eagarly round for my friend—I found him.... Oh! Heavens!—his eyes were closed.... his cheeks pale.... every feature of his noble countenance so changed, that he was scarcely to be recognised! He lay extended in his arm-chair, and the noise of our entrance seemed to rouse him from a long stupor. He saw me; a faint smile played round his wan lips, while he attempted to stretch out his hand to me, but it sank down again with weakness: I threw my arms round him, and prest him to my heart in an agony of joy.

—"You are safe!" I endeavoured to say; but the attempt to repress my gushing tears choked my voice, and the sounds were unintelligible.

—"Yes!" said he with difficulty, "this is being a friend indeed!—But tell me! Louisa. . . . ?"—

—"She lives and expects you," I replied; "come, come! my friend; rouse yourself! Make an effort, and shake off this lethargy! Look upon your danger as no more than a frightful dream, and awake to the real happiness, which awaits you!"—

—"It waits not for me!" he answered faintly; "I have received my death warrant in this chamber.—My minutes are counted!—Louisa. . . . Oh! bear me to Louisa!"—

The chamber was hot and close even to suffocation. We removed him with all speed into the open air, four of the slaves bearing him as he sat in his arm-chair; but as we conveyed him down the hill, we took care to turn his face away from the spot, where lay the breathless but still horrible Anaconda.—The purer atmosphere seemed immediately to produce a beneficial effect upon the sufferer: and his strength was still further recruited by a few drops of a cordial, with which I had taken care to provide myself, and which I administered with the utmost caution.

On our arrival at the mansion-house we found, that Zadi's attention had already provided every thing, which his master could possibly need. His bed was prepared; every kind of refreshment was in readiness, and the physician was waiting to afford his much required assistance. But we soon found that the most effectual medicine for Seafield would be the sight of Louisa; and as the physician was of opinion, that the lady was more likely to suffer from anxiety to see her husband, than from the agitation of the interview, my friend was indulged in his wish, and we supported him to the chamber, where his wife so anxiously was expecting his approach.

I will not attempt to describe this interview, nor that which afterwards took place between Seafield and the faithful Zadi; the feeling heart of itself will fill up this chasm—yet I cannot omit mentioning, that it was not till I had explained to my friend the whole extent of his obligations to that faithful Indian, and till the repeated orders of his master compelled him to appear before him, that Zadi indulged his ardent wish to throw himself at the feet of his beloved Lord.—And why then did he deprive himself so long of a pleasure, which he desired so earnestly?—The noble fellow was unwilling to afflict his master by showing him, how much and how severely he had suffered for his sake! I cannot tell you, how much both the reunited couple and myself were affected by this uncommon mark of delicacy and consideration.

Oh! how happily and how swiftly fled away the first days, which succeeded the deliverance of my friend: alas! those first days were the only ones destined to pass happily. It was soon but too evident, that Seafield's sufferings in that fatal pavilion had injured his constitution irreparably. With every succeeding day his strength visibly decreased, and the blighted flower bowed itself still nearer to the ground. His malady defied the power of medicine; he seemed to perish away before our eyes; and the physician was at length compelled to acknowledge, that all the powers of art were insufficient to sustain any longer Seafield's exhausted frame. Not the unsatisfied demands of nature; not the hunger which gnawed his entrails, nor the burning thirst which dried up his palate; not the agonies of his mind, and his painful wrestling against despair—none of these had affected him so fatally—No; it was the pestiferous breath exhaling from the jaws of the Anaconda, which had penetrated into Seafield's close and sultry prison; and whose force concentrated and increased by confinement, had fallen upon his constitution like a baleful mildew, and planted the seeds of dissolution in the very marrow of his life.

What Louisa and myself endured, while watching his slow but constantly progressive journey to the tomb, no words can utter. He gave Zadi and his three sons their freedom, and made over to him a small estate near Columbo, fully sufficient to secure the comfort of the good old man for the remainder of his existence. During the last days of his illness he frequently reminded me of the letter, which he had written in the pavilion, and of which Zadi had obtained possession at such extreme risque.—This paper he frequently charged me to consider as his dying testament; he as frequently repeated the same thing to his wife, while she wept by his bed-side.—His last words were like his letter, "forsake not my poor Louisa!"—His last action was to place her hand in mine—he sank back a corpse on his pillow, and Louisa fell lifeless at my feet.

Yet she saw him once more; she insisted on pressing her lips once again to his. I trembled for the convulsive agonies, which her delicate frame would undergo, during this last and most painful scene: yet was I still more alarmed, when I witnessed the composure of her affliction. She held his hand in hers; she spoke not one word; she heaved not one sigh; not a single tear escaped from her burning eyes. She stood long motionless by his bed-side; she bent down, and prest her colourless lips upon his closed lids; and then slowly and silently she withdrew to her widowed chamber.

I chose for Seafield's sepulchre the place, which he had always loved best, and where he had suffered the most: his tomb was raised in the fatal pavilion. Zadi and myself laid our friend in the earth: we should have thought his coffin profaned, had we suffered any other hands to touch it Seafield and his sufferings slept in the grave: his less fortunate friends still lived to lament him.

My benefactor had left his property jointly to Louisa and myself; and his wishes respecting us had

been exprest too clearly to be misunderstood. Louisa was among the loveliest of her sex; but I should have counted it profanation, had my heart suffered itself to harbour one thought of her less pure, than is offered at the shrine of some enfranchized saint. I loved not Louisa; no, I *adored* her. Alas! it was not long before she became a saint indeed.

She complained not, but she sorrowed: she suffered, but it was in silence. In vain did she forbid her lips to confess the progress which grief made in her constitution; her emaciated form sufficiently betrayed it. A few melancholy weeks had elapsed since the death of my friend, when one morning her terrified women informed me, that she was not in her apartment, nor apparently had been in bed all night—My heart instructed me well, where to seek the unfortunate. I flew to the pavilion; she was stretched on the marble stone which covered her husband. In the agony of grief she had burst a blood-vessel, and her limbs were already cold—her countenance was calm, and a faint smile seemed to play round her lips: it was the only smile which I had seen there since Seafield's death.—She was deposited in the same grave with her husband; for myself, I was unable so sustain the weight of grief imposed upon me by this second calamity, and a long and dangerous illness was the consequence of my mental sufferings.

The skill of my physician saved my life; and no sooner was I able to quit the house, than I resolved to withdraw from a land, rendered hateful to me by such bitter recollections—In consequence of Louisa's decease, the whole of Seafield's property by his will devolved to me—I endeavoured to prevail on Zadi to accept some part of it, but he declared, that his master's liberality had gone beyond his utmost wishes.

—"Yet one request," said he, "I will venture to make. My two eldest sons are grown up and able to take care of themselves: but the third is young, and I feel, that my death can be at no great distance. His

brothers may treat him ill, or at least may neglect him; but condescend to take him into your care, let him be your servant, and I shall not have a wish in this world left unaccomplished. Under the protection of an honest man, my boy cannot fail to become an honest man himself."—

Mirza (for that was the lad's name, the same who is now with me) was in the room, and joined his entreaties to his father's with such earnestness, that I could not refuse their request. I soon after left Ceylon, followed by Zadi's blessings; the good old man is still alive, and by a third hand I hear from him frequently; but the letters which he dictates, embrace but two topics, anxiety for the welfare of his son, and regret for the loss of his beloved master.

—"You are now informed," continued Everard, after a moment's pause, addressing himself to the whole society, "you are now informed, by what means I acquired my fortune. It was the gift of gratitude: but never can I recollect the dreadful service which I rendered Seafield (and alas! which I rendered him in vain!) without feeling my frame convulsed with horror, and my mind tortured by the most painful recollections—It is this, which has ever made me unwilling to discourse on the means by which I became possest of my wealth. Yet I cannot but think it somewhat hard, that mere silence should be construed into positive guilt; and that I should be treated as if convicted of the most atrocious crimes, because I have not thought it necessary to make public my private life, and to rend open anew the wounds of my heart for the gratification of idle and impertinent curiosity."—

Everard was silent: so were all around him. Confusion blushed on every cheek, except on Jessy's, whose tender heart had been deeply affected by the mournful story, and whose mild blue eyes still floated in tears, though every now and then a smile beamed through them in approbation of her lover's conduct—

Her father at length mustered up his courage, and broke through this embarrassing silence.

—"My dear good Everard," said he, "I know not how to excuse my friends here for telling me so many slanders of you, nor myself for having been credulous enough to believe them—In truth, there is but one person in the room, whose lips are worthy to convey to you our apology: there then, let them make it,"—and with these words he placed the blushing Jessy in Everard's arms.

And Jessy's lips wisely exprest the apology in a kiss; and Everard acknowledged, while he prest her to his bosom as his bride, that the apology was not only sufficient, but a reward in full for the sufferings, which he had experienced through the vicissitudes of his whole past life!

FINIS.

THE DYING BRIDE.

—" Speed, speed, my courser!"—Albert said,
And swiftly onward hied:
He went to see his lovely maid,
And claim her for his bride.

Now to the castle-gate he came;
Now entered he the hall:
And there he saw an ancient dame,
Who many a tear let fall.

—" Good morn, good evening, Dame," he said,
The matron when he spied;
" Where shall I find my lovely maid?
Why tarries my sweet bride?"—

—" Oh! she is on her death-bed laid,"
That ancient Dame replied;
" Go love, Sir Knight, some other maid,
And chuse some other bride.

" Oh! she is sick at heart, at heart!
Is sick, and like to die!
And in the gloom of yonder room
Expiring doth she lie!"—

The warrior went with steps of woe,
Nor dared a word to speak,
While oft a silent tear would flow
Adown his sun-burnt cheek:

Yet strove he, when he reached her door,
His tears concealed to keep,
For well he knew, his lady sore
Would grieve to see him weep.

He entered, and he softly said,
(And while he said, he sighed,)
—" Are you not better, gentle maid?
Not better, my sweet bride?"

—" Oh! never shall I better be!
No more your bride am I:
An hour, and you my grave shall see
A moment, and I die!

" This heart so fond must beat no more,
These eyes no more must shine;
Nor long wilt thou her loss deplore,
Whose love so long was thine.

" By *this* door will they bear me out;
By *that* will guests come in;
And soon forgetting me, no doubt
A second bride you'll win.

" The self-same bells, which mourn my doom,
Shall hail your marriage-morn;
The self-same flowers, which deck my tomb,
Your bride-maids shall adorn:

" And on your couch of damask laid,
Close by your new love's side,
No more you'll think on *me*, poor maid!
You'll kiss your second bride!"—

She said; his hand she fondly wrung,
While painful came her breath;
—" Adieu!" still faltered on her tongue,
But sank, unsaid, in death.

The trembling Knight, her lips he prest;
Cold were those lips so sweet!
The trembling Knight, he touched her breast;
Her heart had ceased to beat!

—" And did he see that fair cheek fade,
Which roses lately dyed.
And *did* he love another maid
And chuse another bride ?"—

No, Lady, no ! Death's gathering mist
Obscured his failing eyes ;
The beauty's lips once more he kissed,
Then sank, no more to rise :

Close to her cheek his cheek he laid,
And murmured, as he died,
—" See, love ! I loved no other maid,
And chose no other bride !"—

THE FOUR FACARDINS,

AN ARABIAN TALE.

PART I.

—"On a banni les Démons et les Fées;
Sous la raison les Graces étouffées
Livrent nos cœurs à l'insipidité!
Le Raisonner tristement s'acrédite;
On court, hélas! après la vérité——
Ah! croyez moi, l'erreur a son mérite."—

VOLTAIRE.

THE FOUR FACARDINS.

PART I.

—"Oh! wonderful, wonderful, and again most wonderful wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all whooping."—

As you like it.

AT the Court of Schahriar, (that Monarch, whose method of preserving his honour by cutting his wife's head off, has rendered him so justly celebrated throughout the world,) was educated the heir of the small principality of Trebizonde. At an early age he departed in search of adventures; and having consumed two years in this pursuit, he unexpectedly returned to the capital of India. Hearing of his arrival, the Sultan was desirous to know the history of his travels. In consequence, one evening the Prince was ordered to attend the Monarch, whom he found already in his bed-chamber; the fair and wise Sheherazade reposed by his side, and her sister Dinarzade occupied as usual a snug little camp-bed in the corner. This latter was not the person least anxious to hear the Prince's history; she had perceived, that he was young and handsome, and had even been kind enough to let him know, that she thought him so. To her great surprise he had taken no notice of her hints, and, anxious to know the reason of his backwardness, she waited for his narrative with impatience. At the Sultan's request he began it in the following words:

History of the PRINCE of TREBIZONDE.

—It is not to the ears of your most august and sublime Majesty, that fictitious tales should be related. For my own part, valuing myself upon the most scrupulous veracity, I shall follow your beautiful Sultana's example, and inform you of adventures no less true, than they would appear fabulous from any other lips than mine.

I shall only mention my birth so far as relates to my mother's strange superstition, that the happiness or misfortunes of my life would depend upon my name. Accordingly, not finding one to her taste among those adopted by my ancestors, she was on the point of consulting the oracle of Bactria, when her favourite parrot, for whom she had a great regard, took it into its head to repeat "Facardin," several times. This was enough to fix her irresolution, and she determined to honour me with this illustrious appellation. I proceed to that period of my life, which is remarkable for the adventures about to have the happiness of being related to your majesty.

I quitted your court some days before the revolution, which took place on account of your first Sultana. When the news reached me, I had still two days journey to perform, before I could reach my own dominions; and I must take the liberty to say, that I then disapproved your leaving court no less, than I have disapproved your conduct since your return. In my opinion you had better not have married again at all, than have secured your wife's fidelity by not giving her time to be unfaithful; that is to say, by beheading her on the morning after her nuptials.

I stayed at Trebizonde no longer than was necessary to restrain my vassals within the limits of their obedience; for they were on the point of rebelling against your edict, by which it was supposed, that all other Sovereigns would regulate their conduct.—I assured my subjects, that I had not the least design to introduce the fashion at Trebizonde. Then having purchased the list of tournaments for the present year, as also a description of the most dangerous adventures to be met with throughout the universe, I set out with the design of rendering my singular name as celebrated as it appears uncommon. Without vanity I may venture to say, that I have not quite failed in the attempt.

My preparations were quite different from those made by adventurers in general: instead of a squire to carry my armour and relate my exploits, I took with me a secretary to write them down; and never had poor secretary so much to do!

Fortune favoured me, wherever I went. No beauty could resist the graces of my person, and no hero the valour of my arm. However I soon grew tired of my being always beloved without ever loving; and if luckily I had not found every day some monster to kill or enchantment to destroy, I know not what I must have done for amusement. My secretary, who was naturally a man of sense, and who was much improved by living in my society, endeavoured to comfort me by demonstrating, that there were misfortunes in life, even greater than those, of which I complained.

—"Heaven grant," said he, "that the happy Facardan never may know them, and that fortune may guide his steps, far from the fertile plains and dangerous climates of Astracan!"—

It was mid-day, and we found ourselves in the midst of a thick and pleasant forest. I was on the point of selecting some shady tree, beneath whose boughs I could seat myself to hear at my ease my secretary's

account of this same Astracan, when we perceived two strangers advancing towards us, mounted on camels. The first attracted my attention, as well by his appearance as by the action which he performed, as soon as he came near us. His figure was the most noble and elegant that I ever had beheld; and his features were so beautiful, that although accustomed to see me every day, my secretary could not forbear expressing his surprise and admiration. We had full time to examine him; for stopping his camel opposite to us whom he did not observe, he took his helmet from the hands of his attendant; but instead of putting it on, as I expected, he sighed several times and fixed his eyes tenderly upon a bird sparkling with gold and diamonds, which I took for an eagle, and whose extended wings overshadowed the helmet.—After contemplating this image for some time, he kissed it respectfully; then returning the casque to his Squire, he passed on, still plunged in the same profound reverie, which had prevented his observing us.

It was then, that I reflected upon the words of my secretary; I could not but own, that a man really in love must be extremely discomposed at finding in his way such a rival as this stranger. I could not resist my curiosity to know his name; and my secretary having stopt the Squire to ask the question, returned in dismay to inform me, that he was called Facardin!

—"Just Heavens!" cried I in astonishment; "Facardin?"—

At this exclamation, the handsome knight, thinking that I had called him, turned his camel's head, and inquired my business.

—"I would only ask," said I, "whether is it possible, that your name should be Facardin?"—

—"It is but too true," he replied; "would to Heaven, that it were not, since I attribute to a secret fatality attached to this villanous name, the greatest part of my misfortunes."—

—"May I inquire," demanded I, "what those misfortunes are?"—

—"You shall know," answered he very politely: "I should be the most constant man upon earth, if I were not as unfortunate in love, as for some time past my heart has been susceptible. Still I cannot complain that my mistresses have deceived me, for none has ever pretended to love me. It is true, the most adorable of mortals, the only woman who ever beheld me without aversion, seemed for a moment to return my passion; but, alas! she only proved her regard by putting me to a trial, whose remembrance makes my blood run cold. But to return to what I was saying, it is impossible, that although I want all other recommendations, my assiduity, attention, and complaisance should be unsuccessful every where, if this ridiculous name did not bring me bad luck!"—

—"How," said I, "can a man like you have offered his heart in vain, and can a person of so much sense as you seem to possess, imagine, that your name is the cause of your rejection?"—

—"It is the plain truth," continued he; "to convince you of it, I need only relate my adventures; but doubtless you must have more weighty employment, than listening to the history of my disappointments."—

I assured him, that just then I had nothing better to do; and to give him some little hope, that his fortune would change, I addressed him as follows:

—"Be assured," said I, "noble stranger, that a name is only lucky or unlucky, according to the fortunes of the person who bears it. I know not from what country you come; but to judge by the wonders which you relate of their rigour and cruelty, the fair-ones who inhabit it can be no other than wild cats. I am called Facardin as well as yourself; but to show you how little the name signifies, know, though I have met with a hundred beauties in my travels, (some of whom were of the first distinction,) none of them ever cost me more than a single sigh. My secretary shall give you the list of them, with their ad-

dress: pay them a visit, and when we meet again, you will tell a very different story."—

—"Alas!" replied the unknown, "though you found them lambs, to me they will prove tigresses! in every woman whom I address, never have I failed to excite disgust, the Matron of Mount Atlas excepted, who must have excited disgust herself in hearts the least dainty and most susceptible. Listen to me for a few minutes, and you will be convinced of the truth of this assertion."—

We now quitted our camels, and while our attendants gathered dates and pomegranates for our refreshment, we chose in the thickest part of the forest, a convenient place to repose: the stranger then addressed me as follows.

The History of FACARDIN of Mount Atlas.

I HAVE vowed never to discover myself, so long as my heart shall remain thus ridiculously susceptible of first impressions, and my person thus universally scorned even by those very damsels, who to all others are very far from being cruel. You must excuse therefore the concealment of my birth; neither will I mention the kingdom, which I quitted with the design of signalizing myself by some remarkable action. Suffice it to say, that my first object was probably the same which has brought yourself and so many other adventurers into the field: I mean, the conquest of Moussellina the Serious, Heiress of Astracan. But although (as you already must know either by experience or report) she is the most perfect of mortals, I undertook this adventure, less from curiosity to be-

hold, or wish to possess her, than from ambition to perform a task so difficult, I may say indeed, so impossible. Glory was then my heart's only passion: on the subject of love I felt the most absolute indifference.

As yet I have met with no more than two adventures, which can merit your attention: the first happened in the Isle of Lions, and gave rise to the second, which took place upon Mount Atlas: the circumstances were as follows.

At two days' journey from that famous mountain, on whose summit, if poets tell the truth, Heaven and the zodiac recline, a vast forest extends itself to the very brink of the sea. This forest is filled with animals of every kind, those of prey alone excepted; and we met them in such multitudes, that it was frequently by no means easy to force a passage through them. The inhabitants of a small town, which is situated on its confines, afterwards informed us, that all the lions of the surrounding deserts used formerly to quit them for the sake of hunting in this forest, and that having eat up the stags, goats, and hares, they proceeded to eat up the men, women, and children. In this distress the people had recourse to the enchanter Caramoussal, who resides on the mountain's summit; by whose spells the whole lion-nation was banished to a small island, which I easily saw from that part of the shore where the sea bathed the foot of Mount Atlas. Unluckily, in consequence of this emigration, the stags and hares had multiplied so prodigiously, that the distress was nearly as great as during the reign of the lions; the enormous herds, which I had observed in my way through the forest, spreading their ravages to all quarters, and devouring the whole produce of the country. To remedy this complaint, a hunting-match was made every year in the neighbouring isle, not with the intention of disturbing or hurting the lions, but of taking a dozen, and turning them loose in the forest. I was also informed

that this hunting-match was to take place in two days, and that if I chose it, I might be present at it.

By any other than a knight-errant, a lion-hunt might not have been thought a party of pleasure; but I accepted the offer with great joy.

The rendezvous of the hunters was on the shore opposite to the Isle of Lions: the isle seemed to be tolerably extensive, of a wild aspect, and much wooded. The preparations for this chase surprised me not a little. I expected to find plenty of huntsmen armed with darts, arrows, and clubs, besides dogs of all sorts and sizes. Instead of this, I only saw twenty men accompanied by the same number of girls, young and by no means ugly: each girl held a cock upon her wrist, and the boats in which we embarked, were well supplied with strong nets. As we approached the isle, we could hear roaring and howls so loud and terrible, that my Squire, though naturally brave enough, was evidently by no means at his ease: yet not one of our nymphs was in the least disconcerted.

The shore was soon entirely covered by troops of these polite lions, who waited impatiently to receive us. I did not see the possibility of disembarking, in front of an enemy so tremendous: but three of our vessels touching the shore before the rest, three stags were instantly turned out, whom the lions pursuing, the entrance of the isle was left clear for us. As soon as we landed, we advanced into the depth of the forest; and here, while the men spread their nets, the women covered the cocks with small hoods, similar to those which are put on falcons. Scarcely were the nets spread, when the lions returned to us at full speed: there were about two dozen of them, and all, as far as I could judge, were lions with good stomachs. But as we only wanted three or four at a time, one of the girls unhooded her cock, and pulled him twice or thrice by the tail. The spot in which we stood was so dark, that the bird imagined that

day was breaking, and began to crow with all his might. The lions at this were so terrified, that they fled from us with all expedition, one excepted, who fell into our toils. He was immediately embarked with one of the huntsmen, and the girl whose cock had just crowed. Though the lion was sufficiently entangled in the net to prevent his doing any harm, it was thought right to put a kid into the same boat, to prevent his thinking the voyage tedious.

This mode of hunting, which appeared to me not more novel than entertaining, lasted, till every sportsman had embarked with his lion, his lady, and her bird. I insisted upon being the last, the person who brought up the rear running the greatest risk; and I sent off my Squire in the last boat which left the island, the one, which had brought me, remaining for my own use.

Being a stranger, the girl of the best courage, and the cock with the shrillest voice, were assigned to me for fear of accidents. The damsel began to instruct me respecting the best means of retreating; but enraged to see the cocks carry off all the honour of the expedition, I begged her to keep hers silent, till I had measured my strength against one of the lions, observing, that in case several attacked me at once, she would always have time enough to come to my assistance, and interrupt a combat so unequal. I saw by her looks that she did not above half like the proposal; but at the moment that she prepared a reply, the lions returned to the attack.

Drawing my sword, I advanced to meet them: at their head was the most formidable monster, that I ever beheld; his mane bristled, and his eyes glared with rage. By accident too this lion was deaf as any post; which I soon discovered, for my companion, (terrified at his enormous size,) made her cock crow without a moment's delay, and its cry was so horribly discordant and so shrill, that it went through and through my head completely. All the lions, ex-

cept that which I have just mentioned, were immediately seized with a sudden panic, and tumbled over each other in their hurry to escape.

The girl and the cock squalled and crowed till they were hoarse, and the noise which they made was even more disagreeable, than the company of the lion. Without vanity the beginning of our engagement well deserved the observation of more calm and illustrious spectators. I soon drew blood from my antagonist in several places: but in return he gave me a scratch, which beginning at the right ear descended like a scarf, to the extremity of my left heel. I had but little skill, neither indeed had my adversary; but then he was furnished with a tail, which annoyed me even more than his claws. As it grew late, I took my sword in both hands, meaning to end the contest at once, before the night arrived: the lion, who, according to all appearance, had the very same intention, rose immediately upon his hind legs, at the same time opening for my accommodation a mouth so enormous as to exceed all measure, all rule, all probability! In her terror at this sight, the girl let the cock slip from her hand; the lion left me to run after the cock, and I left the girl to run after the lion. I soon overtook him, but not time enough to save the unfortunate cock, whom he had already seized, and whom he swallowed before my eyes, as you would do a sugar-plumb.

This affront added fresh fuel to my wrath. So much was I transported with rage, that without observing the attitude into which the lion had put himself, I struck off his right paw, with which he endeavoured to make me understand that he was willing to capitulate. The ground was deluged by the blood, which gushed from the wound. I still kept upon my guard, not doubting that the violence of his attacks would be redoubled by the thirst of vengeance; but vengeance was the last thing in his thoughts: on the contrary, supporting himself against a tree, he

cast on me a piteous glance, and sighed—" Ah! Facardin!"—

This appeal affected me, and I was on the point of approaching to assist him, when the cries of my companion summoned me to her succour. She was exerting all her strength to retain the boat, which had broken its cord during the battle; and as she knew this to be our only resource, she made every possible effort to prevent its escaping. Finding, as soon as I joined her, that instead of embarking I prepared to fasten the boat again to the shore, she was ready to go distracted. I told her, that I would sooner die than abandon in such a forlorn situation the unfortunate lion, who had addressed me in a manner so affecting; that I was going in search of him, in order that I might transport him with me to the continent; and that it was my firm resolution to give him all the assistance in my power. She exclaimed vehemently against a proposal, which appeared to her the height of extravagance, and besought me on her knees, not to expose her as well as myself for the sake of an old dead lion to the fury of all the living lions in the island. She talked in vain: I returned to the place, where I had left him; but it was without success that I sought him both there and in the adjacent part of the forest.

In consequence I was obliged to regain the boat, heartily ashamed of not bringing back a lion, like the other hunters. But my companion's distress is not to be described. She told me, that the loss of her cock had dishonoured her and her whole family for ever, and that she never could survive so signal a disgrace.

I was still endeavouring to alleviate her despair, which I thought not a little ridiculous, when we reached the foot of Mount Atlas.

It was almost dark. I had lost much blood, and suffered greatly from thirst. Having, in spite of his request to stay, had the attention to send back my Squire, I expected that he in return would have the atten-

tion to wait for me on the river's bank, or else at the foot of the mountain; but nobody appeared. My companion, growing more desperate with every moment, resolved to attempt gaining the summit of Mount Atlas, and implore Caramoussal's assistance; or in case the magician refused his aid, to precipitate herself from such place, as might seem to her most convenient. To prevent the execution of the latter design, I followed her as long as it was possible; but losing her in the obscurity, which prevented my observing the winding paths through which she passed, after much wandering about the clifts, I was obliged to seat myself in that part which seemed to me most level, and resolved upon passing the night in that situation. Scarcely had I taken my place, when I heard the distant and agreeable noise of a rivulet, which flowed among these solitary rocks. So tormenting was my thirst, that heedless of fatigue, or the dangerous precipices by which I was surrounded, I bent my steps towards the spot whence the sound proceeded. I was certain, that I approached it; still I should have found it difficult to reach, if, by dint of examining, I had not discovered just above me a faint ray of light. I took this for my guide. As I approached, by degrees the light grew stronger, and I fancied, that I could distinguish the noise of spinning-wheels. I was not mistaken. By the blaze of two large torches, placed on each side of the door of a wretched hut, I perceived two lean and withered arms, with hands suitable, which, passing through two holes in the door, managed a wheel, and spun with more grace, than their appearance promised. Having admired for some moments this discreet and mysterious mode of working, I pushed against the door without knocking. It opened without difficulty, and I beheld the spinner, the rest of whose person was certainly worthy of the specimen, which I had already seen. Her face was like an old parchment pasted upon a death's head: she was naked to the waist, and never

was corpse more dry or wasted than her miserable body. I turned away my eyes, and demanded something to quench my thirst.

—"In this abode," she replied, "you shall want nothing, if you will but have patience, and can resist your inclinations and conquer your dislikes."—

Thus saying, she embraced me, before I was aware of her intention. Then placing me by her, she perceived, that my clothes were bloody. She shuddered, alarmed at my situation, of the danger of which I was myself ignorant.

—"Your death would have been inevitable," said she, "had the succour, which I am going to give you, been delayed another hour."—

Thus saying, she began to undress me, and examine my wound from top to bottom, she pressed me in her odious arms most affectionately, every now and then, kissing the place from whence she wiped the blood. The intolerable disgust, with which her endearments inspired me, did not escape her; but in spite of these marks of aversion, she continued to anoint my wound with an essence, whose odour perfumed the whole hovel.

—"Senseless youth!" said she; "know you the treasure which you reject, and which, I see, you will lose, how fervent would be your gratitude, how different your emotions!"—

I was so much recovered and refreshed by this first dressing, that I needed not a second to be in perfect health. I now only wished to quench my thirst, and free myself from my disagreeable hostess. I therefore requested her to satisfy the first and most urgent of my necessities, since the succour, which she had just given me, would be unavailing, if she suffered me to die of drought.

—"I must put you then to the trial," said she, "which I forsee, you will be unable to sustain. Follow me."—

So decrepit was she, that she raised herself with the utmost difficulty; and her person gave me so

much disgust, that I could not bring myself to afford her any support. She was quite bent double, and in spite of the crutch on which she leaned, I thought, she never could drag herself out of the first apartment, the most dirty and miserable one that I ever beheld. The next was rather better, and the third much larger, and tolerably furnished; but the last was the most magnificent room perhaps in the universe. It appeared to me rather the fabled habitation of some fairy, than the apartment of a mortal. Nothing was to be seen but glasses, admirable pictures, and furniture the most costly. On one side stood an elegant toilette, displaying a variety of jewels; on the other, a bed, covered with Chinese gold and oriental pearls in embroidery, seemed only to wait the Divinity's arrival, for whose use they were prepared: not far from the toilette I perceived an undress, fit for the wearing of an Empress of eighteen.

It took us a considerable time to reach this chamber; for besides that the old lady moved very deliberately, she never suffered me to enter any apartment, before she had passed her hands through two holes in the door, and spun for a few moments, as I found her doing on my arrival. My thirst was much irritated by this delay; still its violence was suspended for some instants, while I gazed on the objects contained in the latter chamber. But my companion soon interrupted this examination.

—"Come!" said she, taking my hand; "let us to the fountain. What you behold here can only serve to excite flames in your bosom, and what you want is water to cool those which burn there already. Follow me, and you shall be satisfied."—

It was unnecessary for her to say this twice; I followed her eagerly. The fountain was within a few yards of the magnificent chamber, and from thence had the sound proceeded, which first induced me to search for water. As soon as I beheld it I rushed open-mouthed towards the largest sheet, which fell

from the rock above; but the provoking old woman detained me by the arm.

—"Hear me for the last time!" she cried; "if resisting your inclination to quench your thirst, you can resolve to pass a whole hour in my arms without tasting this water, I will reconduct you to the chamber through which I led you, and you shall be at liberty to pass the remainder of the night with me on that superb couch, which you have just beheld."—

Wishing to accompany this proposal with a tender glance, she turned upon me two little pig's eyes, which rather resembled a dog's just dead of the mange, than a human creature's! As for me, in the perfect indifference to beauty which I then felt, and in the violence of my thirst so immoderate, I should have preferred three glasses of cold water to the three graces. I therefore shook off her hold rather rudely, ran to the fountain, and began to drink as eagerly, as if I feared seeing the stream fail, before my thirst was satisfied.

The lady, to whom I had not thought proper to sacrifice this pleasure, retired while I was drinking, and probably not in the best humour. That, however, was to me a mater of absolute indifference. I now found myself perfectly easy and contented; sleep came upon me, and I accepted its advances without hesitation.

It was broad day when I awoke, and much was I surprised to find myself in a spot, the most horrible that I had ever seen! I gazed around me, striving in vain to comprehend, how I had got into such a desert, or how I should get out of it. The stream, of which I had drank the night before, gushed from the summit of a rock seemingly detached from the rest of the mountain, and I found myself stationed upon this summit. I could perceive the roofs of the hut and of the enchanted palace, which had excited in me such admiration: but I was separated from them, by a precipice so tremendous, that I shuddered, whenever my eye dared to measure its depth; and on every side I

was surrounded by beetling rocks, which, instead of offering me a passage, seemed leaning forward for the express purpose of tumbling themselves upon me. Fully persuaded that I had not been transported to this place through the air, I persisted in my perilous search after some outlet, and at length succeeded in my inquiry. It was the entrance of a cavern equally obscure and deep, which seemed rather the retreat of some wild beast, than a passage to scenes less tremendous. However, I resolved to examine it, and drawing my sword, I descended into this gloomy cave; hopeless of finding any other issue, than that by which I had entered. But after many difficulties, I felt, that the ground rose, and perceived a feeble glimmering of light which guided me to the spot, where day penetrated into this subterraneous abyss. This second outlet was totally different from the first: it was a spacious grotto, ornamented with shells and marble statues: a bow of polished steel hung on one side; on the other was a quiver, ornamented with gold and jewels, and filled with arrows; and in the middle of the grotto a large cage of jet inlaid with ivory, was suspended from the roof. I was so eager to get out of the scrape in which I found myself, that without staying to reflect on what I saw, I hastened out of the cave, and was near treading upon something sparkling which lay a few paces from the door. It was a shoe, whose buckle was formed of four diamonds, the most perfect and brilliant that I ever beheld: but the shoe itself was so small, and so exquisitely shaped, that I bestowed no thought upon the immense worth of the buckle. Having read, that Pallas, when she walks, makes the earth tremble and the forests shake, and that the immortal Juno takes but one stride from Mount Ida to the isle of Samos, I was tolerably certain, that I had not found the shoe of a goddess; but I determined to discover the mortal, if it were possible, whose foot could be worthy to wear so delicately formed a slipper.

I brought it away with me, though I did not expect to retain its possession long; for I guest it to be the lady's property, whose hunting accoutrements I had seen in the grotto, or else that it belonged to the other invisible nymph, for whom the toilette was prepared in the old woman's hovel. I was still hesitating, whether I should return there to seek her, or had better wait in the grotto, till some one should come thither to look for the shoe, when I was induced to abandon both designs by hearing cries and lamentations proceed from the rock above. I ascended it in haste; for the voice seemed to be a female's, and since my finding this slipper, my heart was wonderfully softened in favour of a sex, for which till then I had felt the most perfect indifference. I soon discovered, that the mourner was no other than my nymph of the cock! As soon as she saw me, she fell at my feet entreating me to plunge my sword in her bosom. I was by no means disposed to grant her this favour, for she had already inspired me with a tender inclination. I raised her respectfully, and having assured her, that I would hazard my life in the attempt to extricate her from her difficulties, I was on the point of seating myself by her, in order to hear at my ease the cause of her affliction; when she gave me a look of surprise, eyed me from head to foot, as if she had never seen me before, and removed immediately to some distance.

—"Be good enough," said she, "to sit a little farther off, for you seem to me so disagreeable, that I cannot suffer you to come so near me."—

I obeyed with all humility, and the impertinent creature, turning away her head, that she might not see me while she spoke, addrest me as follows:

—"Before I disclose the cause of my despair, which perhaps appears to you ridiculous, you must know, that the cocks which you have seen, are only intrusted to those damsels, who like myself are distinguished either for rank or merit. Three grand hunting-

matches are held every year, similar to that unlucky one, at which you were present yesterday, and those young women, who in four years bring home twelve lions, are united to the lovers who attend on them during those four years. In the mean time they see their admirers at all hours; but 'tis as much as their lives are worth, to grant the least favour, till the twelve lions are taken. Should a cock make his escape, 'tis a sign, that there has been some little impropriety in the conduct of his mistress; however, if the bird is found again, the crime is not capital; but at the end of three days, if he is still absent, it is a convincing proof of a criminal intercourse, and the seceder from virtue is immediately buried alive. It is this which causes my despair: my cock can never be found again, since I saw it with my own eyes devoured by that brute of a lion. Wretch that I am! Why did he not devour me at the same time? Why did I not perish without knowing the most amiable of mankind; or why did not all the men whom I have ever known appear to me as ugly and disagreeable as you do?"—

Insults so broad would have offended most people; but the worse that she treated me, the more did I admire her, and I was still endeavouring to express my growing passion, when her lover made his appearance. I immediately recognized him for one of our hunters, nor was my companion slow in showing her recollection of him—She instantly flew towards him with open arms, and professed herself happy, before she was deprived for ever of the light of day, once more to behold the beams of his bright eyes. Now this lover of hers was bandy-legged, pug-nosed, and copper-coloured; and the bright eyes, which she raved about (like a Chinese pig's), never had known what it was to be quite open. Having embraced her tenderly, he told her, that guessing her distress, he had provided a boat, which then waited at the foot of the mountain, and that he could easily carry her off, if I, who had reduced her to this extremity, would for

one hour protect them from the Matron's monster.

—" And who is the Matron's monster?" said I.—

—" You will know but too soon," he answered, " for he is looking for his lady's slipper, which I see in your hand."—

This said, he clasped his mistress in his arms, and hastened with her towards the sea with all expedition. At first I felt a little jealous, but no sooner were they out of sight, than I thought no more of them. Adventures had succeeded each other so rapidly on this mountain, that scarcely could I persuade myself, that I was not in a dream; but more were yet behind, for it now happened. . . . .

—" 'Tis you, who dream," interrupted Dinarzade impatiently; " you are desired to relate your own adventures, which in the present posture of affairs you should have told as concisely as possible; and instead of this you weary us with another person's, accompanied with details so uninteresting, that it is a doubt, whether they are most tedious or trifling."—

—" And what does it signify," cried the Sultan, " whose adventures he relates, so that they amuse me, and last out the night? What have I better to do, than to hear them? Go on, Facardin," he added, " and heed not the remarks of these chatterboxes, who never are satisfied, but when they are talking themselves."—

Dinarzade bit her lips with impatience. The fair Sultana, who had now passed a thousand nights in bed, with nothing better to amuse her than tales only fit to set one asleep, raised her eyes devoutly to heaven, and Facardin of Trebizonde proceeded thus:

—" If I remember right, I was interrupted in that part of the stranger's history, where he informed me, that he fancied himself to have been dreaming, while revolving the variety of events, to which so short a space of time had given rise. " I now endeavoured," he continued, " to regain the grotto; but instead of tak-

ing the path by which I had ascended the rock, I followed one, which, after a tedious journey, conducted me to the Matron's abode. The door was open; the spinning-wheel was still there, but no hands were employed in turning it. Finding no longer so insuperable an aversion for a female, whose first appearance had so much disgusted me, I resolved to enter, and review the wonders of the beautiful apartment. I held the slipper in my hand; I ceased not for a moment to admire it, and I frequently prest it to my lips as fondly, as if it had been the portrait of a mistress most passionately beloved.

Just as I prepared to enter the hut, I was stopped by an enormous giant, armed with a huge club, and covered with rough hair from head to foot. His manner of accosting me surprised me considerably, for his gestures were much less gentle, and his looks much more savage than the lion's, whom I had the honour of killing the day before. The first thing which he did on seeing me, was to take his club in both hands, and gnash his teeth like a wild boar: the second was to thank Heaven for throwing the thief in his way, who had stolen his lady's slipper; and he then proceeded to assure me, that he should already have dashed out the few brains which the gods had given me, if the Matron his mistress had not commanded him to reserve me for torments the most excruciating. From the sound of the voice which uttered it, I fancied, that some bull was pleased to make me this civil speech; after which the giant continuing his discourse, ordered me to surrender the slipper, and follow him without delay.

—"I should find it less trouble," said he, "to take it from you by force, than to ask you for it; but my mistress has commanded me to make you restore it through fear of my prowess, and therefore down upon your knees this moment."—

—"Are those your mistress's commands?" said I; "then pray, present my best respects to her, and tell

her from me, that neither you nor all your fellow-monsters put together shall make me surrender a shoe, whose beauty has charmed me, and which I did not obtain by dishonorable means."—

As I said this, I saw, that the wild dromedary had already raised his club to crush me, and I instantly drew my sword. His strength was prodigious; but as he was not very expert, I easily avoided his blows, the gentlest of which was sufficient to shiver the rocks in pieces, and overturn the surrounding trees. However, as I contrived to draw blood from him every time that he missed me, I should probably have finished the combat unhurt, had it not been my fate to get scratched in this land of wonders. It seems, that the giant had a nail on the great toe of his right foot, which the Erymanthian boar might have been proud of. This I did not discover for some time, but at length I had good reason to perceive it; for as I stooped to escape a blow from his club, which he pretended to aim at me, he found an opportunity of giving me a slash by no means inferior to that, which I had received from the lion the day before. This incensed me so highly, that with a furious blow I lopped off the leg, to whose foot was attached the weapon, which had favoured me with so respectable a wound. His fall was like that of a tower's, and the earth trembled as he touched it. I threw myself upon him intending to strike his ugly head from his shoulders; but a voice, which proceeded from the hut, made me hold my hand.

—"Valiant knight," cried the voice, "kill not my monster."—

I obeyed, and quitting him, entered the hovel, intending to present the matron with the slipper which force could not oblige me to surrender, and to explain, that I had not obtained it by discreditable means. I now supposed that it must belong to some daughter or niece of hers, for whom in all probability the cham-

ber and clothes were prepared, which I had seen the night before.

But in vain did I traverse the various apartments; no one appeared; and part of the garments which I had seen near the toilette, had been taken away.—Hoping to obtain from him some intelligence of his mistress, I returned to the place where I had left the giant; but he also was gone, and had carried away his leg with him. Though I had lost a considerable quantity of blood, I did not find myself much weakened, and was only sensible of hunger to a degree not less violent, than had been the thirst, which tormented me the night before. I resolved to look for something to appease the first, where I had so lately succeeded in appeasing the second; but the hovel door closed at my approach, nor could all my efforts suffice to open it. The grotto was now my only resource —I sought it for some time without success, nor perhaps should I ever have found it, had I not been conducted thither by the agreeable smell of roast meat—With an appetite like mine I could not have met with a guide more acceptable: I followed it with joy; and no sooner did I reach the grotto, than I was more than ever convinced, that I must certainly be dreaming.

How beautiful was the form, which on my entrance presented itself to my admiration! A nymph in a hunting-dress was reclining on a magnificent sopha, and looked in that attitude, as if the queen of love had borrowed Diana's garments to follow to the chase some new Adonis. Part of her bosom was uncovered: and that part was in my opinion worth all the treasures, which the caverns of the earth, the billows of the sea, or the women in the universe can possibly manage to conceal. Her petticoat was tucked up on one side, and fastened above her knee by a diamond buckle, similar to that which ornamented the beautiful slipper; and the leg, which by this means was displayed, was so exquisitely turned, as to make me cer-

tain, that it could not possibly be the property of a mortal. As soon as she saw me, she gazed on me for a few moments with attention.

—"Though the aversion with which your ridiculous deformity inspires me," said she, "and the esteem which I cannot deny to your valour, are now combating within my bosom, I am still willing to offer you the means of securing your own happiness, and at the same time contributing to mine. You have found my slipper she continued, "and your presumption in touching it is expiated in some degree by the intrepidity, with which you asserted your claim to it. Had you surrendered it to the giant, there would have been an end for ever of your hopes and mine, for in the man, who would possess me, courage is an indispensable qualification. But before I proceed, let me prove to you, that this shoe is really mine; here is my foot; approach and put it on."

I obeyed with mingled tenderness and respect, and while kneeling before her, my transports were so violent, that I scarcely knew what I was about. The shoe was put on with all imaginable ease; after which she bade me take it off again, and then inquired, what had conducted me to the grotto. I now for the first time recollected my necessities, and I told her, that I was dying of hunger, with a look as fond and languishing, as if I had told her, that I was dying of love.

—"What!" she exclaimed; "ever these gross and sensual desires? Last night you visited the Matron, because you were dry, and this morning your only reason for visiting me is because your are hungry! But no matter; I shall soon discover, whether you deserve the misfortune, which you have drawn upon yourself by drinking, and whether you will make yourself worthy of that glorious fate which will be yours, as soon as you shall have eaten sufficiently. As I am impatient to know, whether you really merit the advantages, which the stars appear to promise

you, take this bow without delay, and let me see, whether you can bend it."—

I obeyed, persuaded that I should find this task as easy, as the putting on her slipper: but it was not without considerable efforts, that I at length succeeded. No sooner was the deed performed, than the string of the bow produced a sound so melodious, that it could only be equalled by that, which proceeded from the cage of Jet; whose door opening at that moment, a large bird flew out with such swiftness, as to prevent my distinguishing its species. Surprised at the adventure which I had just accomplished, the nymph surveyed me with attention, but almost instantaneously turned away her head again, as if her eyes had been shocked by some disgusting object.

—"Take an arrow from yonder quiver," said she; "look upwards, and aim at whatever you see in the air."—

I left the grotto, and thought I could distinguish a fly far above me. As nothing else was to be seen, I discharged my arrow at it, which was soon out of sight: but just when I supposed it to be in the middle region of the air (so long was it ere it descended,) I saw it fall at my feet, loaded with the largest cock that I ever beheld.

The nymph ran towards the bird, kissed it thrice affectionately, and drew out the arrow; on which the cock sprang into the air as if nothing had happened, and disappeared in a few moments. This exploit seemed to inspire the fair huntress with more respect for me, though not enough to abate her aversion.

—"Yes," said she; "you must certainly be the person destined to release me; yet if I owe my deliverance to you, how can I endure to pass my life with a man, whose appearance is no less disgusting and ridiculous, than his actions are glorious and sublime? Prince, be careful of my slipper; seek through every region of the earth, nor present yourself again before me, till you have found a foot that can fit my

shoe, a woman that can love you, or a cock that can fly as high as that which you have just seen. Having presented me with one of these three wonders, you will only need to obtain the Matron's favours, to entitle you to mine: but without this last condition, and one or other of the first three, I shall always be unfortunate, and you never will be happy. However, before you set out in search of these adventures, I must put you to a preliminary trial. You remember, I suppose, that in spite of all entreaties to the contrary, you insisted last night upon drinking: to punish you for this obstinacy, I now inform you, that however great may be your disgust, you are expected to eat whatever may be set before you, without being desired at all."

I asked no better: I thought, that nothing could be served up at the table of a person so elegant, that could possibly baulk an appetite so voracious as mine: but when I examined what was placed before me, it was a wonder that I kept from fainting. You never could guess, valiant knight, what composed this diabolical ragout; I am therefore obliged to explain, that the dish contained the giant's leg, not forgetting the foot, and the large nail that adorned it!

The sight made my hair bristle with horror; I turned sick, and was leaving the grotto, anxious to escape from so disgusting an object, when without speaking the nymph heaved a deep sigh, and gave me a look no less expressing pity, than resentment. That look was sufficient to determine my conduct: I closed my eyes, tore off a morsel from the leg, and swallowed it. Having obeyed thus far, I again prepared to retire, assuring my hostess, that I should feel no desire to eat for at least the next four days. She seemed much softened by my compliance, fixed her eyes upon me more steadily than before, and so much delighted me by the change which I perceived in their expression, that I got down a little bit more. On this she drew nearer, placed her hand familiarly

upon my shoulder, and told me, that although she would not ask it of me, it was necessary for me to pick the whole leg to the bones.

—" I feel the charm's effect," said she; " my heart tells me, that the first spell is on the point of being dissolved. Persevere, and you need not go far to find a woman who loves you; but if you leave this place, or if your meal is interrupted, before you can empty the dish, you will become, if possible, more disagreeable to me, than you are at present."—.

These words touched my heart, and produced no slight effect upon my head: they animated my courage, but, alas! they did not augment my appetite. However, though the leg was sufficient to feed ten famished persons, since such was the condition of my trial, I resolved to use every effort to fulfil it; and I determined either to swallow the whole, or to burst bravely before the eyes of my Divinity! It was in the very midst of this magnanimous attempt, that my confounded Squire, who probably had been seeking me for 'some time, made the rocks re-echo with the name of Facardin. Suddenly the nymph changed colour; she seemed irresolute for a few moments, and then finding that I was the object of pursuit, she hastened into the subterraneous passage, leaving me more confounded, more surprised, and more afflicted, than I have power to express. I had perceived, that her glances grew milder; the wound given me by the giant closed, while I was employed in eating his leg; and the presence of the most lovely creature in the universe, who reclined affectionately upon my shoulder, had enabled me to support the horror of my trial. But no sooner did she leave me, than forgetting her injunctions, I forsook my horrible repast, and flew towards the passage by which she had departed: the moment that I approached it, a strong and rushing wind not only opposed my entrance, but raised me with violence from the ground, and blew me out of the grotto. As soon as I was on the outside, the door

(which had two holes in it similar to those in the door, which protected the Matron's cottage) closed of its own accord; through these holes two arms, whiter than snow, and more beautiful than Cytherea's, immediately passed themselves; an ebony spinning-wheel inlaid with gold placed itself spontaneously before them, and the spinning recommenced with more diligence than ever. I was now convinced, that the Divinity whom I had just seen was the Matron's daughter, and that spinning was a favourite occupation in this enchanted family. I drew nearer, with the intention of throwing myself on my knees before the nymph, of whom I saw nothing but the arms, and of conjuring her in pity to open the door; when my Squire, having at length discovered me, began to bawl out my name louder than ever. Immediately the beautiful hands disappeared; the grotto-door opened with violence; and the giant putting out his head, blew in my face with such force, that he rolled both my Squire and myself down to the place, where I had first distinguished the ray of light, which guided me to the Matron's cottage. When I recovered from my fall, my Squire informed me, that it was high time to be gone, and he conjured me to descend with all expedition, while it was still in my power to escape.

—"What could put it in your head," said he, "to climb this confounded mountain, which is crammed full of sorcerers and enchantments, while all the inhabitants of the neighbouring villages were in search of you? I waited till midnight by the river side; and then supposing, that while I was looking for you there, you must have landed somewhere else, in hopes of finding you, I hastened to the next village; but here I was told rare news of you: it was reported, that you had either seduced or ravished the girl who was left with you on the island; that her cock was lost; that you had disembarked with her, and that both had concealed yourselves in the cavities of the

mountain, to avoid the punishment of your offence. In consequence all the inhabitants assembled this morning at day-break; a council was held; the troops were ordered to march; and one part of them undertaking to surround the mountain, and bar every avenue, the other ascended, and dispersed themselves through all the various paths, by which it was possible for you to have passed. Now then, my dear master, I gave you up for lost. They had secured me, fearful lest I should apprise you of their designs; and they assured me very seriously, that I should have the honour to share your punishment. I was almost distracted to think, that a man, who had always been so prudent and so indifferent respecting this sort of frailty, as you have been, should at length throw away his life thus foolishly for the sake of a vulgar hussy and her dunghill cock. In the midst of these melancholy reflections, a loud shout, proceeding from that side of the mountain which was nearest the sea, augmented my distress; for it was immediately reported that you had been seized in the very act of eloping with your new mistress. How great was my joy, when I beheld the captives. The companion of this unlucky girl was one of the hunters, who it seems had been long attached to her. Their doom was pronounced without delay: and though they continued to assert their innocence, the lover was compelled to dig a pit, into which he put his mistress up to the neck, after tenderly embracing her, and taking a most affectionate farewell. The pit was then filled up again; but at the very moment that nothing of the damsel was visible except her head, and which was also on the point of disappearing, a cock was heard to crow in the air above her.

All raised their eyes; the noise was heard again, but still nothing could be distinguished. At length one of the principal persons drew a telescope from his pocket, and declared that it was a gnat mimicking the crowing of a cock: on the other hand, the lover

asserted that it was the identical cock which his mistress had lost, and swore by the great Caramoussal, that he recognized him by his manner of crowing. While they were still debating this question, a real live cock, which had raised itself higher than ever cock had done before, descended, and perched upon the damsel's head. The universal acclamations gave him not the least alarm; he kept his place with great intrepidity, while the whole company agreed in thinking, that this prodigy was effected by the great Caramoussal, and was a convincing proof of the girl's innocence: but no sooner did they approach in order to restore her to liberty, than the cock stretched out his neck, clapped his wings, crowed thrice, and then darting into the air with the swiftness of a falcon, in a moment was out of sight. This persuaded the spectators, that her conduct with her lover had not been perfectly correct; but as the cock in clapping his wings, had put out her left eye, he was supposed to have meant this as a punishment for granting trifling favours, and she was declared fully justified of any capital offence. In consequence, she was immediately released both from the pit and her apprehensions; she was conducted home to her parents in triumph; and while they were busied in dressing her eye, I hastened hither to conjure you to leave a country, where the mountains are full of sorcerers, the islands of lions, and the villages of men, women, and cocks, who for any thing that I can see, are not a jot better than the sorcerers or the lions."—

The truth of this account was confirmed by my adventures on the mountain. I resolved therefore to follow my Squire's advice, and we left this repository of prodigies and incomprehensible events without meeting any further impediment. The more that I revolved upon what had passed, the less was I persuaded, that it had really happened. The lion, who had called me by my name; the old woman, who loved me so tenderly; the young one, who hated me

on whom he doated; she was extremely beautiful, and called Sapinella of Jutland. This damsel, had not been able to get slippers to fit her, had gone mad in consequence, and persuaded her father to hang up all the coblers in the kingdom. Informed of the difficulty to please her, and dreading the fate of their comrades, the foreign shoe-makers had refused to work for her, and at length things were brought to such a pass, that yielding in his affection to her, the king had published throughout his dominions, that whoever could shoe the beautiful Sapinella, should marry her for his trouble. It was however specified in the bargain, that such as failed in the attempt, should be hung with as little ceremony, as had been shown to their predecessors.

—"And thus," continued the ambassador, "thus are we, wretched slaves of a despotic master, and a capricious mistress, condemned either to find the little slipper and the large mouth, or never to re-visit the fertile plains of Denmark; Denmark, that beloved country, which gave us birth. Such are the curious commissions, which we are enjoined to execute; and you can easily conceive, that we have but too much reason in thinking, that we have bidden adieu for ever to our native land!"—

While making these reflections the tender hearted ambassador cried like an infant: those, which his narrative had suggested to me, were of a very different nature, and after meditating for some time upon the conditions stipulated in the king of Denmark's edict, I asked, what would be the consequence of presenting Sapinella with a shoe too small.

—"For," said I, "though I suppose her in size to be no bigger than a doll, yet a slipper may be made so small, that even a doll cannot get her foot into it."—

Highly offended by this observation, the chief ambassador bestowed on me a look of most profound contempt.

—"Young man!" said he, when you have seen a little more of the world, you will learn to treat a fair one with greater respect, whose fame can only be unknown to yourself and such as resemble you. Should chance ever lead you to the feet of our Princess, you will see what sort of feet they are, and be obliged to confess, that (Mousellina the Serious excepted,) she need yield to no one in point of figure. 'Tis not therefore so much the smallness of her foot (that being perfectly proportioned to her commanding height) which makes the fitting her with shoes a matter of difficulty, as its shape, elegance, and form, no less singular than beautiful."—

—"But, my good lord ambassador," said I, "suppose the person, who produces a slipper perfectly adapted to the shape, elegance, and singular form of this beautiful foot, should by no means be inclined to marry your Infanta? What would be the consequence of his refusal?"—

—"Should any one be found," answered the Dane "(but it appears to me impossible, that there should), so cold, so stupid, so weak in judgment, and so deficient in taste, as to renounce Sapinella of Jutland's lawful possession: she is then obliged by oath (her honour and all belonging to it being out of the question) to grant him whatever favour he may think proper to demand."—

My reasons for asking this question, I doubt not, valiant stranger, are already known to you: this answer determined my conduct, for till then my scruples had kept me in suspense. Though the charming huntress still reigned in my bosom, not to fall in love with every woman that came in my way, was to me utterly impossible; however the moment they were out of sight, I forgot all others, and only remembered the beautiful unknown. The Princess offered her hand to him who could accomplish a task, which she despaired of ever seeing performed; on the other hand certain death was his punishment, wh

failed in the attempt. I had long sought a foot worthy the most beautiful shoe in the world; Sapinella had long sought a shoe worthy the most beautiful foot in the universe, which (as she thought) belonged to her own person. If on the one hand, I feared, lest the sensibility of my heart should make me forget every thing but her beauty, while I gazed on a Princess, who had been painted to me in colours so fascinating; on the other, the aversion, with which I had always inspired the whole sex, seemed to promise me a safeguard against my own weakness. I had traversed two quarters of the world without finding a female, who would accept my heart; nor had I found any cocks except dunghill ones, who knew no more how to fly, than I did myself. I determined therefore to embark on board one of the ambassador's vessels, to try my slipper on the foot of the Danish Princess, and should I succeed in my attempt, then to lead her to the grotto in triumph, where dwelt the nymph with the steel-bow. The ambassadors, who really were mighty good sort of people, opposed this design with much earnestness. They represented to me all the difficulties of such an enterprise, and they assured me, that I should find it very inconvenient to be hung in the flower of my age, a fate which I could not escape, should I handle Sapinella's foot without success. I was obstinate; and as I had not divulged to him the mystery of the beautiful slipper, the chief ambassador, who was much addicted to blubbering, actually burst into tears, on seeing me ascend the vessel.

The wind was so favourable, that seven months after my embarkation, I reached the Scandinavian coast so favoured by nature. Having traversed those immense provinces, I at length arrived at the court of Fortimbrass with the wide mouth. Here it was, that I expected to meet with adventures much more worthy your attention, than those which you have just heard; judge then how great was my disappointment, when upon inquiring for the Princess, I was informed....."

In this part of his history, the handsome stranger was interrupted by an unexpected flourish of cymbals, tymbals, fifes, trumpets, flageolets, bag-pipes, cow-horns, and drums, which suddenly resounded through the forest. We looked eagerly round us, and our eyes for some time rested in vain on the spot, whence the noise proceeded. The nearer that this singular concert approached, the more was our surprise augmented, as we still were unable to discover the cause. Suddenly my secretary and the stranger's squire, who had climbed two lofty trees, and who by this means enjoyed a more extensive look out, rejoined us in terror, and announced that a troop of Arabs, whom the hills had till then prevented us from descrying, was seen hastening towards us, no doubt intending to surround our little party. On receiving this intelligence we took our camels from our attendants, and having mounted them, advanced boldly towards the robbers, whom we could now perceive: but we soon discovered, that the new-comers were neither robbers, nor Arabs; and that as to surrounding us nothing could be farther from their inclination. Still their appearance surprised us not a little. As far as our eyes could reach, we discovered an ever-lengthening chain of camels, hores, mules, and elephants, heavily laden with litters, palanquins, and baggage of every description. They were escorted by a numerous body of soldiers and slaves, all habited in chintz, the colours of which were so lively and brilliant, that the whole appeared to us a moving parterre, enamelled with the choicest flowers of spring and summer. We stopped to observe the progress of this singular convoy, in whose middle a palanquin, sparkling with gold, and adorned with designs of the most exquisite finish, failed not to attract the chief part of our observation.

This palanquin was shut up on all sides. Four slaves of gigantic stature bore it upon their shoulders, while of four satraps on horse-back each supported an umbrella over it, to protect it from the heat of the

sun. The satraps, the slaves, and the palanquin, were all covered with chintz; but that chintz was of so fine a texture, so admirably painted, and magnificently embroidered, that my secretary (than whom nobody understands these matters better) has frequently assured me since, that it could not be worth less, than two talents an ell. Round the palanquin the musicians were stationed, whose concert had been the original means of engaging our attention. Unluckily as soon as they approached us, the concert began again, and we soon discovered, that in order to remain in its neighbourhood, it was absolutely necessary to be well used to it. This unexpected music made us start one and all; but it appeared so terrible to our camels, that after all the extravagant actions which sudden terror makes those animals perform, they fairly ran away with us. Every effort to hold them back only redoubled their impatience to be gone and the impetuosity with which they hurried us away. My secretary's beast and my own, who stuck close together, turning short round as if by agreement, dashed like mad things through the rear, which came loitering after the rest, and trampled upon all who happened to be in their way. The general confusion which this occasioned, and the cries of such as found themselves attacked in this *impromptu* manner, increased still more the fury of these infernal animals, who slackened not their speed till they reached the banks of a large river. Here for a moment they stopped to take breath; but the recollection of their fright soon returning, they plunged into the water, without giving us the least hint of their design. All that we could do in this moment of surprise, was to hold fast by the ears, and endeavour to reach the opposite bank of the river, which was both deep and rapid. We were now above fifteen stadii distant from the forest, where we had caused so much confusion. Gladly would I have returned thither, being equally anxious to know what was become of the handsome Facardin, and to hear

the conclusion of his adventures. But my secretary representing to me the danger and difficulty of repassing the river, the near approach of night, and the fresh disturbance which our camels would occasion, should the same infernal clatter recommence on our arrival, I gave up the point, and suffered him to conduct me to a cottage, which we descried at some distance. I past the night in all the agonies of impatience: no sooner did the morning dawn, than I again set forward, anxious to learn what could be meant by this triumphal procession, in which chintz furniture made so conspicuous a figure, and still more desirous of rejoining Facardin and his shoe, from whom I hoped to hear the catastrophe of his adventures. Unluckily a dreadful tempest, which had not ceased during the night, swelling the mountain torrents, had caused such an overflow of the river, that it would have been useless to attempt to pass it, or to wait till the waters should abate. The people with whom I lodged, assured me, that all the plains on that side would be inundated for at least a month: thus then was I separated from this amiable stranger, of whom I have never since been able to obtain a sight, in spite of my anxiety and efforts to rejoin him."—

Here Dinarzade heaved a deep sigh, as if just relieved from some great oppression.

—" A thousand thanks," she cried, raising her hands to heaven, " a thousand thanks to the satraps in chintz, the gilded palanquin, the slaves who bore it, the umbrellas which shaded it, and above all to the flageolets, fifes, cymbals, and bag-pipes, which by frightening your camel, separated you from Facardin the Second! and oh! for ever blessed be the river, whose well-timed overflowing prevented you from falling in with him again! Had it not been for that fortunate accident, I doubt not, you would have wearied us as intolerably with the end of his adventures, as you have already done with the beginning. For Heaven's sake, my dear Prince, tell me at once, how

many years it will take to relate your history, and how many volumes may be made out of your secretary's journal; since though you have now trespassed upon our good Sultan's patience for a very considerable time, as you have employed it entirely in recounting the misfortunes of another person, while of your own I have not heard one syllable, I confess to you, that I begin to despair of ever hearing your history conclude."—

Luckily Schahriar (whose custom it was to have the soles of his feet tickled by his Great Chamberlain) had just then fallen into a gentle slumber, and therefore his sister-in-law's remarks for this time escaped him. Had it not been for this accident, there is reason to believe, that she would not have got off with a simple reprimand. Facardin indeed, who to give him his due was extremely good-humoured, hastened to prevent the Sultan's being aware of the interruption, and rescued Dinarzade from his displeasure by resuming his discourse.

—"As during the latter part of my narrative," said he, "the attention of your most august and victorious Majesty seemed to be drawn off by some meditations no doubt of very serious, public, and political importance; in order to connect the broken threads of my story, I will just repeat the heads of what escaped you, while buried in your own profound reflections."—

—"Don't give yourself the trouble," answered the Sultan, "I have not lost a syllable; and to convince you of it, I remember, that while I meditated on the means of preserving the tranquillity of my subjects, and the prosperity of my dominions, you recited, how the palanquins, elephants, chintz curtains, and umbrellas, took to their heels, and dashed into the sea, as soon as your Squires and their camels began to play upon their fifes and bag-pipes."—

—"Exactly so!" exclaimed Dinarzade; "the Prince of Trebizonde need only continue his history;

and if ever your Majesty should take it into your head to repeat the whole in the style of the specimen which we have just heard, I'll engage for its being the most curious narrative that ever was related in mortal hearing!"—

—"Silence!" said the Sultan; "I wish to give all my attention to the Prince. Trebizonde, proceed."—

—"I was considerably vexed," continued Facardin, "at my abrupt separation from the handsome stranger, not only because I had already imbibed a sincere attachment to him, but because I meant to have requested him to change his name; lest the exploits by which I intended to make mine illustrious, should be ascribed indiscriminately to one or other of the only two Facardins existing. However, but a short time elapsed, ere I discovered that this precaution would have been of no avail.

Some persons have minds so inactive, as to pass whole hours without opening their lips, and this more particularly happens, when they are alone. For my part, never having been afflicted with that supineness of imagination, which leads people to meditate on the various objects which present themselves to travellers without discussing them by word of mouth, whenever I had nobody else to converse with, I held a conversation with myself. Sometimes I repeated a scene or two from some new play; sometimes I hummed a favourite air, and at other times I whistled it. In short, I made use of every source of amusement, which talents and an excellent education could supply, instead of wasting my time in building castles in the air, like the stupid dreamers, to whom I just now alluded. It is true! my secretary did not come under this description; but then he had another whim, which was not a jot more sensible or entertaining. Every twelve yards he halted, and drawing out a portfolio crammed full of his remarks, he busied himself with the utmost gravity in chalking down all the rivers, castles, wind-mills, mountains, and pigeon-

nouses, which he saw from the road. One day in particular he put me out of all patience.

—" I wonder, Jessamin," said I; " I wonder, that with such a long beard hanging down to your girdle, you are not ashamed of being so childish as to keep eternally scratching and scrawling, when you might employ yourself so much better in remaining near me, listening to my discourse, and replying to my questions. Pry'thee, put up that bundle of trash, and look in your list of perilous adventures, for that which happens to be nearest at hand; for in fact I am heartily weary of wandering about, as I have done for these last three weeks, without knowing where I am, or whither going."—

As I said this, we approached a bridge which he was just then in the very act of drawing; nor was it without infinite reluctance, that he consented to lay aside his employment. However, my orders being repeated, he prepared to obey me; when suddenly our camels began to whine, and snuff, and seemed to be seized with some violent panic. A moment after we heard the tuning of instruments, and immediately about half a dozen persons appeared at the other end of the bridge. They were all drest in a sort of chintz uniform, and no sooner did they descry us, than they began to get their instruments in order and tune, by way of doing honour to our approach. Perceiving these musicians to be of the same kind with those whom we had left in the forest, we begged leave by signs to decline the serenade, with which they were preparing to accompany us. They easily discovered by the violent agitation of our camels, that we made this request on their account. Unluckily the distress of these beasts appeared to the musicians so entertaining, that as they staggered across the bridge(for they were completely drunk) they thought proper to heighten it by additional symphony. No sooner were the first notes audible, than my secretary's camel, recollecting the means by which he had just

escaped, dashed into the river without hesitation ; and while in hopes of gaining the opposite bank his master held fast by the neck, the curious memoirs of our travels, which he had not time to put up, floated down the stream to our great discomfiture. With respect to *my* camel, the principal musician had seized him by the bridle, and the others prevented him from rejoining his companion. When the poor beast found, that all avenues to escape were barred, he dropped upon his knees trembling like an aspin; he shut his eyes, not being able to shut his ears, and sent forth such melancholy cries and groans, that I found it impossible to refrain from laughter; especially when I heard the other camel, affected by his friend's situation, answer her in the same pathetic strain from the opposite side of the river.

I sprang upon my feet; and the principal musician, who still held my camel's bridle, having persuaded his companions to withdraw (for he dreaded, lest they should occasion some new alarm,) he conducted me across the bridge, frequently apologizing for the insolence of the drunkards. He informed me, that they belonged to a band, with the other members of which, he supposed, I had not come in contact; since to judge from my camel's turn of mind, he thought, that had he heard them, the animal must have died with the fright, they being very numerous, and being positively ordered to play on all their instruments, as soon as a stranger appeared in sight.—He added, that he had staid behind in order to collect these rascals together, who had separated themselves from the convoy, in order to drink at the different alehouses on the road, and that he must hasten to rejoin the train of the Princess.

—" What Princess?" said I.

—" Moussillina the Serious," answered my new acquaintance; " who is returning to her father's dominions in hopes of laughing."

" Of laughing!" I exclaimed; what can you mean?"

—" I mean replied he, " that she has been travelling about for these three months for the sole purpose of laughing, and it is for the sole purpose of laughing, that she now returns to her native land. But what a simpleton am I," he continued, " to think it necessary to explain to you, what you must know so much better than myself."—

Thus saying he hastened to join his companions, as fast as he could lay legs to the ground. It was in vain that I called after him begging him to come back, and satisfy my curiosity: he turned not his head towards me, and nothing could persuade my secretary to let me mount my camel and follow him; for Jessamin protested, that he had rather die, than be again in the power of that unmerciful music. We hastened therefore to escape from it; he lamenting the loss of his journal, and I, that of an explanation respecting the Princess of Astracan. I might have passed the time till midnight, in these reflections, had I chosen it, for my secretary kept at a considerable distance behind, probably endeavouring to set down the heads of the adventures which had been contained in his journal: but the silence which this reverie compelled me to observe becoming intolerable, I stopped, and waited till he came up with me.

—" Jessamin," said I, as soon as he joined me, " look among your papers for the list of places, of which the enchantments and perils are likely to furnish me some employment; I wish, as I told you before, to go immediately to those, which are nearly at hand."—

—" Look for it yourself," answered he peevishly; " all my lists, journals, and papers of every description are following the course of the river, while I am following your Highness on this devil of a camel, who makes me every moment give myself up for lost; nay, he is even a great obstacle to my salvation, so often does he put me under the necessity of cursing both himself and our great Prophet for introducing

him into the world. If you like it, my Lord, you are perfectly at liberty to follow these papers, which in fact are commentaries of our illustrious actions: for my own part, I am not quite so great a fool as to run the risque of drowning in the attempt to fish them up. But for Heaven's sake, where is the use of scampering after adventures in your present equipage? Is it not clear, that however great may be your courage, there needs but a fiddle to make you run from one end of the world to the other! I would really advise you to restrain this violent thirst for glory which torments you, till you have a better chance of satisfying it.—We are now within three days journey of the Persian gulph. In the city which is enriched by the commerce of that sea, you may find the most beautiful horses in the universe: there, if your Highness will take my advice, you will get rid of these unlucky camels, and mount yourself according to the established fashion of knights-errant, instead of trotting about the world like Armenian merchants, or pilgrims on their way to Mecca."—

I took his advice. On the third day after this passed, we discovered the banks of the Red Sea, having travelled without meeting with any fresh accident; that is to say, without falling in with any music by the way. The sun was just setting; and I beheld with infinite pleasure the variety of brilliant hues, with which its rays tinged the surface of these waters. I could have sworn, that a purple carpet had been spread over them; for the colour of the sea, and that of the light in which it sparkled, were mingled together in a manner at once the most splendid and beautiful. My secretary who now kept close to me, asked, whether I knew how these waters had obtained the appellation of the Red Sea: I answered, that I supposed, that it had been given them on account of their colour.

—"Quite the contrary," said he; "they are no more red than you are; and since it will be an hour

before we reach Florispahan, the capital of Arabia Petræa, I may as well employ the time in explaining this matter."—

He had not time to begin his story, before something glittering which appeared on the water at a considerable distance, attracted my attention. The sun was already sunk beneath the waves, and his last beams illuminating this object, we imagined at first, that a golden hillock was floating towards us. As it approached, we could perceive an infinity of streamers fluttering in the wind, and at length ascertained, that a bark was drawing near us, which was covered with gold from the extremity of the mast to the very surface of the ocean. It was conducted by two dwarfs extremely black, and extremely deformed. As soon as it touched the shore, there came out a kind of nymph, more ornamented than heaven, and more hideous than hell. While I busied myself in conjecturing, how it was possible to be at once so young and so ugly, she threw herself at my feet, and embraced my knees, before I could possibly prevent her.

—"Invincible knight!" said she, "follow me, and preserve the most precious life, that ever yet was given to a mortal! But first swear to me, that however dangerous may be the undertaking, that however disagreeable may be its conditions, you will not hesitate to attempt the deliverance of a beauty, more perfect than till now the universe could ever boast."—

Here as she began to weep, I raised her from the ground, anxious to spare myself the wry faces, which she then thought it proper to make: nay, I had already opened my mouth to give the oath required, when my secretary clapped his hand before it."—

—"Stay one moment, my Lord." said he; before you engage yourself, let me ask this young lady a few questions." Then taking off his bonnet, and shaking his long beard, "Either my name is not Jessamin," he continued, "or you come from the Chrystal Island —am I right, sweetheart?"—

—"Hold your tongue, child," answered she; "my business is not with you, but with your master. Yes, amiable youth!" she added, "it is to you, that I am sent. The paragon of beauty has just entered the bath, and unless you are so condescending as to see her come out of it, never must she enter it again! In defiance therefore of your page, Jessamin, swear to follow me! Swear to me this, and in return may the dew of morning cool your sweet slumbers; may the zephyrs of evening breathe gently on your cheeks; and may the accents of your well-beloved be as favourable to your wishes, as the cock's crow is grateful to the ear of him, whose couch during the night sleep hath denied to visit!"—

These prayers were so extremely kind and acceptable, that I could not think of rejecting the nymph's request. I took the oath, which she tendered, and swore, that happen what might, I would not only see the lady, whom she mentioned, step out of the bath, but afterwards would do my utmost to effect her deliverance. My secretary no sooner heard me make this vow, than he judged it expedient to tear his hair, pluck out his beard by the roots, and utter groans and lamentations the most deplorable.

—"Unhappy Prince!" cried he; "what evil star conducted you hither to engage in an enterprise, whose event must either prove your ruin, or entail on you everlasting dishonour. None but a satyr, or the offspring of some Spanish fly, would dare even to think of an adventure, which you have sworn to attempt, but which I will take my oath, you will never accomplish! However, I have still one means in my power to release you from the vow, which you have just made so rashly!"—

Thus saying, he drew his dagger, and rushed upon the ambassadress, no doubt intending to kill her. I had no difficulty in preventing this act of passion, or in finding words to express, how much I disapproved of this unmanly transport. However, so far was I

from exciting his contrition, that seeing me on the point of embarking without him, (such was the law of this adventure,) and finding, that I positively forbade his accompanying me, he gave way to an impulse of passion not less violent than unavailing.

—"May the sea," he exclaimed, "swallow up the gilded bark, the furbelowed monkey who is just on the point of entering it, and the unfortunate Facardin, who is now preparing to follow her."—

On hearing my name, my conductress examined me with a look of surprise, and asked me, if in truth my name was Facardin.

—"Why should it not be so?" said I.

However not satisfied with this answer, she addressed herself to my secretary, who was still weeping by the water's edge.

—"Venerable Jessamin! said she, "tell me the truth; is your master really called Facardin?"—

Hoping that this would be of service to me, he called Heaven to witness, that such was my real name.

—"Then let me away without loss of time," said she, "since I possess the invincible Facardin; but if this stranger is really he, what has become of the other half of him?"—

Not understanding this question, I did not attempt to answer it. The gilded bark made its way with incredible swiftness, and soon losing sight of that shore, on which the inconsolable Jessamin was still venting his lamentations, a quarter of an hour landed us upon another.

This was an immense rock, which rose in the midst of the sea. It appeared to be transparent, and as soon as we disembarked, I perceived, that it was entirely composed of chrystal. A female, more advanced in years, more splendid in dress, and more frightful in feature than my conductress, came in all haste to receive us.

—"Take courage!" cried the nymph of the bark, as soon as the new-comer was within hearing; "I

bring what our charming mistress has sought for so long in vain. This is the great Facardin!!!"—

—"The great devil!" answered the other; "why, you must be mad, Harpiana, to mistake this shrimp for the invincible Facardin! But no matter. We shall soon see of what stuff this daring youth is composed; and as he seems likely to fail in the very preliminaries, we shall at least have the comfort of seeing him flayed, while they burn the unfortunate Chrystallina! Has he taken the oath?"—

—"He has," answered the first scare-crow, "and so readily, that I am almost sorry for his fate."—

—"Disarm him then," rejoined the other, "while I announce his arrival to our charming mistress."—

—"Softly," said I; "a moment's patience, if you please, Miss Monster; let me inform you, that if you pronounce the word, "disarm," a second time, I shall whip both your ugly heads from off your shoulders."—

Thus saying, I displayed my sword: they seemed not a little confounded at a proceeding so unexpected.

—"Conduct me," I continued, "immediately to this lady, whom I have sworn to protect, in order that without loss of time I may deliver her from a danger, which appears to be so pressing. Truly, it would be extremely well-timed to give away my arms, when I come here for the sole purpose of fighting!"—

—"Flower of chivalry!" said she, who had come to receive us, "do as we request, since resistance will be vain. Give up your arms, and I swear to you by the prophet Ali, the original inventor of green turbans, that if you meet a single enemy with arms, yours shall be restored to you."—

I suffered myself to be prevailed upon; and retaining only my sword, which nothing could induce me to relinquish, I followed, wherever these damsels chose to lead me. In my way I observed a number of persons, the singularity of whose appearance surprised me not a little: they were men in female dresses, who

being each provided with a spindle and distaff, were spinning with great application, as we past along. I inquired the meaning of this humiliating masquerade. I was answered, that I was unlucky in not being permitted to increase their number; that all these persons had been adventurers like myself, who having taken the same oath, preferred passing their lives in this degrading situation to engaging in the enterprise at the risque of being flayed, if they failed to accomplish it; but that no choice was left for him who should present himself on the last day of the year (that space of time being allotted for the trial) except to attempt the deliverance of the lady or be flayed without further delay.

—"May I ask," said I, "the nature of this périlous exploit?"—

—"Our lovely Mistress will inform you," answered one of my guides, "as soon as you are presented to her."—

It would have been difficult to walk, and indeed to keep one's feet on an island of chrystal, if the roads had not been strown with diamond dust. It was already night; nor should I have been able to distinguish the several objects which presented themselves, had not the rock been hollowed out with much labour in various places, where orange-trees were introduced, from whose branches large chrystal chandeliers and a profusion of burning lamps depended; this made the whole island as bright as if it had been day.

We were situated directly under the torrid zone, scarcely four degrees removed from the equinoctial line. The sun during the day had darted his rays full upon this immense mass of chrystal; the air was considerably heated, and not a breath of wind was stirring after twilight. Consequently, I was almost suffocated with heat by the time that I reached the other end of the rock. On the brink of it I perceived a square pavilion, in which both my guides advised me to take some repose. I found there all sorts of

refreshment, and hastened to enjoy that of bathing at the request of my attendants, who assisted me to undress, but who failed in persuading me to commit my sabre to their care, as I scrupled not to do my garments. In vain did they exert their lungs in assuring me, that nobody in this world ever bathed sword in hand. All their remonstrances proved fruitless; I not only entered the bath, but came out of it in this warlike posture. A magnificent night-gown was immediately thrown over my shoulders; and while I eat of what was set before me, and appeased my thirst with cool and delicious wines, my clothes were carried off by my conductresses.

The day broke. After demanding my clothes without success, I was desired to set forward, and also was entreated once more to lay aside my clumsy ill-looking scymitar, which would be totally useless in the business for which I was preparing.

—"Pry'thee," said I, "talk no more about my scymitar. As it is, I want only a close cap, a distaff instead of a sword, and a jacket and petticoat, to be drest like those wretches whom I saw in my way hither!"—

Finding me deaf to all entreaties respecting the sword, of which they were so anxious to deprive me, they conducted me without more delay to a bridge, which connected the chrystal rock with the most delightful meadow that I ever beheld. Here the two ladies left me. When I had crossed the bridge, two little negroes, even more deformed than those who had managed the bark, closed behind me a brazen barrier, and with a low bow demanded my sword. I answered, that this request being particularly disagreeable to me, if they mentioned it again, I should be under the necessity of cleaving them from the head to the navel. This threat put them in such terror, that away they ran over the meadow like two black kids. I followed them without hurrying myself, till I came near a palace, which could not well avoid being

transparent, for the walls were formed of the clearest and most beautiful glass that the world ever produced. Near this palace was raised by means of golden pegs and cords of purple a magnificent pavilion. I have since heard, that it belonged formerly to the unfortunate Darius, of whom I have the honour to be a lineal descendant.

In this tent, which was open in the front, I perceived a bed, if possible, more rich and elegant than that, which now contains the charms of the divine Scheherazade. These objects would not have given the most distant idea of a perilous adventure, had they not been placed in a very disagreeable neighbourhood: for to the right of the transparent palace there was erected a pile of wood evidently intended to burn some criminal; and on the left I observed a kind of altar, the four corners of which were provided with iron rings for the purpose of fastening the victim, and with sacrificial knives for the purpose of cutting his throat. Though I never could even form any idea what it was to be afraid, I confess, a little kind of inquietude passed through my head like a vapour, when I remembered, what I had heard respecting the chrystal rock. However, no person being in the tent, though the bed seemed prepared for somebody, I approached the little palace, and here the first light was thrown upon the singular adventure in which I was engaged. Chance had conducted me to the bathing room.—To enter it would have been unnecessary, since I could distinguish perfectly well through the walls, what was passing within. Four negresses, more dingy, more flat-nosed, and less dressed, than any to be found in the heart of Guinea, surrounded a marble bason, in which according to all appearances their mistress was waiting for my arrival to begin the adventure.—As soon as they perceived me, these ladies in waiting ranged themselves in a line; and immediately the admirable Chrystallina stepped out of the water with as few clothes on, as it was possible to have without

being stark naked. She remained in the midst of these four ugly toads a considerable time, before they could find any thing with which to cover her. This piece of art did not escape me; but though I conceived, that her complexion must be seen to great advantage while contrasted with the horrible figures around her, I own, I was much struck with the dazzling whiteness of her skin; and I looked with contempt upon the perils of the enterprise while I reflected, that this uncommon beauty would certainly feel some gratitude for the service, which I hoped shortly to render her.

While such were my reflections, the lady and her attendants disappeared, I know not how. In a few moments one of the negresses came to say, that her mistress, the heavenly Chrystallina, that divinity whom I had just been so fortunate as to see bathing, waited for me in her apartment, where she was just gone to bed, and hoped, that I would make haste to preserve her life by my politeness and generosity. Scarcely could I believe, that this message, at once so flattering and so free, was not sent for the purpose of making a jest of me.

—"The adventure may end as it pleases," said I to myself, "provided it begins, as this obliging ambassadress gives me hopes that it will."—

I followed her with great eagerness, and on her part she lost no time: I guessed, that she was leading me to the tent of Darius, and no sooner had I entered, than it was surrounded by a troop of soldiers completely armed. The nymph Chrystallina desired me to sit down for a moment at her bed's head, and being obeyed, she next rang a golden bell. Immediately an old man appeared, whose beard was at least three feet longer than my secretary's: in his left hand he held a scythe, and in his right a small clock, having placed which on the other side of the bed, he retired. To him succeeded two other figures still more extraordinary. The first was a sort of high-

priest, respectable from his habit, but of an aspect the most ferocious: among his sacred ornaments was included a butcher's knife, which was stuck in his girdle, and his beard was even longer than the one which I had just seen. The other was a blacksmith, at least so I supposed from his having a hammer, a file, and a bag of nails; besides this he held a brazen hoop, on which was strung a variety of rings of different sorts: this hoop he fastened to an iron staple, which was fastened to the floor by a broad plate of gold. The lady, from whom this mummery had drawn my attention, now desired me to make the first effort towards her deliverance by bringing her one of those rings: that done, the adventure would be accomplished, and I should remain the sole master of her person and her treasures. These words made me examine her again; but she was now too close for me to be as much charmed with her, as I had been at first sight. In spite of the art which she had used to conceal her beauty's decay, she seemed to be much gone by. I suppose, she thought, that the suspicion of her being painted occasioned my surprise, for in order to shew me that she was not, she immediately took great pains to display her arms and bosom. This convinced me beyond a doubt, that she was daubed from head to foot, and she now disgusted me as much, as she had enchanted me on her first appearance. However as I had promised to undertake this adventure, and as all she wanted was one of those rings, I advanced towards the brazen hoop, on which they were strung.

—"Hold, my little friend," said the long-bearded arch-bishop, who now perceived, that I was armed; "Hold!" said he in Arabic; "who taught you to appear sword in hand in a lady's bed-chamber? Down on your knees, young man, and give me that useless weapon without delay."—

I cannot describe, magnanimous Emperor, the fury, which I felt at hearing this piece of insolence. How-

ever, I strove to repress it, lest I should betray myself into some impropriety.

—"Mr. Parson!" said I, "what you have just said, has been dinned into my ears by all the rabble of this place; and I now assure you, that if such another speech comes out of that bush, which covers your face, I shall strike off your head, and convert it into a scrubbing-brush!"—

In finishing this compliment I made my sword whistle twice or thrice about his ears. I soon perceived that as all these islanders made the same request, my answer produced the same effect upon every one of them; for after ducking several times under my sword, my friend the high-priest took to his heels, and the blacksmith did not stay long behind him.

No sooner were they departed, then I hastened to end the adventure by bringing a ring to the fairy Chrystallina, for I supposed, that I might have one for the trouble of taking. But though I possess more strength than the gods bestow upon many, it was in vain, that I exerted it, and tried each ring separately; not one could I move. Piqued at a resistance which I did not expect, I redoubled my efforts, but with no better success. At length recollecting Alexander's method of dividing the Gordian knot, I was going to procure one of the blacksmith's files, when the nymph desired me to resume my place near her.

—"It is not on exertions of this nature," said she, when I had obeyed her, "that my safety, and also your own depend. It is evident, that as you now employ it, no strength can obtain for me one of these rings; however, there is a way of disengaging them with as much ease, as if the brazen hoop were open. Take breath, while I explain it to you, and in the mean while examine with attention the furniture of this tent."—

I threw my eyes round, and perceived besides the clock and the brazen hoop, a chrystal wardrobe, and two spinning-wheels. The lady perceiving, that I was

ready to hear her, addressed me in the following manner.

History of CHRYSTALLINA.

NATURE bestowed on me those sentiments of prudence and virtue, which in others are merely the effects of education; but with them I also possessed a degree of curiosity, which I never could succeed in repressing. My mother, who wished to preserve me in all the purity of original innocence, suffered nothing male to approach our dwelling. In a short time my curiosity had no other object than the sight of a creature, of whom I only knew the name. In vain was that creature described to me as a horrible monster, who would devour me the moment that I met his eyes. My curiosity daily grew more urgent, and at twelve years old, it was so violent, that I resolved to run away, and see a man, cost what it might. Accordingly, one night when the family was buried in sleep, I dropped from my window into the garden, of which I next scaled the wall. I jumped down on the other side at the risque of my life; and all this trouble did I take in hopes of finding an animal, whom I expected to devour me! I ran like a mad thing across the plains, trembling lest I should be pursued and brought back; nor was it till my security was certain, that I sat down under a bush to rest myself, and wait for day.

Under this same bush, a young pilgrim, whom the night had surprised, had also taken shelter.

This I did not discover, till the dawn permitted me to distinguish the surrounding objects. He woke at

the same time with me, and showed no less surprise, than I did on finding himself near me. In spite of my curiosity I was then so uninformed, that I took him for a girl of my own age, whom I conjectured to be a foreigner from the difference of her head dress, and strange cut of her clothes: as to features, I thought (though I was quite as handsome then as I am now) that the stranger's face was even handsomer than my own. For some time we examined each other in silence.

—"Amiable stranger!" said he at length, "if you understand my language, deign to inform me, where I can find a woman. My father, who inhabits a desert abounding with wild beasts, and who has bred me to the chase from my childhood, permits my engaging bears, wolves, tigers, and wild-boars; but he forbids my trying my strength against that most dangerous of animals, the woman, for he assures me, that nothing can defend me against the poison, which it carries about it. I begged him to tell me how this creature was made, in order that I may avoid it, but he would not oblige me: I then requested, that I might have a young one brought up tame in the house, but this also was denied me. At length his repeated refusals augmenting my inclination to see one of these dragons, about a month ago I escaped from my father, and have ever since been wandering through the most gloomy and frightful deserts in hopes of finding this animal. My search has as yet been fruitless: but as your dress declares you to be a foreigner, should there be any women in your country, be so good as to tell me, how I may get a sight of one."—

—"And are not you one yourself?" said I, much surprised—

—"No truly!" answered he; "so you need not be afraid of me; and even should one happen to pass this way, my bow and arrows will be sufficient to protect us."—

—"But if your are not a woman," said I, "what are you?"—

—"A man like yourself," answered he."—

In short, Sir Knight, after much surprise and many questions on both sides, our alarm was dissipated; we found what we had been seeking, and without my being devoured, or his being poisoned, our curiosity was satisfied.

This discovery pleased us so much, and we thought the deceit of our parents such an affront to our understandings, that we resolved to return to them no more. We concealed ourselves for some time in the very depth of the forest, persuaded, that a strict inquiry would be made after us. We knew no other fear than that of being separated; and I submitted without difficulty during the two or three first days to subsist on the produce of my companion's chase, and to have no other retreat for the night than a tree or a cavern.

But my curiosity was not extinguished; it revived in my solitude, and I grew tired of my situation. I fancied, that my new acquaintance was not the only man in the world; that though he was more beautiful than the day, the world might possibly furnish somebody even more to my taste; and this idea having once got into my head, I took care to ease my heart of it. Accordingly I proposed to my companion, that we should leave the wood, and see a little what was going on elsewhere. He desired no better, and we proceeded together, till we arrived at the sea-shore. Neither of us had ever seen that immense element. You must certainly know, that it is a very striking object when beheld for the first time, and we were both of us occupied in admiring it, when suddenly its surface was disturbed by a swell, which seemed to extend itself further than our eyes could reach. At length a dark vapour ascended; which at first raising itself in the air, grew thicker as it fell again, and forming a cloud, was driven by a strong gust of wind to the place where we were standing. It wrapped itself

round me like a cloak, and then hurried me away with it in spite of my lover's cries, whom I was compelled to leave behind. I perceived, that I was borne along with great rapidity, but this gave me not the least uneasiness. I am naturally courageous, and was only angry with the fog, which, I doubted not, prevented me from seeing many things worthy my curiosity. Suddenly it dispersed; the sea opened, and I was swallowed up without suffering the least inconvenience. I now found myself in a spacious grotto, ornamented with that infinite variety of shells which the sea produces, and enriched with enormous pearls, as well as every sort of coral which it conceals within its bosom. Before I could look about me, and recover from my surprise, I saw the faithful Harpiana near me, the same person who brought you in the gilded bark from the shores of Florispahan to the chrystal island.

She was dressed much after the fashion of the attendants of Thetis; that is to say, she was hardly drest at all. This by no means set her off to advantage, for at that time she was if possible uglier than she is now. She informed me with a low courtesy, that I was welcome to an empire, whose sovereign had commissioned her to show me its wonders, and afterwards to conduct me where my arrival was anxiously expected. Having said this, she led me to a long gallery of chrystal, whose roof was supported by two rows of columns covered with coral-branches and mother-of-pearl. When we had traversed it, my conductress inquired, whether before I ascended, I chose to see the gallery of shipwrecks. Perceiving that I did not understand her, she informed me, that we were then standing under the Red Sea; and that this sea being the channel, through which by continual navigation the treasures of India were conveyed to the other parts of the globe, it frequently happened, that such as had enriched themselves by long labours, carried the fruit of them to the bottom of the sea,

where the different presents made by tempests to the most greedy of elements, were carefully collected, and arranged with order in a particular apartment.

I, who never could deny any thing to my curiosity, eagerly accepted this proposal. We now entered a room, where heaps of gold, silver, and precious stones met my eyes on all sides: this saloon was so large, that I could not conceive how the whole earth had contrived to furnish the immense wealth which filled it. Having admired this magazine for some time, I was conducted into another still more gratifying to my curiosity. This was a chamber less wide but much longer than the first. On one side were statues of gold, silver, bronze, and marble, with furniture of all kinds, and arms of every fashion, either valuable for their quality, or exquisite workmanship. On the other side of this saloon stood a row of wardrobes, over each of which were the portraits of a man and a woman, with an inscription underneath. The dresses and ornaments of these portraits were all of different countries. I bestowed so much time upon the first, that the nymph Harpiana informed me, that her master's impatience to see me elsewhere, would not admit of my making so long a stay, as would be necessary for my examining the rest. She added, that in each wardrobe were the garments of those whose portraits were on the outside; that they were all illustrious persons of both sexes, who had perished by shipwreck; and that likenesses had been taken of the most distinguished, some having been restored to life, and others painted after their death.

—"For example," said she, "two and twenty years have passed, since I was drowned in company with the Sultana Fatima, the Grand Signor's favourite, who was carrying presents to Mecca. What followed? She was reanimated on account of her uncommon beauty, and I had the same good luck, in order that I might wait upon her. The Lord of this island loved her passionately, but all his power and skill

could not long preserve her from the grasp of death; at the end of six months she was carried off by the small-pox, the only malady over which my master has no power. That is her portrait," added she, "and her clothes are in the same wardrobe."—

She opened it, and showed them to me; nothing could be more splendid and elegant. While I examined them, she considered me with no less attention.

—"It is the very thing!" said she; "your dress is unworthy of your person, and the Sultana's will be much more suitable. One would think they were made for you; I have already measured you with my eye, and on these points I never am mistaken."—

The proposal was accepted. No sooner was I dressed, than my lady in waiting thought me so lovely, that she pressed me to hasten to take command of the empire, of which I was soon to be mistress, and with which I could not fail to be enchanted.

—"You will there see the genius of Genii," continued she, "and will see him at your feet."—

—"Shan't I see a man too?" interrupted I.—

This question surprised her a little; but before she could reply, my demand was answered by the appearance of the personage whom she had mentioned, this genius of Genii himself in his own person. Impatient to examine his new acquisition, he had transported himself (though how I know not) to the place where we were, instead of waiting for us above, as his dignity required. His looks surprised without alarming me; though his make was very different from the pilgrim's, whom I had found under the bu[illegible] I had not the least doubt of his being a man. It true, the other was much handsomer, but then the other was not half so large. Reflecting therefore in my own mind, that man of whom I had heard such terrible things, was an animal in his kind so excellent, I concluded, that the more there was of him, the better he must be: this idea induced me, the first com-

pliments being over, to accept the offers of the Genius, so ignorant was I at that time, that it was necessary to preserve appearances.

This ceremony, the only one used in our marriage, being over, he gave me his hand, (or rather his paw, for it was covered with long hair to the very tip of his fingers,) and aided me in ascending a magnificent stair-case. We stopt not, till we found ourselves on the same chrystal rock which you traversed in your way hither. Thence I was conducted to this island, and our marriage was celebrated in this pavilion. I was soon disgusted with my new bargain, for the Genii are in general a very whimsical, cruel, ill-made sort of people, and above all are abominably addicted to witchcraft. Though my spouse was naturally fickle, to me he was so eternally faithful and so insupportably fond, that I was ready to die of vexation. To this constancy he united an extravagant degree of jealousy, though of a kind quite peculiar to himself: he wished every body to admire me; but it made him violently angry, if he suspected me of inspiring any more tender sentiments than admiration. He looked on me as a treasure, of which he resolved to be the sole possessor; but he by no means chose to be the only person who could estimate that treasure's real value.

I passed my time very disagreeably with this wretch, whose caprices constrained and whose fondness disgusted me. Harpiana was my only consolation. She warned me to conceal an aversion, which her master and mine (dull as he was) might at length discover; and she advised me by redoubled complaisance to persuade him, that I was distractedly in love with him, both on account of his personal and mental accomplishments; by which means I should find it an easy task to dupe him, whenever I found a proper opportunity.

I took her advice; and I soon established myself so perfectly in the confidence of the Genius my

spouse, that by degrees I became the mistress of his dearest secrets. Among other things, he informed me, that there were only three enchanters in the whole universe, whose power was equal to his own; that all three were his inveterate enemies; that each of them possessed a magic spinning-wheel, which in order to render them his slaves, it was necessary to put into the hands of the three most beautiful princesses in the world; and that as soon as these beauties should have spun long enough to make a cord able to reach from the top of the loftiest mountain to the surface of the sea, he should attain the utmost summit of his wishes. But till this desirable event could be accomplished, he was in danger of losing the talisman, in which consisted the whole power of his enchantments. However, he added, this talisman was a mystery so well concealed, that there did not exist a human being, who had the most distant suspicion of its nature.

He had no sooner said this, than I was dying to know, in what this talisman consisted; and I flattered him so adroitly, and timed my caresses so well, that at length I became possessed of a secret, which till then he had concealed with the greatest caution from every one.

From the little toe of one of his feet he suddenly displayed a monstrous and terrific *nail*, or rather claw, which he had the power of hiding at will, after the manner of lions. He then informed me, that so long as this nail remained attached to his person, so long was he invincible; and that even in case of its being separated, it would be easy for him to rejoin it, and thus preserve his power undiminished, unless before he could produce it, some one would swallow the whole separated limb down to the nail in question. He told me besides, (for he was disposed to tell me every thing, so perfectly was he fascinated by my caresses,) that he had contrived to insinuate himself so artfully into the society of the possessors of these important

spinning wheels, that two of them were already the reward of his exertions; but that these were of little use, unless he could gain possession of the third, which of all the three was the point most difficult to compass.

Upon receiving this mark of confidence I displayed such unbounded gratitude, that my husband knew not by what means to express to me his delight and satisfaction sufficiently.—Perceiving that the sky was overcast, and that the winds were beginning to whistle, he transported me to the summit of the chrystal-rock, in order that I might enjoy the entertainment of some shipwreck or other, which (he doubted not) would be the fruits of the approaching storm. He told me, that it was from the top of this rock, that he discovered me for the first time, and caused his spirits to carry me off from the shores of the ocean. He then put into my hand a telescope, not so long as my finger, and yet so miraculously powerful that I could make out the most diminutive objects as distinctly as if they had been close to my feet.

I had no sooner placed the instrument to my eye, than I beheld a vessel in the open sea, the whole crew of which seemed to be in extreme terror at the storm which threatened them, a single knight excepted.—The face of the stranger was to the full as beautiful as that of my little pilgrim, and his size was almost as advantageous as that of my great booby, the Genius. Suddenly, the storm became so violent that the vessel was swallowed up by the waves, whose fury conspired with the raging of the winds. Not a man of the whole crew escaped, except that stranger, who had already fixed my observation, and who still disputed his life against the assaults of the hostile billows with efforts almost incredible.

The degree of interest and compassion, with which this sight inspired me, was such, that I was almost out of my senses. The Genius thought that my transports were occasioned by the excessive delight, which I received from this species of entertainment, and was

the better pleased with me. He told me, that what I had seen was nothing, and that he would furnish me with a much superior kind of amusement: with this assurance, he placed me in a small car upon wheels, taking his seat beside me. It was not without experiencing some uneasy sensations, that I felt this machine put itself in motion, and precipitate us from a place, which I fancied to be the loftiest upon earth, into an abyss whose depth I trembled to measure.—However, I had not time for many reflections: In an instant I found myself in the crystal-gallery; we had entered it at the same place, by which I penetrated into it on my first arrival. From this gallery we could see distinctly every thing which passed, as far as the surface of the sea; that is, when the sea is calm, for at that time it was too much agitated to permit my distinguishing any thing.

Some time after, we were informed, that the tempest had produced nothing but a small bark, ten or twelve mariners, some naval stores, and a horse of value. The Genius my spouse having cast his eyes on these poor wretches, gave it as his opinion, that such sorry knaves were not worth the trouble of reanimating; he then begged my pardon for having given me an amusement so little worthy my attention; and to recompense me for my trouble for coming so far for it, he suffered me to examine that magazine at leisure, on which at my first visit I had only been allowed time to cast a passing glance.—This was an employment exactly suited to my natural curiosity; and after examining the portraits and various habits of those, whose spoils were deposited in the chrystal wardrobes, I found infinite entertainment in perusing the histories of their owners. Charmed with the attention with which I examined these different reliques, the Genius would gladly have multiplied his treasures and his curiosities, solely for the purpose of furnishing me with amusement: for to say the truth, though he was immoderately jealous, he was by no means dis-

obliging. On the contrary, you could not have found a Genius in the whole world more easy to live with, except when the tender passion was concerned.

He left me in the magazine, the faithful Harpiana being commissioned to explain to me such points, as would otherwise have been unintelligible. I was gratified by this permission to prolong my examination of the wardrobes and their contents, for it was seldom, that he would trust me out of his sight; and when he *did* leave me for a few minutes to myself, it was only for the purpose of preparing for me some entertainment or other, which sometimes astonished, but never was able to please me.

I cannot tell you, how ardently I wished, that the sea would bring to us dead or alive that unfortunate stranger, who alone had survived for a few minutes the shipwreck, in which his companions had perished. I had the greatest desire to take a nearer view of a man, who even at such a distance had appeared so charming; for I have already told you, to what an excess I am governed by curiosity! However, it was in vain, that I raised my eyes every moment to the surface of the waters. The calm, which now smoothed them, still offered nothing interesting to my sight; and my husband's messengers, who examined every part of the surrounding abysses, returned without discovering more, than the miserable remains of the ship-wrecked vessel.

The entertainment, prepared for me by the Genius, detained us in the chrystal gallery the whole of that night. The next day, we amused ourselves with fishing for dolphins on the coast of the chrystal island. Nothing can be more diverting than this mode of fishing.

A band of excellent musicians, (perhaps the best to be found in the universe, as well in point of voice as instruments) was on board the vessel, by which you, Sir Knight, were conveyed hither. As soon as it reached the open sea, the music struck up in perfect

harmony. The dolphins, who of the whole fishy tribe have the most curiosity, came flocking from all quarters round the glittering bark, in order that they might have a nearer view of it; and as they have a still more decided taste for music than even for shows, they followed the concert, in profound silence, without perceiving (so attentive were they to the sweet sounds) that the bark insensibly conducted them into a long chain of nets, which lined the whole extent of the shore.

However, this adventure did not produce any very bad consequences to them: it only cost a few of the most beautiful their liberty. The Genius ordered them to be deposited in some superb reservoirs, where he amused himself with superintending the education of these illustrious fish.

When the bark returned for the third time with its capture, one of the fishermen came to inform us, that in this last haul he really believed, that they had caught the king of the dolphins; so heavy were their nets, and so brilliant were the variegated scales, which they saw sparkling through the water.—But what was my surprise, when instead of this magnificent fish which we expected, I saw enveloped in the nets the very same stranger, whose composure during the tempest, and whose courageous exertions afterwards, I had witnessed with such admiration: the armour, in which he was arrayed, was enamelled with gold and azure, and ornamented with an infinite number of precious stones of all kinds and colours.

The Genius my husband, who knew nothing about generosity, immediately ordered the fishermen to despoil him of his brilliant arms, and then cast him back again into the sea.—I looked round for my faithful Harpiana to implore her by looks, that she would find some means of evading the execution of this command: but she was not to be seen, and I was on the point of interfering myself, when we were informed, that the stranger still possessed some remains of life.

Upon this, the Genius, who wished to learn his history, in order that it might be engraved upon the wardrobe in which his spoils were to be deposited, ordered his attendants to assist in recovering him.—To rescue his life was to preserve mine, so warmly did compassion interest me in his behalf. The succour, which was given him, proved so efficacious, that he soon opened his eyes, recovered his spirits, and was upon his legs in less than an hour.

The sight of the Genius appeared to surprise, but not to alarm him. He easily comprehended, that every thing, which he saw in these enchanted regions, belonged to this extraordinary figure. He cast his eyes upon me, but instantly turned them away again, aware, that both of us were in the power of one, who was near enough to observe all his actions: what effect this single look produced upon the stranger, I cannot pretend to say; but as to myself, it did my business effectually! He now returned my husband thanks for the assistance, which he had just received, in a manner, which without having any thing degrading or servile, was full of gratitude and insinuation. It quite softened the Genius. For my part, this compliment appeared to me so ingenious, that I almost fainted away through admiration.

The stranger now proceeded (without giving us time to question him) to inform us, that his desire to atchieve so famous an undertaking, had induced him to embark at the port of Florispahan, for the purpose of visiting the Court of Mousellina the Serious; less indeed from any inclination excited by her reputed beauty, than on account of the glory to be acquired in an adventure so perilous: that on the fourth day of his voyage a dreadful tempest had destroyed his vessel and all his attendants, without his being able to comprehend by what means he had been brought near enough to these hospitable shores, to receive assistance; and finally, that he should feel but little regret at having been shipwrecked, since this trifling acci-

dent had been the means of his reaching the dominions of the most magnificent and best-made sovereign in the universe, if it were not that he saw a woman in his company, of all creatures upon earth the one, for which he had the greatest antipathy.

This speech, aided by the stranger's agreeable manners, could not fail to be well received by my Genius, for the brute was no less greedy of flattery, than subject to jealousy; and from that moment he took such delight in the stranger's conversation, that he could not exist without him. On the other hand, the stranger affected to shun me on all occasions; nay, when the Genius (who seldom quitted me) desired him to join our party, he always turned his back towards me, and during the whole time that he remained with us, never addressed to me a single syllable of his conversation. This behaviour made me quite desperate; for the more that such marked unpoliteness proved that he detested me, the more desirous was I of pleasing him. The Genius was ready to die with laughing, when he saw the constraint, which his guest seemed to suffer in my presence. He sometimes rated him severely for his aversion to a sex, which makes the whole happiness of mankind, and repeated, till he was hoarse, the assurance, that if the knight would but once look me full in the face, he was persuaded, that his aversion would be overcome.

The very idea was sufficient to make the stranger run away from the place where I was, as if something most horrible had been proposed to him. At last, so much importunity was used with him, that he consented to look at me once, on condition, that he should never be asked a second time. Nor did I neglect to make a great many objections; as well to mark to the stranger, how much his conduct had displeased me, as to impose upon my husband by the appearance of extreme delicacy: so that the Genius was obliged to hold my head forcibly between both his hands, to prevent my avoiding the glances of his favourite.

Oh! if I *had* avoided them, how much I should have lost! While my jolter-head of a Genius laboured with both his body and soul to give his friend a fair look at his wife's charms, the eyes of the charming stranger were doing their duty: they assured me, that he was dying for love of me, and that all these marks of antipathy were assumed. This first scene over, its inventor exultingly inquired, what effect the sight of me had produced upon his guest?

—" An effect so disagreeable," answered he, " that if it were to happen frequently, I should utterly lose my senses! I even doubt, whether in the violence of my delirium, the goddess, your wife, would herself be secure against my transports!"—

I thought I understood the meaning of these threats, and from that moment I felt the greatest inclination to see myself the object of one of these frantic fits; and all this through pure curiosity!

The Genius, however, was exceedingly surprised to find, that the sensibility of the stranger's heart, instead of yielding on this trial, had only been converted into frenzy. He told him, that he was resolved to carry the point; that he would prove to him, that a woman like me was not a person to be despised; and that since the charms of my face had failed to produce the expected effect, those of my whole person, from head to foot, must be called in to their assistance. Was it possible, Sir Knight, for a jealous husband to carry his extravagance further? Our charming guest appeared to change colour at this declaration, and requested permission to depart that instant, since he preferred leaving the island, rather than consent to give proofs of his complaisance so extremely disagreeable. The better to deceive him, the stupid Génius gave him a promise, that in future he should be let alone, and that no further mention should be made of me and my charms, since he was so horror-struck at a proposal, which he would not have made to any other man in the universe.—But all these assurances

(as I said before) were only made for the purpose of deceiving his friend the more artfully; and this was the plan which he adopted.

He caused a cabinet of chrystal to be made, exactly similar to that which you see yonder. He placed it in the magazine of shipwrecks among the others, after covering it with a curtain of green taffety embroidered with gold. This done, he disclosed his plan to me, which was to shut me up stark naked in the cabinet; but for fear of accidents, he took care that no one but himself should be able to let me out. I was ready to die with desire to communicate this fine project to the stranger; but I never could contrive it, so eternally was I teased with the presence of my everlasting Genius. But as the stranger had more wit and penetration than all the strangers in the world put together, I have no doubt, but he guessed something of this premeditated surprise, and you will soon see the consequences.

Every thing being prepared for this new scene, the Genius, in order to bring it about the more naturally, thought proper to ask his illustrious guest, whether according to the usage of other knight errants, he had not provided himself with armour previous to his setting out on his expedition. The other replied, that he well remembered being completely accoutred on the day of his shipwreck; but he was ignorant what had since become of his arms, his sword only excepted, which those who found him had kindly left in his possession.

—"Well then!" said the Genius; to-morrow I will show you the only place in this island, which you have not yet seen since your arrival here. Perhaps, this place may afford you some news of your armour: at any rate, you will see something or other well deserving your attention. I will leave you alone there, lest my presence should oblige you to hurry over the examination of many rarities, which ought to be revised at leisure; and I would lay a wager that you ne-

ver saw any thing more curious, than what is contained in the glass cases, which you will find ornamented with portraits, and inscribed with the names of those whom they represent."—

—" And I would lay a wager," replied the stranger, " that there is not among all those names a name half so curious as my own."—

—" And pray then," inquired the Genius, " what makes this name of yours so curious?"—

—" Its novelty," he answered; " I am called Facardin, and I do not believe there is another person of that name to be found in the universe."—

—" Oh! as to that, I am quite of your opinion," said the Genius; " but my good friend Facardin, (since Facardin *is* your name) in every other respect, I am sure, that you will be quite of mine."—

The next day my jealous spouse locked me up with his own hands in the chrystal cabinet. I was in the state which I before mentioned; and the Genius failed not to expatiate upon the astonishment which the sight of me would give the stranger, and the amusement which I should receive in witnessing his consternation. I was quite in despair to find, that the cabinet was transparent to no purpose, since there was no possibility of unlocking it, either from within or from without. The curtain was drawn before it; and now the Genius without loss of time conducted his guest into the apartment where I was enclosed, and according to his promise immediately left him to himself.

In spite of my vexation at finding myself shut up without any means of escaping, my heart palpitated with impatience, principally from reflecting, that while occupied in examining the other glass-cases, the handsome Facardin might pass mine over, or might not think of drawing away the curtain by which I was concealed. But my uneasiness was soon removed: he came directly towards it; and without losing the time which my brute expected him to be-

stow upon the rest, he drew away the curtain, and appeared so much charmed with the manner in which I was presented before him, that after a few unavailing efforts to free me in a more peaceable manner, in two blows of his sword he broke my fragile prison into a thousand pieces.

As he did not intend to render me this service without reward, and as my heart was filled with a decent sense of gratitude, his curiosity confined itself to those wonders, whose knowledge had been forced up- him with so much perseverance; mine too was so perfectly satisfied, that I thought the whole merit of all the pilgrims and all the Geniuses under the sun, must certainly be contained in the only Facardin, whom the universe could produce. We soon arranged the characters which it was necessary for us to play, in order to account for the demolition of the cabinet, and we settled our proceedings for the future: though this last precaution was quite useless, as you will soon see.

The charming stranger now took his brilliant arms from the place in which I told him that they had been deposited: arrayed in them, he seemed to be the God Mars, who, quitting the Queen of Beauty, carried away with him all the loveliness of her son. I already mentioned, that he was almost as tall as the Genius; but this towering stature was by no means a disadvantage, when accompanied by such admirable proportion of limbs. He now left the saloon of shipwrecks, his sword in his hand. The Genius was extremely surprised at seeing him in complete armour; but he was much more so, when after complaining bitterly of the trick which had been played him, he proceeded to tell him, that as soon as he had removed the green curtain, and seen behind it the statue of a woman without clothes, he was so much shocked, that in the first movements of his indignation, he broke the niche in pieces, and was afraid that he had done the statue some injury by a heavy blow which he had given it with his sword.

Nothing more was necessary to frighten my amorous Genius almost out of his senses, and without replying he ran to my assistance. When he arrived, he found me extended upon the floor, and apparently in a swoon. However, on seeing that I had not received any wound, his fears were tranquillized; and as soon as I did him the favour of coming to myself, he laughed ready to split his sides at the recital which I gave him of the stranger's fury, and of the terrible fright into which his brutal behaviour had thrown me. However, he was by no means pleased, that his guest had not given himself sufficient time to examine the whole catalogue of my perfections, before he broke the chrystal cabinet; for my husband's ruling absurdity was an anxiety to make the whole world know the value of a treasure, of which he was himself the sole possessor. I could read in his countenance the determination to bring us together again by some new stratagem: but fortune ordered things differently. From that day, the charming Facardin was not to be found, either on the island which we inhabited, nor on the chrystal rock, though during a whole month both were searched for him with the greatest diligence.

The vexation which this loss occasioned me was so violent, that I was scarcely to be known for the same person. The merit of him, whose absence I regretted, was of itself sufficient to produce this effect upon me; still I fancy, that curiosity had a still greater influence; and I strove in vain to console myself for having lost the opportunity of ascertaining, whether this stranger would have been as agreeable in a second interview, as I had found him in a first. As the complaisance of my Genius was quite inexhaustible, the ennui, to which he saw me a prey, afflicted him extremely. He took it into his head, that change of air would be good for me, and that in order to amuse me and restore me to my former state of health, nothing would conduce so much as travelling. I was

delighted with the plan; but I was not equally well pleased with the precautions which accompanied its execution. He caused a chrystal cabinet to be made similar to that in which I had already been enclosed; it is the same which you see yonder. He shut me up, (but for this time with my clothes on) took me upon his shoulders, and commenced his travels by traversing the bottom of the ocean. Occasionally we landed to repose ourselves, and take refreshments in the most delightful spots, which the shores afforded. On these occasions he never failed to let me out of my glass-case, and resting his head upon my lap, he generally sank into such profound sleep, that I had the greatest difficulty to rouse him, when it was time to recommence our journey.

I had flattered myself at setting out, that during my travels fortune might enable me to gain some intelligence of the excellent Facardin; but on this head I obtained no kind of satisfaction: and as I was out of all patience at being of no other use in the world, than to serve the brute of a Genius for a bolster, I called to my succour that curiosity, with which Nature has so plentifully endowed me. It suggested to me the doubt, "whether I could possibly contrive to deceive a jealous husband, who always carried me upon his back well packed up when he was awake, and who when he was sleeping, always slept upon my lap?" I answered my curiosity, "that I would immediately satisfy it, whether the thing was practicable or not." With this view I tried, whether I could manage to draw my knees from under his ugly head. Finding that I could effect this without the least difficulty, and that I could go whither I pleased, for whole hours together without his ever stirring from the place where I had left him, I seized the very first opportunity of trying, whether I could not carry the remainder of my project into effect. I succeeded; and this appeared to me as amusing, as well from the singularity of the thing as for the gratification of my ven-

den alteration of his countenance, I was thoroughly aware, that this question was dictated by the true spirit of jealousy; and as there is no animal in the whole world so ugly and so terrible, as a jealous husband who asks questions, I threw myself at his feet without delay, and requested his forgiveness of a crime, which I had *not* committed, in order to conceal from him the fault, of which I was really guilty. Accordingly, I confest, that I had stolen them from the cabinets, in which the spoils of persons shipwrecked were deposited.

This confession augmented his suspicions; for he had himself laid all those rings aside in another place, and he was certain, that there were not above fifteen of them or twenty at most; while on the hoop which he had taken away from me, the number amounted to a full hundred. He examined them one after another, without finding what he was in search of. However, I was so frightened after the detection of my first lie, that I scarcely knew what I said afterwards; and he at length guest so dexterously all the circumstances of my transgressions, that he pronounced my sentence upon the spot. He condemned me to be burnt alive at the end of a year, unless in the course of it I could find some adventurer, who would remove from the brazen hoop in a single night all the rings, which I had acquired during the whole of my travels. No human effort could get them off except one after another; and it was only in the same manner by which they were obtained, that they could be made to move from the places, in which before the trial was made, the Genius took care to fasten them.

Such was the monster's decree! His servants were charged to see it executed. He disappeared himself, being engaged by some undertaking, whose nature I have forgotten. Ever since, I have sought for a person, who by rendering me so slight a service, would save my life; but all those, whom the golden bark has conducted hither; have basely refused to try

the adventure. I always hoped, that among those whose succours Harpiana implored without intermission, she might at length meet with the invincible Facardin. He, I am persuaded, would accomplish this adventure; but in vain have I flattered myself with these fond hopes; Fortune refuses him to my prayers, and hitherto has only conducted to this pavilion the miserable wretches, who preferred the occupation and dress, in which you saw them, for the remainder of their effeminate existence, rather than even hear of the enterprise in question, after they had seen me come out of the bath. Doubtless, you are already informed of the other conditions, and of every thing which relates to them. Time presses; you are informed of the whole affair; it is now only necessary to know your determination, in order that the clock may be set: for twelve hours only are allowed you to finish the adventure. Yet surely to judge by your appearance, to so valiant a Knight twelve hours will be more than sufficient, and I shall eternally confess myself indebted to you for my life."—

Such was the narrative of the modest Chrystallina; such was the proposal, with which she finished it, and my answer was word for word, as follows:—

—"Fair lady, I promise to do all in my power to deliver, or at least to assist you. My object is to fight your enemies, not to make love to yourself. Without vanity, I may say, that I should find it as easy to finish this adventure in another way, as by the force of arms: but as glory invites me to employ my sabre, and as your beauty, all wonderful as it is, does not tempt me to display my prowess in any other manner, I shall immediately cut myself a passage through your butcher, your clock-maker, your blacksmith, your female Moors, your convenient Harpiana, her hideous companions, and the whole mob of your spinning raggamuffins. Now then, make up your mind, whether you will accompany me, or not. If you chuse to share my fortunes, I will save you from the perils,

with which you are menaced, at the hazard of my life. On the other hand, if you prefer remaining here, in order that you may betray me, I give you my word of honour, that in case of my being attacked, the first head which I cut off, shall come from your shoulders."—

The lady between the sheets seemed almost frightened out of her senses at this threat. She sprang out of bed, embraced my knees, and assured me, that she desired nothing better, than to follow me through the world. However, she implored me to listen to her advice, which would facilitate my enterprise. She then returned to her bed, and told me, that she was going to ring the bell at three different times: that at the first tingle, the person, whose business it was to set the clock, would not fail to make his appearance, in order to perform his office; that at the second, the locksmith would arrive to see how many rings were already taken off from the brazen hoop; and that at the third, the sacrificer with the long beard would come running to release me, in case I had accomplished the adventure, or (supposing me to be found unable to complete it) to deliver me over to his servants, till he had leisure to flay me himself: that these three personages were the most distinguished, the most cruel, and the most dangerous of all those, whom the Genius her husband had left to guard her and execute his orders; and that having enticed them into the pavilion one after another in the manner which she had just explained, I should be able to do with them whatever might seem to me the best to be done.—

—"But still," continued she, "though you are sufficiently convinced, that violent means cannot enable you to open the enchanted hoop, you may have some doubts, whether gentle methods would or would not be more effectual. Therefore, if you like it, you may satisfy your curiosity in this respect, before you have recourse to the other extremity."—

—"My curiosity?" said I; Ring, ring, my Lady Chrystallina; my disposition is not quite so curious as yours."—

—"I never heard a better thing in my life!" cried the Sultan; "that is exactly what I should have said myself in your situation; for the more that women are curious, the more it behoves us men to show, that we are exempt from such a weakness!—But pray, go on; your narrative is so entertaining, that I could pass all my life in listening to you. Well then! you were standing by the bed-side of the nymph of Chrystal, in your night-gown and slippers, and with your sword in your hand, when you told her to ring the bell: you see, that I forget nothing; now let us hear, what happened afterwards."—

—"Being accoutred," resumed the Prince of Trebizonde, "exactly as your most sagacious Highness has just described, I placed myself near the door of the pavilion; but I chose such a position, that the gentlemen whom we expected, could not possibly see me, till they should have passed the threshold. The curious fair-one now tingled her bell; the clock-maker did not fail to make his appearance, and I did not fail to chop his head off. I served the locksmith in the same manner; and I signified to the nymph by signs, that she should now summon the grand-sacrificer. In reply she raised her right hand, and talking with her fingers, she explained to me—"that the two officers, whose business I had just done for them, were appointed to enter the pavilion much about the same time to execute their several functions; that is, the one to set the clock, and the other to count the rings, as they came off the enchanted hoop. They had also the privilege of remaining in the pavilion during the whole adventure; but she gave me to understand, that it would be ridiculous to ring the bell a third time so soon, since the sacrificer could not possibly believe, that the enterprise was already accomplished, and still less that if the attempt was abandoned in despair,

that he should be summoned, before there was any necessity. She therefore represented to me, "that it would be most prudent to wait three or four hours, which would allow us sufficient time to make an opening in the back part of the pavilion, through which we might escape during the obscurity of the night with less difficulty, than by the door which was always surrounded by a multitude of guards in complete armour." Having given this advice, she let fall the hand, with which she had been discoursing.

As my right hand was employed in holding my sabre, I was obliged to make my answer with the left; but indeed I can talk as easily with the one as with the other. I replied, "that Facardin of Trebizonde was not used to make his escape, by breaking out of a back-door, through fear of danger; that I would have nothing to do with her aforesaid opening; and that if she did not immediately ring the bell for her Jack-ketch of a Pontiff, I was determined to set out in search of him; and send him to join his two scurvy companions."

I no sooner ceased to speak; (that is to say, to move my fingers,) then hers resumed the conversation.—She said, that if such was my determination, she at least conjured me to take one of the spinning-wheels in my left hand by way of a buckler; for that the satellites of the Genius (who would infallibly oppose my passage) bore such profound veneration to these machines, that they would sacrifice their lives rather than run the risque of breaking, what they knew to be so precious to their necromantic Master. —This piece of advice was not so disagreeable to me, as her former counsels. Accordingly I laid hold of the spinning-wheel, which was nearest; and the virtuous Chrystallina, jumping out of bed and seizing the other, implored me to set forward without waiting for the enemy's arrival; since by this means we should stand the better chance of taking them by surprise, and when they were least prepared for an attempt so desperate.

I did not contradict her. We quitted the pavilion of Darius: and the astonishment of the guards, who surrounded it, was so great, that I cut down five or six, before they had time to recollect themselves. The rest betook themselves to flight, howling most horribly, and I pursued them with rather too much ardour; for the grand sacrificer (whom I happened to have left behind, while I went forward to look for him) quitted the altar which he had prepared for me, and came running after me with a dozen of his attendants, each provided with a great chain for the purpose of binding me neck and heels. Chrystallina warned me of my danger by a loud exclamation, which made me turn round. No one dared to approach her, because she took care to cover herself with the awful spinning-wheel; and besides this protection, she spun with all her might and main, when she found her danger become very urgent. This was an action, which the boldest of our enemies dared not behold without prostrating themselves upon the earth; and during one of these humiliations, I took an opportunity of slicing off the head of the confounded high-priest, without respect for the length of his beard or the sanctity of his office.

This once accomplished, what followed was rather a rout, than a combat. I killed as many as I could reach, without trifling away my time in making prisoners; and having traversed the chrystal-rock without meeting with the slightest obstacle, I assisted the wife of the Genius to enter the golden bark. I followed her into it; and no sooner was I on board, than the vessel sailed away as if it had been mad, without asking us whither we chose to be carried. I must not conceal from your Highness, that my joy at having accomplished this adventure was so great, that till we were out at sea, I did not recollect my armour. It appeared to me quite disgraceful to leave it behind me by so precipitate a retreat. And being unwilling that the Genius on his return should convert my arms in-

to a trophy of flight, I endeavoured to steer the vessel back to the place which we had just quitted. But the bark paid no attention to me, and in spite of all my exertions we soon reached a landing-place, where we found an abundance of good company, as you will see in the progress of my narration.

I told you, that I was extremely vexed at not having been able to regain the chrystal rock, in order that I might have rescued my armour: but my distress was very different, when I perceived that the bark sailed straight towards a shore, which was covered with a multitude of people, some on horseback, some on foot, but most of them superbly armed and accoutred. I could also distinguish in the distance a number of tents and pavilions, raised in the middle of an extensive plain, and surrounded with lofty trees, whose boughs formed over them a shade cool, thick, and delicious.

These Knights, as well as the populace, astonished at the sight of us, were all assembled on the margin of the sea, and employed in contemplating us with their telescopes, while they exprest increasing astonishment, in proportion as we drew nearer to the shore. I was so completely out of humour at finding myself obliged to disembark in the middle of this assembly, (my companion a lady in her shift, myself with a drawn sword and in my night-gown and slippers, and our whole freight consisting in a couple of spinning-wheels,) that I was tempted to throw myself into the sea, rather than land in a situation so ridiculous.

To land at last, however, there was no avoiding. So great was my confusion, that I was really to be pitied. I hung down my head; I dared not lift my eyes from the ground, and I knew not where to conceal myself: but the lady was not in the least put out of countenance. She no sooner landed, than she began to put her spinning-wheel in motion; and though this action did not inspire such extreme respect as was the case

in the Chrystal Island, nevertheless those who had witnessed our disembarkation, did not fail to assemble round her.

I expected that our reception would have been accompanied by loud bursts of laughter and a thousand jests and sarcasms: but finding myself mistaken, I took courage, and on raising my eyes, I was surprised to see, that all the men of distinction were accoutred in a mode to the full as ridiculous and extraordinary as myself, though in different manners.

Three of those whom I had seen on horseback, now alighted, and advanced to receive us. The sight of two of them first drew a cry of astonishment from Chrystallina, and then threw her into such fits of laughter, that she almost burst her sides: I could not resist following her example. The Knight who first addrest me, told me with great politeness, that I did nothing to any purpose, unless I fell to spinning with my own hands. This person was the tallest and best made man that I ever beheld. On his head he wore a fish-kettle instead of a helmet, and by way of a sword a huge spit was dangling at his left side: but the rest of his dress was brilliant with azure, gold, and gems of incalculable value. His strange dress, and the gravity with which he delivered his remonstrances, would have forced a smile from a criminal upon the rack.

—"I need not ask," he continued, "whence you now come: the golden bark, the Princess who accompanies you, and your sword still crimsoned with the blood of a terrible adversary, sufficiently assure me, that both in war and love you are one of the most valiant combatants in the universe, and I congratulate you on your success. But your present adventure, it is not enough to be a hero; you must also be a buffoon. To be able to make blood flow, is a great point; but it is a much greater, to be able to make faces! Let me therefore advise you to take the wheel from the hands of your companion, and favour us with a specimen of your spinning."—

I was in doubt how to take this sarcastic counsel; when my companion (as he called her) came running towards him with open arms.

—"Ah!" she exclaimed, "my ever-adored Facardin! Does then fortune at length relent, and restore you to the unabated impatience of my first curiosity?"—

—"Chrystallina the Curious," replied he, repulsing her caresses; "different objects suit different seasons: at present your affairs are not the point in question. What climate throughout the world is ignorant of the conditions of a charm, which this renowned warrior has broken, and what curiosity would not now at length be satisfied?"—

The kind-hearted Chrystallina seemed to be somewhat mortified by this reception. However, she was not cast down. On the contrary, with equal rapture she ran to embrace the second Knight, though with no better success. He did not even honour her with a look, but repulsing her even more harshly than the other, he turned round and addrest himself to me. He was more lovely than day, and his dress was as follows.

His brows were encircled with a leather band in the shape of a diadem, from which rose an innumerable quantity of streaming feathers. He wore a cuirass of polished steel, and round his waist was fastened a leather apron tolerably dirty. In one hand he held an awl, in the other a cobler's last, and at the end of a rope all daubed with pitch hung a shoeing horn. Just as he opened his lips to address me, the third approached to make his bow. I easily understood, that Chrystallina had no knowledge of this last Knight, for her curiosity furnished her with nothing to say to him: still his dress and appearance would have excited the curiosity of any other person.

His stature was by no means lofty, not to say that it was extremely low. He wore a casque which imitated to perfection the head of a cock, the comb forming

the crest. On each arm was a kind of buckler covered with feathers, and when these two bucklers met upon his back, you would have sworn that they were the wings of a cock. His cuirass, also covered with similar plumes, represented the bird's stomach: a thick tuft of long feathers bending backwards, seemed to rise from his chine; each leg was armed with a gilt spur, fastened just above his ancle; and in order that nothing might be wanting to the resemblance which he wished to produce, he clapped his wing-looking bucklers three times, and imitated the crow of a cock so perfectly, that any hen in the universe would have been completely taken in.

As I could not imagine the meaning of all this, I stopped the questions, which they were going to ask by entreating them to tell me, in what part of the world we were; why so many persons thought proper to wear such different disguises; and what whim had induced these three in particular to assume their several characters.

—"It is not very probable," answered the tall Facardin, "that you should be really ignorant in this respect, since to judge by your own dress, the same design must certainly have conducted you hither. Still as we are the last arrived except yourself, it is our duty to inquire, whether you are willing to engage in this adventure, supposing that you either are or are not ignorant of its nature. If you consent, you shall be admitted into our company; otherwise, you shall be furnished with every thing necessary to enable your prosecuting your journey elsewhere."—

I replied, that I desired no better, than to signalise myself in any adventure whatever; and I gave them my promise to make one among them.

—"In that case," said the Knight, who was decorated with the shoeing horn, "it belongs to me, as being the last comer, to receive you, conduct you, and instruct you, as to what is going on in this quarter.—I shall begin by making known to you the first of those

adventures, which guided myself hither; but with your permission I will defer my narrative, till you shall have rested and refreshed yourself a little in one of the pavilions, which you may perceive beneath yonder trees. Few people are ignorant of the enchantment of the Chrystal Rock: you have finished the adventure of the brazen hoop, by delivering the gentlewoman who stands near you. Come then, and refresh yourself after your fatigues; and while the lady spins beside you, I will tell you an anecdote or two respecting the Genius her husband, which will astonish her not a little."—

Having made this compliment, the three Knights called for their horses, and ordered one magnificently caparisoned to be brought for me: the cock was on horseback the first; and as soon as he was mounted, he began to clap his wings, and to crow with all his might and main. When I saw such a figure on horseback, I thought that I should have expired, with laughing: for his steed, frightened out of his wits by these unexpected proceedings, kicked, and jumped, and frisked, and made such a clattering, that the nymph Chrystillina (who, according to the custom of the place, had been placed on a pillion behind me) laughed herself into so violent a fit of the vapours, that we had the greatest difficulty in bringing her to herself.

—"Fair Lady," said the cock, as soon as she was recovered, "I am extremely flattered by your approbation; but still when we come to the point, I am terribly afraid of failing. As for you valiant stranger," he continued, addressing himself to me, "I would advise you as a friend to take the wheel from this lady, and spin away as usual."—

—"As usual?" I exclaimed; "may I be called a traitor and a scounderel, if ever I spun a thread in the whole course of my life!"—

—"Nay, it does not signify!" replied he, who was to be my master of the ceremonies, and who wore the

leather apron; "only it is as well to practice beforehand."—

This said, he gave orders, that the rest of my equipage should be brought after me (meaning the other spinning-wheel,) and that the golden bark should be conducted to the mouth of the river, on whose banks the pavilions were pitched.

As soon as we were in motion, the strangers and myself began to examine each other again from head to foot. I had already opened my mouth to inquire, why they chose to wear their masquerade dresses so long after the carnival, but the Knight of the Awl guest what I was going to ask.

—"I perceive," said he, "that you are come hither from no premeditated design, though in this extraordinary apparel. That is not the case with us: and since you appear to feel such astonishment at the sight of our arms and dresses, you probably are ignorant of the nature of the adventure, which you have just engaged yourself to attempt. I will therefore instruct you in every particular, and lay before you all the dangers which it presents, and the recompense which it promises.

History of MOUSSELLINA THE SERIOUS, Princess of Astracan.

THE King of Astracan (it was thus, that the Knight of the Awl commenced his narrative,) one of the most powerful sovereigns of Asia, not only on account of his extensive dominions and the gold and silver mines contained in them, but of the valuable chintz manufactures which have rendered his name celebrated

throughout the universe; the King of Astracan, I say, in spite of all his splendor and prosperity, still considered himself the most unfortunate of mankind, for he had no children, to whom he might bequeath his sceptre. The Queen, his wife, was young, handsome, and well made; indeed, her whole appearance was so promising, and her flow of health so uninterrupted, that you would have taken your oath, that the King's affliction was occasioned by no fault of hers. Accordingly, he never exprest the least displeasure against her personally on this account; and as he loved her passionately, he was not even offended at her laughing all day long at his extreme impatience, and the infinite pains which he took to procure a successor. So many vows were made and so many sacrifices offered, to obtain a blessing thus ardently desired, that the Priests were perfectly worn out with fatigue: and as the King believed the whole fault in this business to be his own there was no end to his baths, and his medicines, and his drinking mineral waters; for in short he fairly went through all the ceremonies, which are prescribed to women in order to produce fertility. At all this the Queen laughed ready to kill herself, as well as at the vows, the offerings, and the sacrifices, which were lavished with so little effect; yet no one took it amiss, that she should be the only person, who appeared to be amused by what was considered by the nation as a public calamity. The people knew well, that the poor Princess did not act thus singularly out of ill-nature, and that her only defect was that of being the most incessant giggler of the present age: every thing made her laugh, and nothing entertained her. The King, her husband, had been engaged in several wars with the neighbouring Sovereigns on this very account: for whenever they sent to announce some melancholy event (as for example, the death of an only son) she answered the ambassadors with their long black trains by such bursts of laughter, that they immediately left the hall of au-

dience in high displeasure, and sent off despatches to their master, filled with indignant complaints at the gross violation, which the respect due to Representatives of Sovereign Majesty had experienced in their persons.

This malady of the Queen's daily strengthening and advancing towards perfection, by the advice of his council the King resolved, that she should make a pilgrimage to the famous Oracle of the Cock, and that she should only be accompanied by a small number of attendants, as is usual on these occasions. The temple of this Oracle is at the gates of Fourchimena, capital of the kingdom of Bactria. She arrived there without accident, concealing her name and rank, in order to avoid the ceremony and expense of a public reception.

The King, who had followed her incognito, thought fit to explain the object of his voyage to the Priestess of the temple himself: and while he was earnestly consulting the holy Matron respecting his wife's embarrassment, her Majesty was ready to split her sides with laughing. The Priestess was extremely scandalized at this indecorous behaviour; however, after a few skips in the air, and some frightful contortions, she delivered the following oracle as inspired by the sacred Cock, her master.

"That which is wished by the *He*-Pilgrim,
Shall happen ere long to the *She*-Pilgrim!
And both shall laugh,
When the cow has a calf:
But the season, which suits the best with laughing,
He, who makes the infant laugh,
Shall laugh the loudest laugh by half in!"——

The beginning of this answer was sufficiently explicit; but the second part was rather embarrassing, and afforded the spectators ample room for exercising their powers of argument and conjecture. The event, however, proved that the Oracle was as good

as its word, and indeed better; for at the end of nine months the Queen produced a son and daughter, of which it was difficult to decide which was the most beautiful; though it was certain, that they were both more beautiful than any child ever was at its first appearance in the world. Unfortunately, the birth of their children cost the poor Queen her life, for in the very act of being brought to bed she died of laughter.

Nothing could have consoled the King for her loss, except the children whom she left behind her, and the pleasure which he found in being able to sit quietly in his palace, without being stunned every moment by immoderate bursts of laughter. But he was not long permitted to enjoy such a happy state of tranquillity. At the end of six months the chamber, which contained his dearest treasures, was discovered in the night to be on fire. On the first alarm he hastened to the place; but though every one followed his example, and though numbers threw themselves into the flames in hopes of saving the children, the conflagration was so rapid and so dreadful, that it was only possible to rescue the little girl. The greatest part of the officers of the royal household, who remained in the midst of the fire and smoke to the very last moment, returned at length half roasted, but without being able to save the unfortunate Prince.

This calamity threw the whole kingdom into the deepest affliction. As to the King, he absolutely refused to admit of any comfort; but time, who is the universal consoler, insensibly diminished the father's grief, while he gradually increased the daughter's beauty. She was the living image of her mother, except that she was taller, better proportioned, had a fairer skin, a finer complexion, and eyes more brilliant a thousand times. In short, if we are to credit those who have seen her, she is at this moment a thousand times more beautiful than all the other Princesses in the world put together; but, alas!" he continued, heaving a profound sigh, "it is evident, that they who

erted herself to the utmost; but as the monster was but a few yards distant from her, her hopes of escaping were very faint, when her shift floating upon the water attracted his attention. Instantly he seized it: and as if he had been perfectly satisfied with this precious spoil, he ceased to pursue the fair Princess, and sank under the waters as expeditiously, as he had made his appearance.

The river, which had overflowed the banks, while he occupied the bed of it, immediately reverted to its place; this made the spectators conclude, that the monster would not return, or at least not till another time: the Princess, who was now stark naked, suffered nothing more than her head to be seen above the water; for in consequence of what had just happened, her whole suite consisted entirely of men, whom the cries of the poor ladies on being swallowed up by the crocodile had drawn hither. She made signs to them, that they must prepare one of her magnificent tents at some little distance from the river; and her orders being obeyed, she again made signs, that they should withdraw, and leave her at liberty to quit the bath. She soon reached the pavilion; and having drest herself (though without a shift,) she took her bow and arrows, rejoined her attendants, and mounting her horse, repaired to the magnificent palace, which she had quitted that morning. In the mean while couriers were despatched to the court, who informed her father of this melancholy adventure.

The king hastened to rejoin her without losing a moment; he was followed by the whole court; and by day-break the next morning he found himself in the presence of a daughter, whom he loved as dearly as his own existence; and for whom the danger, from which she had just escaped, seemed to have redoubled his affection. He wept through joy while clasping her to his bosom; then he fainted away through terror, on hearing the description of the crocodile. That very day he insisted upon the Princess's accompany-

ing him to the capital, lest the monster should take it into his head to pay them a second visit, and do as much damage on land, as he had already done in the water. The rejoicings, which took place in honour of the Princess's escape, were not universal. Those persons, who were connected either by the bonds of relationship or affection with the beauties, whom the monster had swallowed, were perfectly inconsolable for their loss: the lovers in particular besieged the king with requests, that they might be permitted to examine the borders and environs of the river, even to its very source, in hopes that an opportunity might be found of avenging the death of their divinities by that of the accursed crocodile, At length he gave his consent, having first resolved to send a body of his best engineers to close up the mouth of the river and prevent by strong embankments the monster's approaches; at the same time he commanded them to leave the access to the sea open, lest instead of driving him out of his dominions he should enclose the crocodile within them.

The adventurous lovers, who formed an escort for the engineers, marched in two bodies on the opposite sides of the river, and cursed their stars at having already proceeded above half-way without finding any vestages of that of which they were in search. At length those who patroled along the right bank, arrived at a morass, which obliged them to go considerably out of the direct line of march. At the very moment when they were preparing to change their direction, they saw their companions on the opposite shore percipitate themselves into the river. Casting their eyes on the waters, they plainly discovered a piece of muslin floating there; not doubting that this was the princess's shift, and that in consequence their allies had discovered the monster's retreat, without loss of time they followed their example: when the perfidious crocodile, who lay concealed among the reeds, with which the marsh was bordered, rushed up-

on them, and treated every one of them, as he had already treated their relations and their mistresses.

The engineers and their workmen whose business was not distinguishing themselves by actions of valour or temerity, returned home just as they came: if it had not been for them, no one would ever have known the fate of these unfortunate adventurers.

While the public was employed in lamenting their loss, as they had already lamented that of their deceased mistresses, intelligence arrived, that this confounded crocodile no longer kept any bounds in the mischief which he committed: he had already laid waste both sides of the river, swallowed up without mercy the cattle and their herdsmen, who (not having yet heard of this strange accident) continued to water their flocks and herds there as usual. In a short time after, it was perceived, that there was an alarming diminution in the city of all kinds of provisions, as well as of all those articles which are necessary to maintain the luxury and magnificence of a metropolis, and which were usually brought thither by the river from all parts of the globe. On inquiry, it appeared, that the monster, lurking (as I said before) among the reeds and rushes, with a single spring from the marsh into the river, sent all the vessels full of merchandize to the bottom, where the poor wretches on board of them immediately became his prey. It is not ascertained, whether he had been told, that women are naturally more tender than men; but it is certain, that he had quite another kind of greediness for the fair sex than for ours.

The King of Astracan was so completely overcome by such a rapid succession of misfortunes, that he scarcely knew where to turn himself: however, he did not as yet know the whole extent of his ill luck.

The lovely Princess, when she quitted the capital, had no less than three hundred and seventy-four dozen of shifts under the care of her deceased first lady of the wardrobe. At her return not one of them was to

be found, nor could she by any possible pains ever get any more made to suit her. After ransacking all the shops in town and country, and trying every kind of muslin, cloth and linen, she was at length obliged to make up her mind to wear no shift at all, though nothing in the world appeared to her more uncomfortable: however, there was no resource, for all the new shifts which she tried on, seemed to be bewitched: those, which she wore during the day, took away her appetite, and those, which she wore during the night, would not suffer her to get a wink of sleep.

The King, more affected by this new distress of his daughter's, than by all his other afflictions put together, thought that in this extremity nothing better could be done, than to send the great officers of the crown with magnificent presents to the Oracle of the Cock.

The priestess of the temple received the officers extremely well, and their presents still better: but she informed them, that some time had elapsed, since the Cock set out to pay a visit to the great Caramoussel, and that it was only in the vicinity of Mount Atlas, that they could be satisfied respecting those matters, which they had come to investigate in the vicinity of Fourchimena.

Though the King their master was extremely vexed at this delay, he kept up his courage; and only allowing them the time absolutely necessary for making preparations for this second journey, he despatched the same ambassadors with three hundred elephants laden with presents of the finest chintz and linens to be found in his dominions. To give the embassy a still greater interest in the eyes of the Enchanter Caramoussel, he caused it to be accompanied by his own band of musicians; though as (those say, who have heard them) these same musicians are more likely to turn the heads of those who are not accustomed to them, than to afford them any entertainment."—

"I was on the point," said the Prince of Trebizonde, "of telling him, that I could speak from my own knowledge on this subject; but my companion did not give me time, continuing his discourse as follows:"—

—"The Satraps of Astracan," said the Knight of the Awl, "set forward with their bales of chintz, their three hundred elephants, and the same number of monkeys. They skirted along the boundaries of the Taurican Chersonesus, traversed the two Armenias, and at length arrived at a forest, where they were very near being deprived of a great part of the presents committed to their care. I already informed you, that the three hundred elephants carried immense bales of the most beautiful chintz, that the universe could furnish: on the top of each of these packets was placed a monkey; though what the King their master imagined the wise Caramoussel could possibly do with three hundred monkeys, is more than I can tell you. However, whatever were his motives, he had commanded his satraps above all things to be careful not to lose a single monkey by the way.

The forest, which it was necessary to traverse in order to reach the place of their destination, was so full of deer, hares, and other beasts of chase, that they were obliged to have recourse to their music for the purpose of obtaining a passage. No sooner did the band strike up, than the animals scampered away on all sides, and vanished in a moment, to all appearance more alarmed, than if all the hounds and huntsmen in the universe had been hard at their heels.—However, this first success was shortly after very near producing the greatest of all possible disasters, by procuring for them an entrance into the forest; for no sooner were they in the midst of it (the trees being all either apple, walnut, or almonds) than the monkeys, who from the backs of the elephants required only a single spring to reach the very topmost branches, as if by general consent, skipped away in a moment.

One of them alone remained behind; a baboon, the most noble in his manners, and the most elegant in his shape of all the baboons, past, present, and to come! Unfortunately, he was so melancholy in his disposition, that during the journey the Satraps could not occasionally refrain from tears at contemplating the sadness, in which he appeared to be plunged. Far from skipping about, and imitating the tricks and gambols of his companions, he past the greatest part of his time in reading: if he was interrupted by any accident, immediately he was observed to recline his head upon one of his paws, sink into a profound reverie, and then suddenly cross his arms upon his breast, raise his eyes to heaven, heave the deepest sighs, and shed such showers of tears, that the spectators found it impossible not to keep him company.

He had quietly resumed his book, as he reposed upon his elephant, while his companions scampered about the forest, making such a noise and uproar, that all within hearing were ready to go distracted. The caravan was obliged to halt during three whole days, for the purpose of re-assembling them: nor could they be persuaded to quit the trees, till they were perfectly glutted with all kinds of fruit. After all, the whole number did not return, for three died of an indigestion produced by eating too many almonds, and in a few days afterwards the gripes carried off three more, who had stuffed themselves with green apples. In this emergency, all that the ambassadors could do, was to flay them, and stuff their skins with straw, in order that the number might be complete, which the king had charged them to present to the celebrated Caramoussal.

As soon as they reached the foot of the mountain, a courier was despatched to give notice of their arrival, and to inquire, whether the Enchanter wished them and their whole equipage to set forward for his dwelling; or whether he preferred their making the *caravan* encamp in the neighbourhood, till he should

issue his commands respecting the manner in which he chose to receive the presents with which they were intrusted.

At the end of three days the courier returned, and informed them, that Caramoussal was not to be found at the place which he usually inhabited: he was in retirement at the very summit of Mount Atlas, a situation perfectly inaccessible to all of them, except the monkeys: he concluded by saying, that he thought it necessary to make thus much known to them as soon as possible, in order that they might determine on their proceedings.

Upon hearing this, the ambassadors resolved to leave the presents under the care of their attendants at the foot of the mountain, and to endeavour to reach, as well as they could, the place whither the Enchanter was supposed to have withdrawn.

They travelled during a whole fortnight, always going higher and higher by the most difficult road that ever was known, without finding any thing but rocks and precipices. At length, after having bestowed many a hearty curse upon the crocodile, who was the occasion of giving them all this trouble, as well as upon his Majesty's preference which had caused him to select them for this honourable employment: at length, I say, they perceived the road to become less difficult and dangerous, though they still continued to ascend. Here and there they found little vallies watered by delightful streams, whose banks were embellished by a profusion of wild flowers. Arriving still higher, they observed birds of a kind perfectly unknown to them, and even small pavilions were scattered about in various places. At the distance of six hundred furlongs more, they found that there was no means of mounting higher; and here it was, when they could see nothing above them but the clouds, that they encountered the far-famed Caramoussal.

He came from a pavilion considerably larger than those which they had observed by the way: on one

side it was shaded by an innumerable quantity of orange trees, and surrounded on the other by various machines sustaining quadrants, telescopes, and all kinds of instruments, which are used in contemplating the movement of the stars. He was followed from the pavilion by a man, whose arm was supported by a scarf. As the ambassadors were evidently in doubt, which of the two was the person of whom they were in search, the Enchanter advanced towards them, and inquired very politely, what the great King of Astracan desired of Caramoussal? On hearing this, they prostrated themselves before him, as if he had been some divinity; for his appearance inspired them with quite another kind of reverence from that which the report of him had prepared them to conceive. They expected to see the hideous form of a sorcerer, or at best some old man with a long beard, and bent double by extreme decrepitude. Consequently, they were greatly surprised to see a tall personage, who, though somewhat upon the decline of life, had still a most noble air and majestic figure, which was displayed to considerable advantage by the magnificence of his habit.

He immediately caused them to rise: after which they disclosed their business, explained the nature of those misfortunes, respecting which they came to consult him, and finished by enumerating the presents which they were commissioned to lay at his feet.

After listening to them attentively, he conducted them (before he gave any answer) to a part of the mountain, whence the ocean was visible, and whence indeed the whole earth would have been visible, if human eye-sight could have stretched itself so far. They were quite terrified at the prodigious height at which they perceived themselves: the islands, which rose above the sea, appeared like little black spots, and the largest vessels like so many floating atoms. It was now, that the Enchanter addressed to them the following discourse:—

ger," added the Knight of the Awl; "such is the occasion of our being assembled here, and such is the adventure, which your word binds you to attempt."

At the conclusion of this narrative we found ourselves on the banks of the river, where my eyes were astonished by the most singular and magnificent sight, that I ever beheld."—

But the remainder of the Prince of Trebizonde's adventures may as well be deferred, till you read the second part of these memoirs.

END OF PART THE FIRST,

AND OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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